April 17, 1978

# THE NEW YORKER

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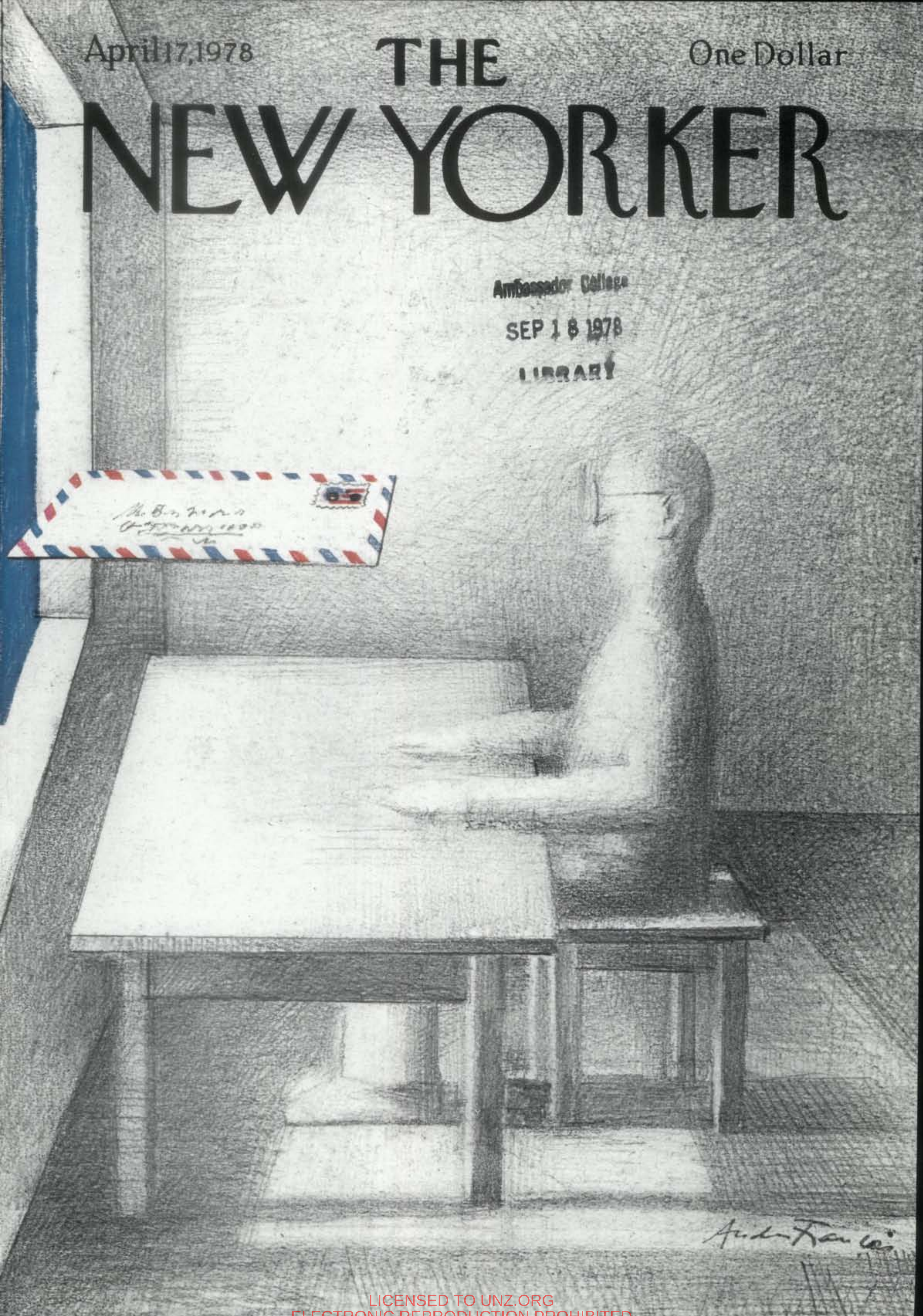

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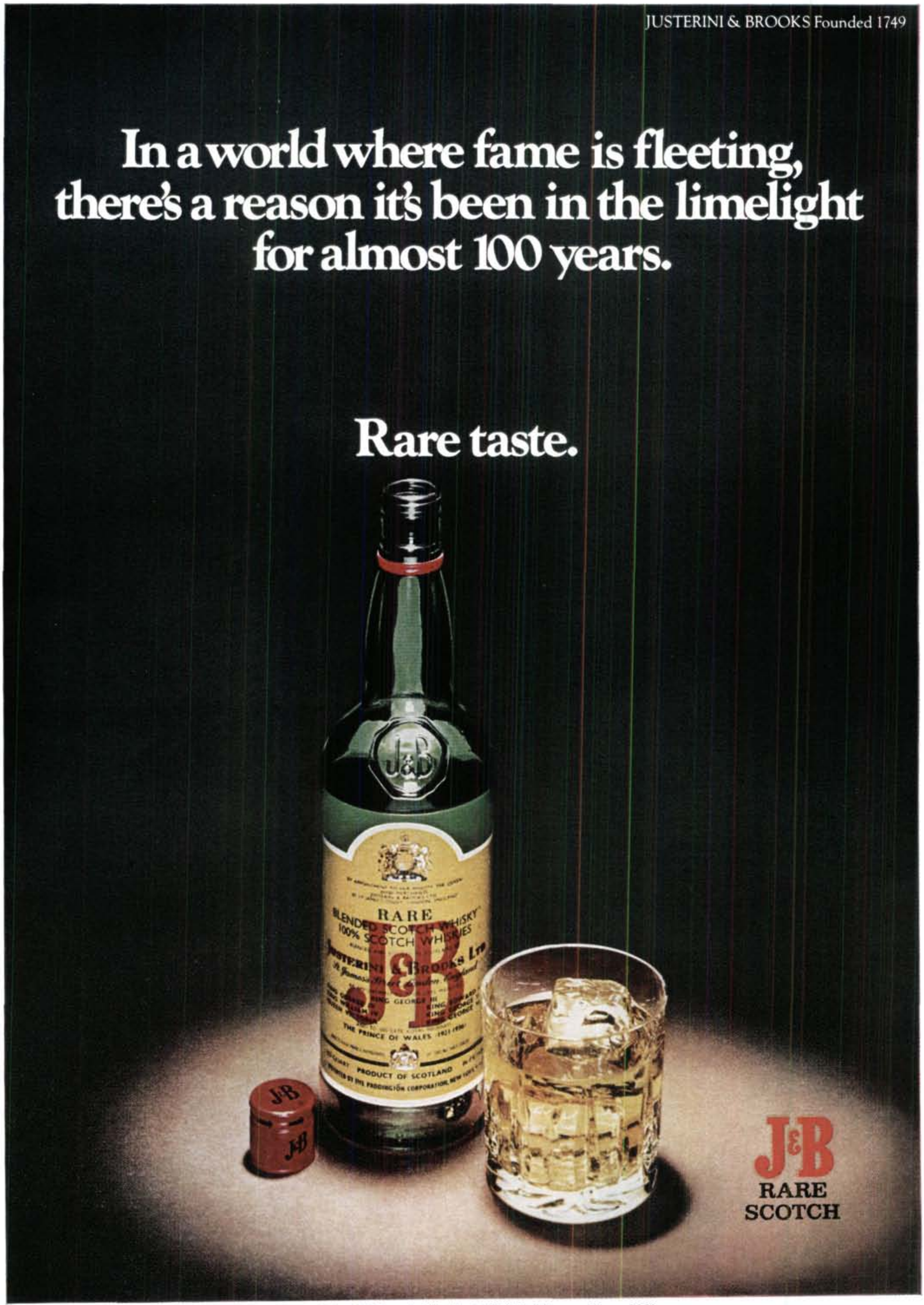

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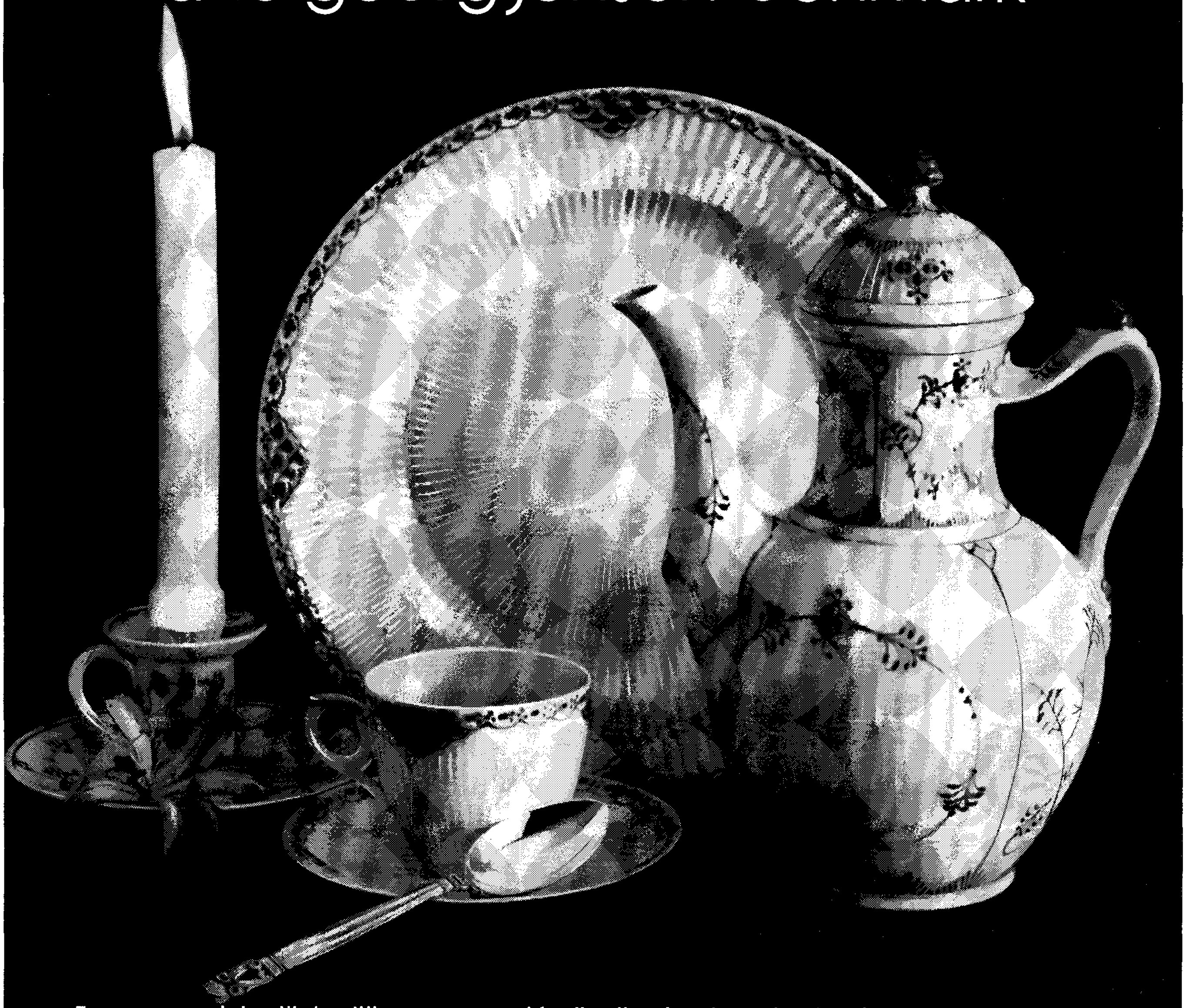

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Act**—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Acting Company**—Final performances in a three-week repertory of four plays by John Houseman's group. Shakespeare's KING LEAR, directed by Mr. Houseman: Wednesday, April 12, and Thursday through Saturday, April 20-22, at 8. . . . MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN, by Bertolt Brecht, directed by Alan Schneider: Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8; Saturday, April 15, at 2 and 8; Sunday, April 16, at 7; Tuesday, April 18, at 8; and Wednesday, April 19, at 2 and 8. (Reviewed in this issue.). . . DUCK VARIATIONS, by David Mamet, directed by Gerald Gutierrez: Sunday, April 16, at 2. . . . THE OTHER HALF, by Elinor Jones, directed by Amy Saltz: Saturday, April 22, at 2. . . . DUCK VARIATIONS and THE OTHER HALF: Sunday, April 23, at 2 and 7. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

**A Bistro Car on the CNR**—A chipper little revue from Canada, set aboard a train running between Toronto and Montreal. The score, by Patrick Rose, is tuneful and varied, and he himself is the most able of the four able performers who comprise the cast. The others are Marcia McClain, Tom Wopat, and Henrietta Valor. Lyrics by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian, and scenery and costumes by John Falabella. Mr. Ouzounian directed. (4/3/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Catsplay**—A play by Istvan Orkény. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Chapter Two**—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Judd Hirsch plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Cold Storage**—Ronald Ribman's curiously divided play—the first act seems to have very little to do with the second—is an occasion for some admirable acting by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (1/16/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Dancin'**—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Deathtrap**—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Diversions and Delights**—Vincent Price portrays Oscar Wilde in a one-character play by John Gay. Directed by Joseph Hardy. Opens Wednesday, April 12. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, April 13.)

**Dracula**—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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**Equity Library Theatre**—Shakespeare's THE TAMING OF THE SHREW is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 16. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Family Business**—A play by Dick Goldberg. Opens Wednesday, April 12. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, April 13, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Gin Game**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Hello, Dolly!**—Carol Channing and this musical ought to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A History of the American Film**—A tiresome critique, in parody form, of the kinds of movies we have liked and are now presumably eager to laugh at ourselves for having liked. The performers are valiant in the presence of their dreary material. (4/10/78) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 16.)

**Julius Caesar**—George Rose's Caesar and, in its own way, Richard Dreyfuss's Cassius are strong enough and interesting enough to make up for some whimsical oddities and inadequacies in this production, under Frank Dunlop's direction. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

**A Life in the Theatre**—David Mamet's loving

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COVER: *André François*

DRAWINGS: *Michael Maslin, James Stevenson, Jeff Kaufman, George Price, William Steig, Boris Drucker, Joseph Mirachi, Donald Reilly, Warren Miller, Saul Steinberg, Lee Lorenz, Everett Opie, Stan Hunt, Dana Fradon, Edward Koren, Al Ross, Jack Ziegler, David Christianson, Nurit Karlin*

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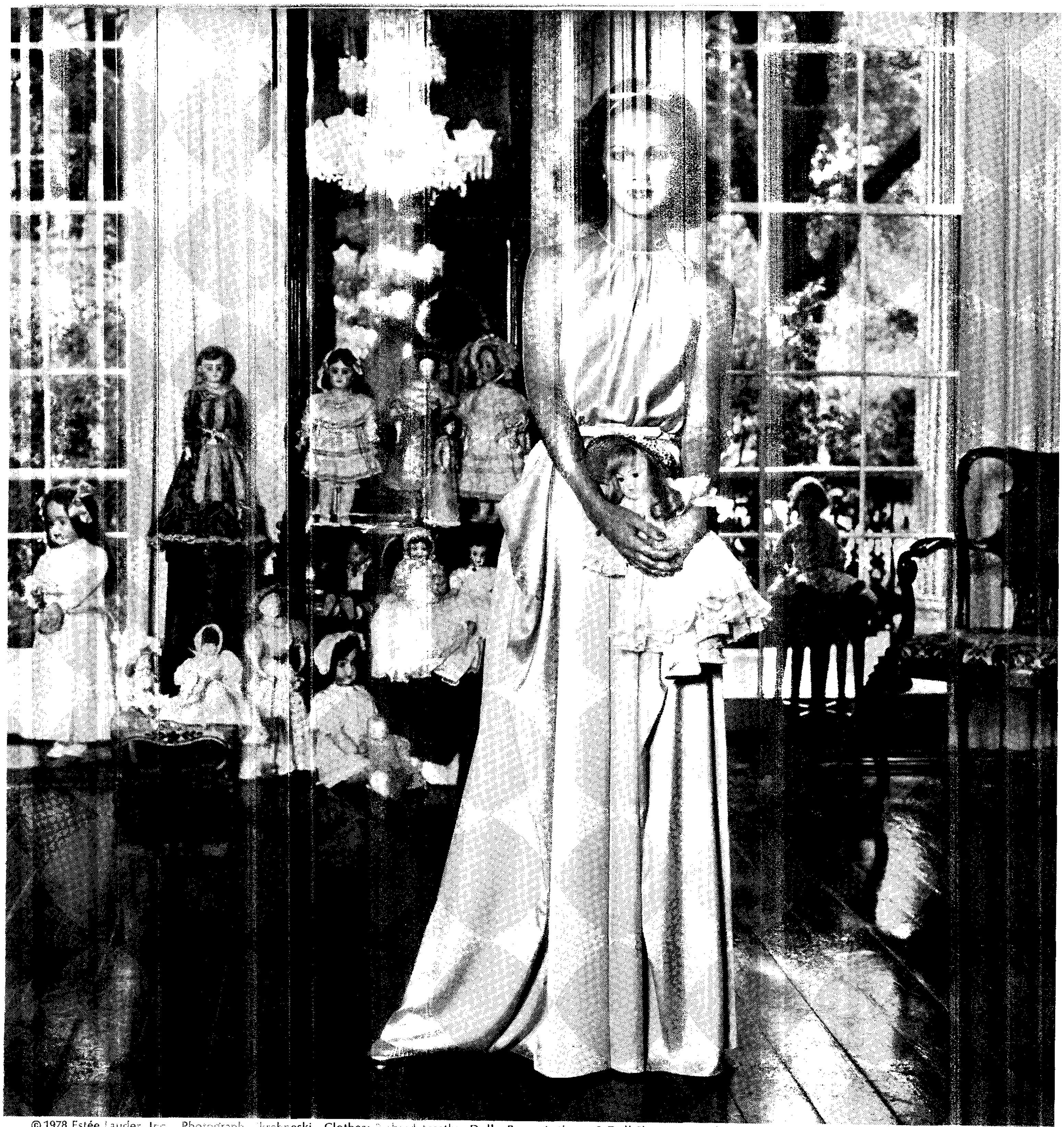

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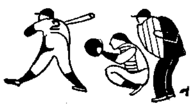
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Life of Galileo**—This production marks the auspicious début of the New York Actors' Theatre. Bertolt Brecht's mathematical genius who recanted his great discoveries before the Inquisition is almost inescapably a self-portrait, and the role is well acted by Laurence Luckinbill. Sharp, witty chalk-talk cartoons by Bob Gale, and capable direction by Rudy Caringi. Fine translation by Ralph Manheim and Wolfgang Sauerlander. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Havemeyer Hall, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 280-3870. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Mandrake**—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (12/12/77) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Mighty Gents**—A play by Richard Wesley (produced last spring at the Manhattan Theatre Club under the title "The Last Street Play"), starring Dorian Harewood and Howard E. Rollins, Jr. Directed by Harold Scott. Previews through Saturday, April 15. Opens officially on Sunday, April 16. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Molière in Spite of Himself**—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

**On the Twentieth Century**—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Passion of Dracula**—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Patio/Porch**—A comedy by Jack Heifner, with Fannie Flagg and Ronnie Claire Edwards. Previews Wednesday, April 12. Opens officially on Thursday, April 13. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Paul Robeson**—A dreary documentary account of the life of a great man. James Earl Jones is superb within the limits of the plot and its prose, which are the handiwork of Phillip Hayes Dean. (1/30/78) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)

**A Prayer for My Daughter**—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, bv Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Stephen Keep, and George Dzundza. (1/23/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!**—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Runaways**—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (3/20/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays through Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30).

**Safe House**—A play by Nicholas Kazan. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

**13 Rue de l'Amour**—A farce by Georges Feydeau, much dishevelled in the course of adaptation and casting. Louis Jourdan emerges with honor, looking less perplexed than he must feel. (3/27/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Timbuktu!**—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A Touch of the Poet**—O'Neill's radically imperfect play—one of a sequence that he abondoned—is being bravely dealt with by Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea. The director is José Quintero. (1/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

**Long Runs**—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,464 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Michael Kermoyan is substituting for Yul Brynner, its star, for several weeks. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays, except April 18, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**Beatlemania**—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

**Circus**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their hundred-and-eighth edition. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of basketball and hockey playoffs, the evening performances on Thursday and Friday, April

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

13-14, will be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

## DANCE

**American Ballet Theatre**—Opening performances of an eight-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 10—Monday evening, April 17: "Theme and Variations," "Firebird," "Pavane," and "Push Comes to Shove."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, April 18-19: "La Bayadère," "Voluntaries," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 20: "Theme and Variations," "Voluntaries," "Pavane," and "Push Comes to Shove."... ¶ Friday evening, April 21, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 22: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

**Joffrey Ballet**—Wednesday, April 12, at 8: "Moves," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Thursday, April 13, at 8: "Brouilliards," "Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at 8; Sunday, April 16, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday, April 18, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Wednesday, April 19, at 8: "Moves," "Suite Saint-Saens" (première), "Touch Me," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8: The new unnamed ballet, "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Parade," and "Kettentanz."... ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Moves," "Suite Saint-Saens," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saens," "Touch Me," "Parade," and "Façade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Through Sunday, April 30.)

**Eliot Feld Ballet**—Thursday, April 13, at 8: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "La Vida" (première), and "The Consort."... ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8: "The Consort," "The Gods Amused," "Santa Fe Saga" (première), and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 2:30: "Excursions," "Impromptu," "La Vida," and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8: "Harbinger," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 2:30: "The Real McCoy," "Impromptu," "La Vida," and "Excursions." ... ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 7:30: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Tuesday, April 18, at 8: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Wednesday, April 19, at 8: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "La Vida," and "Mazurka."... ¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8: "The Consort," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "Excursions."... ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Harbinger," "Intermezzo," and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2:30: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "La Vida," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," "Santa Fe Saga," and "A Footstep of Air." (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

**Rudolf Nureyev**—With the Murray Louis Dance Company, through Sunday, April 16. ("The Canarsie Venus," "Vivace," "Moments," and "Schubert.")... ¶ With the Dutch National Ballet, Tuesday, April 18, through Sunday, April 30. (Three premières—"Faun," "About a Dark House," and "Four Last Songs"—"Four Schumann Pieces," and "Le Corsair Pas de Deux.") (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Tuesday, April 18, at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Joyce Trisler Danscompany**—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, April 12-15, at 8, and Sunday, April 16, at 2.)

**Transition**—A company of dancers and musicians. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq..S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8.)

**Nikolais Dance Theatre**—Opening performances of a one-and-a-half-week engagement that will run through Saturday, April 29—Wednesday evening, April 19, and Saturday evening, April 22: Triple duet from "Grotto," "Gallery" (première), and "Sanctum Suite." ... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, April 20-21, and Saturday matinée, April 22: "Stick Figures" (première), "Guignol," and "Triad." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3.)

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**Mariano Parra Spanish Dance Company**—A program of classical and flamenco dance. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Thursday, April 20, at 7; Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 8; and Sunday, April 23, at 2.)

**Douglas Dunn and Dancers**—Thursday, April 20, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 23, at 2: "Rille."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 8: "Lazy Madge." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**Ballet Film Festival**—The final programs in an eighteen-day series of ballet films at the Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. (874-1717)—Wednesday, April 12: "La Sylphide" (1972), with Ghislaine Thesmar, Michaël Denard, and the Paris Opera Ballet.... ¶ Thursday, April 13: "Pulcinella" and "Liebeslieder Waltzes" (both made in 1973), with the New York City Ballet.... ¶ Saturday, April 15: "Giselle" (1964), with Alicia Alonso and the Ballet Nacional de Cuba.... ¶ Sunday, April 16: "Bolshoi Ballet 67" (1966), excerpts from seven ballets. (Showings nightly at 6, 8, and 10. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2 and 4.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

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**Fred Hersch** (Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. 228-6440. Starting Tuesday, April 18, at ten.)—More people are playing jazz than ever, and they are playing it better. Fred Hersch, from Cincinnati, is twenty-two, and he is already a first-rate pianist. He is small and bespectacled and bearded, and he bobs around on top of what he plays, which resembles the works of Bill Evans—not the droning Evans of the present but the sparkling, charging Evans of "All About Rosie." Hersch uses a lot of notes, and he arranges them in fast, eddying single-note patterns that swing very hard—sometimes almost ecstatically—but that keep the melody running in the listener's head. He knows his changes, and he knows songs that most of his generation have never heard of—"Speak Low," "It Could Happen to You," "In a Sentimental Mood," "Jitterbug Waltz," and "What Is This Thing Called Love?" He has some easily disposable mannerisms: a fondness for Red Garland octave chords, which should be used once a year, if then, and a tendency to consider his notes en masse rather than individually. See, as correctives, Jimmy Rowles or Tommy Flanagan or Ellis Larkins. **MICHAEL MOORE** is on bass, and he is nonpareil. His solos are melodic explosions, carried out with precision and great emotion. Hersch will be at Bradley's from April 18th through the 22nd.

**Ellis Larkins** (Carnegie Hall Cabaret, 165 W. 56th St. PL 7-9522. Weeknights from eight until midnight.)—Larkins plays the piano with driving serenity. His left hand pedals by in smiling, rolling tenths, while his right hand fashions leaning-back legato single notes; quick, daring arpeggios; and spacious, enfolding chords, each fretted with a delicate Jess Stacy-like tremolo. His dynamics range from *sotto voce* to *voce*, and his touch gleams and bells. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, which is the subtlest, most gracious form of beseeching. He also does everything in his power to swing. Consider a Gershwin medley performed the other night: It had a very slow, rocking "I Got Rhythm," done as if for a tap-dancer, and an equally slow, rising "'S Wonderful;" a "Man I Love" full of brilliant, prickly harmonies, which gave its lovely, glib melody substance; an ad-lib "Oh, Lady Be Good," *its* melody splintered and spinning; and an "I've Got a Crush on You" which summoned up great ballroom dancers easing through their own shadows. Larkins will be here indefinitely, at the choice August Förster piano, which he is relishing.

**Zoot Sims and Jimmy Rowles** (Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. 260-0250. Wednesday and Thursday, April 12-13, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.)—Sims and Rowles work together a lot nowadays, and it is a constant mutual celebration. Each allows the other's beauties to impel him to new beauties. Rowles' masterly accompanying—challenging, slightly crabbed, funny, almost compositional—toughens and propels Sims, whose freshened lyricism then makes Rowles surge. Sims' vision encompasses Lester Young and Ben Webster, and Rowles' Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum, but their rhythmic originality, melodic invention, and harmonic ingenuity are surpassing anyway. Sims and Rowles don't collaborate; they fuse. A lyrical occasion of the highest order—that is, if **GEORGE MRAZ** will turn his bass amplifier down and let the rest of the group, which also includes drummer **MOUSEY ALEXANDER**, be heard.

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**Ali's Alley,** 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An ongoing festival of contemporary and out-there jazz. Tenor saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT**, whose style has been compared with another Clevelandite and "free" tenor player, the late Albert Ayler, heads up a quartet through Saturday, April 15. On Tuesday, April 18, alto saxophonist Jameel Moondoc will bring in his quintet. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

**Ballroom,** 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Just about the only place left in this part of town where you can see artists hanging out is in the Ballroom mural—eighteen by twelve feet, depicting Rivers, Indiana, Rudi Stern, et al. The current musical attraction is "By Strouse," a mini revue produced by the composer Charles Strouse—he scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Patrick Quinn, Linda Griffin, and Ann Anello sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

**Beefsteak Charlie's,** 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar—with busts of, presumably, Mr. and Mrs. Beefsteak Chas. placed at both ends of the bar and which serve as hat stands—with a conscientious music policy. The music almost always begins promptly, and first-rate musicians are brought in. Pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** leads a trio—Abrams often works with trombonist **GEORGE LEWIS** and drummer **STEVE McCALL**—through standards like "Lush Life" and "Night in Tunisia" and through some further-out original material of the sort that one usually encounters in lofts. Through Saturday, April 15. Wednesday through Saturday, April 19-22, pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** will work with a trio. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**Blue Hawaii,** 135 Third Ave., at 15th St. (260-7690)—No leis, no hula-heavy floor shows, no Don Ho records, but quite a few talented local jazz players, most of them pianists. Some of them are **AL HAIG** (Wednesday and Thursday, April 12-13), singer **SHEILA JORDAN** (Friday and Saturday, April 14-15), **JAKI BYARD** (Sundays), **HAROLD MABERN** (Tuesday through Thursday, April 18-20), and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** (Friday and Saturday, April 21-22). Music from nine to one every night but Sunday, when it runs from ten to two. Dinner.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: Crystal Gayle, a country-singing sister of Loretta Lynn, is here with her band on Wednesday, April 12; Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, L.A. singer and songwriter Andrew Gold will be on hand with his group; on Sunday, April 16, British folkie Robin Williamson will alternate with the Roche Sisters, New Jersey folkies; Monday and Tuesday, April 17-18, singer and guitarist John Hall, who used to lead the fine Woodstock rock band Orleans, will drop by; and Friday and Saturday, April

# "I thought seeing Italy would teach me more about my father. Instead it taught me more about myself."

*Carolyn Berger, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"My maiden name is Aquino. A very common name in the town of Monte Fredane, where my father was born. He left there almost 100 years ago, in the steerage section of a boat, to start a new life in America.

"Recently, I went to Italy to visit his hometown. My father's house is still standing. (It's home now to another family.) I visited the church where my father was baptized and was able to see the record of his birth in the Town Hall. You see, the Monte Fredane I saw is very much the same as the one my father left so many years ago.

"Even with a background of hardship and coming to a strange new land, my father and mother managed to raise 12 children. Sometimes with an iron hand. But always with love.

"There were many times that my father and I didn't agree. And many times that I didn't understand his ways. But now I do.

"What formed his personality was the land he left. And through him, the memory of that same land formed mine."

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21-22, have been reserved for the Richie Furay rock band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A seemingly inexhaustible supply of devoted patrons. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **SAM JONES** handle the piano-bass chores through Saturday, April 15; on Monday, April 17, pianist **RALPH SUTTON** will perform; and on Tuesday, April 18, pianist **FRED HERSCH** (see above) will begin working with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. The Sunday-night pianist on April 16, will be **EDDIE HEYWOOD**. From ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**CARLYLE HOTEL**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** pays tribute to the pre-Bee Gees era of popular song with a little help from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON**, who is always elegant, understated, and swinging, presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights, from nine-thirty to one.

**CARNEGIE HALL CABARET**, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** (see above) is here weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**COOKERY**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced blues singer, songwriter, and legend (she's eighty-three), has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall, and she's still delighting her audiences weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Dining.

**CRAWDADDY**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—This room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. **WARREN VACHÉ**, a young trumpeter, plays in the style of the swing era with pianist **DON COATES** and drummer Chuck Briggs Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty.

**DAVID K'S**, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—Singer and pianist **HUGH SHANNON**, a picture of international café-society nonchalance, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, April 18, pianist **RALPH SUTTON** will join the others. On Sunday, April 16, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a swing quintet. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, Sundays from eight-thirty. Dinner.

**GREGORY'S**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** usually holds down the fort with **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, **JOE PUMA** on guitar, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist and trumpeter Gene Roland and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

**HOPPER'S**, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**ZOOT SIMS** and **JIMMY ROWLES** (see above) and their quartet are here through Saturday, April 15. On Monday, April 17, drummer Joe Morello will arrive with a quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one; and no music Sundays.

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**JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—While Roy Eldridge is away, trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN** fills in Tuesdays through Thursdays, and **JIMMY MCPARTLAND** is here Fridays and Saturdays. The regulars remain pianist John Bunch, drummer Ernie Hackett, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**LARSON'S**, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, has moved into these quarters along with his fatherly associates: saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SHELTON GARY**. Kerr and company perform Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and longtime Ellington drummer **SONNY GREER** are here Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music and lots of wisecracks from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Anesthetically potent chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and, often (but not always), good, solid country and rock music. Singer and songwriter Guy Clark is here with his band on Wednesday and Thursday, April 12-13; Sunday and Monday, April 16-17, country and gospel singer Diane Davidson will be present with her band; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 18-20, have been set aside for singer and songwriter Billy Joe Shaver. Other groups round out the week. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

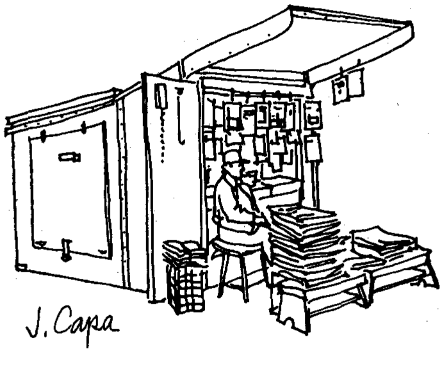
**MICHAEL'S PUB**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The great hot-jazz-violin pathfinder **JOE VENUTI**, who just recently turned eighty, has moved back into these quarters for a few weeks. He and his aides perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Conga wizard **RAY BARRETTO** leads his enthusiastic young jazz-rock-salsa septet through Saturday, April 15; on Monday, April 17, pianist Tom Pierson's Turning Point, a jazz-rock sextet, will perform. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

**OTHER END**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Lamont Cranston Blues Band is onstage through Saturday, April 15; on Wednesday, April 19, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MCGEE** will begin singing, playing, hooting, and chuckling in much the same way they've sung, played, hooted, and chuckled for the past thirty-odd years. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**PETER BROWN**, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—A smartly outfitted upper-West Side club that seems to have inherited the hard-bop legacy of Boomer's, the Village club that closed down last summer. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** directs a dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner.



**RENO SWEENEY**, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer Barbara Soehner is here Thursday through Saturday, April 13-15; on Sunday, April 16, actor Milo O'Shea will perform Irish songs, and on Tuesday, April 18, comedienne Judy Carter will take over. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty; Mondays are given over to new talent. Dinner.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JOHN CLARK**, a moving French-horn soloist who plays with George Russell Monday nights (see Village Vanguard, below), is here leading a quintet through Saturday, April 15; on Sunday and Monday, April 16-17, pianist **BEN ARONOV** will bring along a quartet; and Tuesday through Saturday, April 18-22, will be turned over to **JACK WILKINS**, one of the most exciting young guitarists around, who will front a quartet and solo in his fast, flashy, and (above all) musical style. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**LARRY CORYELL**, who is now playing somewhat arty solo-guitar sets, appears opposite pianist Phineas Newborn's trio in the downstairs barnlike room on Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at ten. Newborn and company will play every night thereafter, except Monday, April 17, when the music will be provided by trumpeter Ahmed Abdullah and his quartet, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Upstairs: Bob January guides a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to eleven. Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** perform on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—For thirty years **GEORGE RUSSELL** has been a highly admired composer, arranger, and jazz theorist—and, as is common, more widely recognized in Europe than here at home. In the fifties, Russell came up with the "Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization," a new way of looking at jazz harmony and improvisation—one that used as a base not traditional European music but rather jazz itself; this breakthrough eventually led to the innovations of the late-fifties, early-sixties. Russell's music is not dry and theoretical. His Monday nights at the Vanguard (while Thad and Mel go on tour) with his youthful, awe-filled seventeen-piece band are cheerfully raucous, with Russell's arrangements sounding at times like big-band Monk, and other times like Gil Evans charts with bite and muscle. The band—comprising **WARREN SMITH**, **LEW SOLOFF**, **JOHN CLARK**, **TERUMASA HINO**, **STANTON DAVIS**, and other outstanding players—performs a recent Russell work, "Vertical Form #VI for Jazz Orchestra," and excerpts from his 1969 piece, "Electronic Sonata for Souls Loved by Nature;" if these seem a mite too esoteric, they are balanced by a swirling "Cubana-Be, Cubana-Bop" (which Russell wrote for Dizzy Gillespie in 1947), a number which the band sings on. (It's best to get here early, otherwise one will most likely have to spend the first set waiting on the stairs.) Wednesday through Sunday, April 12-16, tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** heads up a quintet; on Tuesday, April 18, pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio will come in. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

**WEST END CAFÉ**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The swing music here is divided into three parts: George Kelly's Jazz Sultans (Wednesday, April 12), trumpeter Franc Williams' Swing Four (Thursday through Sunday, April 13-16), and the **COUNTSMEN** (Tuesday through Saturday, April 18-22). Music from nine to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

**W.P.A.**, 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals, painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). **JILL MCMANUS**, a lively

# The Riviera LXXV.

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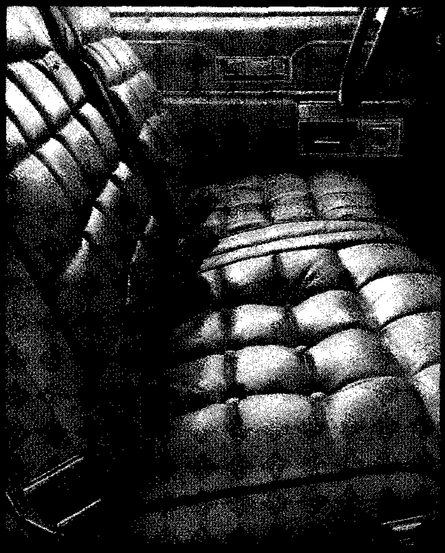
For 75 years now the name Buick has stood for quality and prestige. Quality in the manner in which Buicks are designed and built. And prestige, that certain undeniable statement a Buick makes about its owner. Doing that for 75 years is no small feat.



Naturally an anniversary of that magnitude deserved something rather special.

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Outside it is distinguished by a special silver and black designer's paint treatment.

On the inside, the LXXV is even more special. The theme is platinum gray: in the leather and vinyl seats, the deep-pile carpeting, the matching door trim. And to heighten the effect, a brushed chrome finish accents the instrument panel and doors. (Some equipment shown is not included in the LXXV package and is available at extra cost.) All in all, it's a very handsome limited edition. Best of all, you can buy it. It's at your Buick dealer now.

At this point we're tempted to tell you that a special offering like this comes along only once every 75 years. Well, why not? Because occasions like this come about only once every 75 years. It's Buick's way of saying Happy Anniversary—from us to you.

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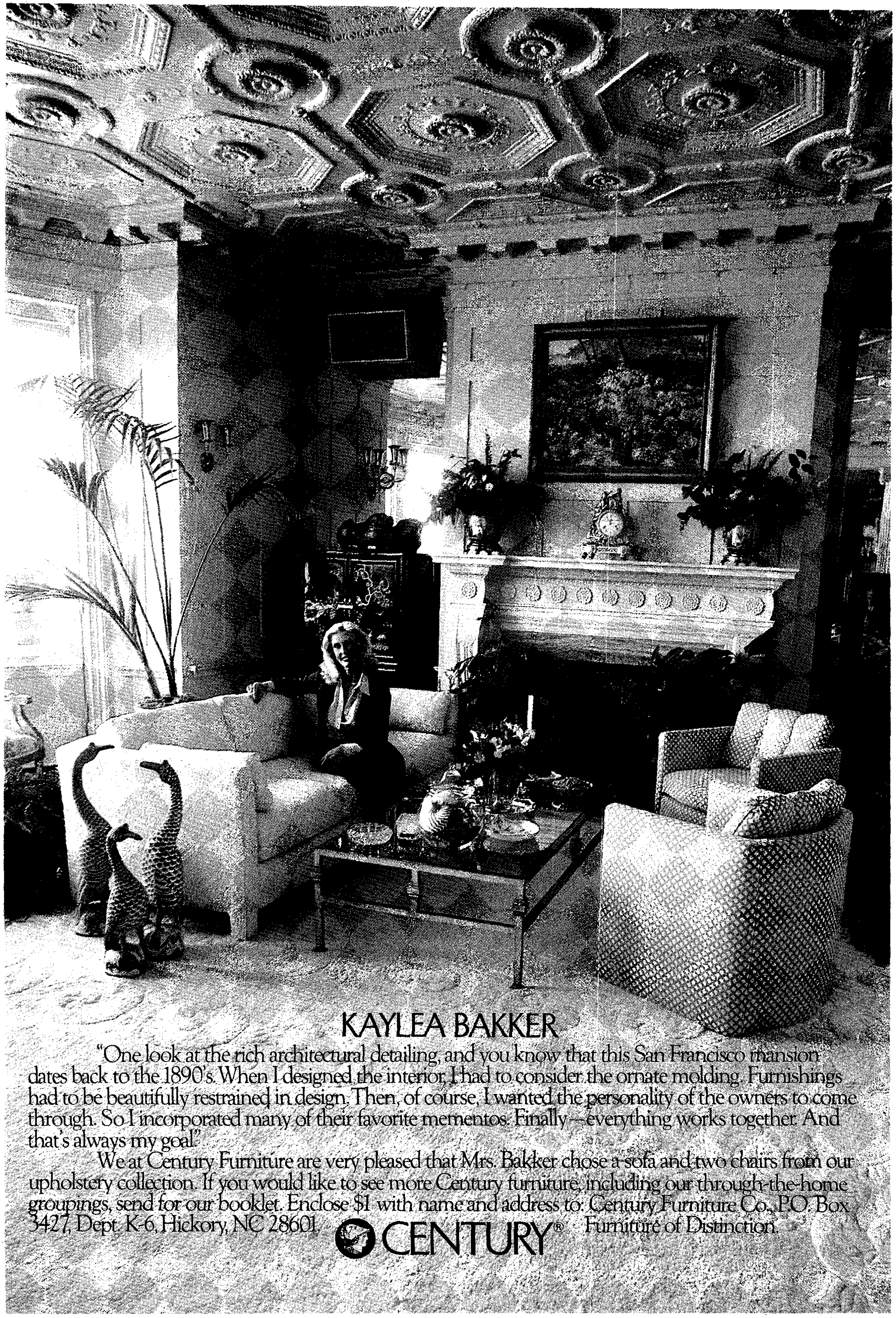
**A little science.**
**A little magic.**



KAYLEA BAKKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wynton Kelly pianist, is in charge Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Sundays, **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** commands the keyboard. The music, which has been moved into the noisier dining room, in back, runs from nine to one. Closed Mondays.

### DISCOTHÈQUES

**Ipanema,** 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Things get under way at nine. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

**New York, New York,** 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

**Régine's,** 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

**Studio 54,** 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Interludes**—The tenth offering in the winter/spring series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by the **FRED BENJAMIN DANCE COMPANY** on Wednesday, April 12, at 5:45.

**Lee Horwin**—With Eddie Hazell. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 12, at 8.)

**Jazz Loft Festivals**—New music and new jazz in Spartan, and sometimes crowded, surroundings. Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (475-9357). Wednesday, April 12: **HUGH LAWSON**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 13: **CHARLIE ROUSE**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 14: **ROGER BLANK**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15: **LEON THOMAS & FULL CIRCLE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 16: **BOB REID & EMERGENCY SOUND**. . . . ¶ Monday, April 17: **CHARLES DAVIS**. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 18: **MARIO RIVERA & SALSA REFUGEES**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 19: **LONNIE HILLYER**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 20: **CHARLES SULLIVAN**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 21: **DAVID MURRAY**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22: **MICKEY BASS**. (At 8:30 and 10:30.) . . . Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656). Friday, April 14: **BYARD LANCASTER & YOUSEFF YANCY**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15: **JIMMY LYONS QUARTET**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 21: **DON PULLEN QUARTET**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22: **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**. (Performances at 9 and 11.)

**Barbara Cook**—In a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 13, at 8:15.)

**Mary O'Hara**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 14, at 8.

**David Bromberg Band** and **Maria Muldaur**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, April 14, at 8.

**Tower of Power** and **the Lenny White Group**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, April 14, at 8.

**Anthony Braxton**—With Bill Connors. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at 9:30 and at midnight.)

**The Tubes**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**Heavenly Jazz Concert Series**—The last in a series of benefit concerts, this one performed by the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 16, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

**Don Cherry Quartet**—Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. 228-0882. Sunday, April 16, at 6 and 7:30.

**Bill Withers**—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 8:30.

**Stanley Clarke & School Days** and **Deodato**—Palladium. Friday, April 21, at 8 and 11:30.

**Hubert Laws** and **Noel Pointer**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 21, at 8.

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**Mary Lou Williams and the Paul Motian Trio**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 9:30 and at midnight.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Charles Arnoldi**—Abstract paintings that look like jumbles of multicolored straws. Through April 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Peter Bardazzi**—Abstract paintings. Through May 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Charles Baskerville**—Paintings and drawings dated 1917 to 1977. Through Saturday, April 22. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Willard Boepple**—Abstract sculptures. Through April 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

**Camille Bombois** (1883-1970)—Paintings from the twenties and thirties. Through May 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**David Lee Brown**—Stainless-steel sculptures epitomizing the spirit of flight. Through Thursday, April 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Gretna Campbell**—Recent oil landscapes by an Expressionist artist who works mostly in Maine or in the Delaware Water Gap country. Through April 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**John Cavanaugh**—Sculpture portraits in hammered metal. Through Wednesday, April 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**Herbert Ferber**—Recent sculptures in steel and brass. Through Thursday, April 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**Lucian Freud**—Recent figurative paintings by this English artist, who is often lumped together with Nicholson and Bacon. Through April 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**Klaus Fussmann**—Studio interiors, still-lifes, and strange, haunted-looking figures painted in oil, sometimes on paper, by this German artist. Through Saturday, April 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Igor Galanin**—Semi-surreal paintings of oddly shaped women swimming, ice-skating, or just posing for their pictures. Through Saturday, April 15. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**John Hegarty / Dennis Clive**—Life-size figure drawings in colored pencil, plus a few portrait heads in oil. / Ceramic models of monster trucks, freighted down with chrome and horns. Through April 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**Susan Hoeltzel**—Unstretched canvases on which inscrutable plans and mathematical calculations have been pencilled. Through Saturday, April 15. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

**Paul Jenkins**—Recent abstract paintings and sculptures. Through May 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Judith Kirsch**—This artist, working with a hard pencil on hard paper, portrays familiar objects—a couple of clothespins, some leeks, eggs (and broken eggshells), and various fruits. Through Saturday, April 15. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Opens at noon.)

**Ida Kohlmeyer**—Nonobjective oil paintings. Through May 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**David Levine**—Virtuoso watercolors by this Brooklyn artist whose works range from elegantly patterned groups on the Coney Island strand to portraits that have a Renaissance quality. In between are sharp pen-and-ink caricatures and satirical drawings. Through April 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Elsie Manville**—Realist still-lifes of eggs, potatoes, and pottery in austere settings. Through Saturday, April 22. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Armando Morales**—Strong figure drawings, done in charcoal and sanguine, by this South American artist. . . . ¶ A selection from the gallery's inventory stock is also on exhibit, including a Balthus ("Femme Couchée") and a Rouault landscape. Through Wednesday, April 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

**George and Henriette Amiard Oberteuffer**—This pair of artists met in Paris in 1905, where he had come from Philadelphia to paint and she had come from Le Havre to study art. They were both twenty-seven, and after their marriage they lived and worked in France until they moved to this country following the First World War. Their first shows (at Knoedler and the Ferargil) were immediate successes, and their careers led them from place to place around the country—to the Maine art colonies in summer and to various academies where he taught in winter. He was primarily a landscape painter, in oils, and she was best known for pastels; both worked in a traditionalist manner. During the Depression, she won a national competition for a W.P.A. mural and was working on it in 1940 when he died. She lived until 1962, and taught, but never showed again. This is a touching exhibition of their works. Through May 10. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Karl Prantl**—Highly polished abstract stone sculptures. Through April 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**George Rickey**—Indoor kinetic sculptures and the drawings for them. Through April 29. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

**Barbara Schwartz**—Wall sculptures, usually done in pairs. Through Wednesday, April 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Joan Semmel**—What seem at first to be large, abstract landscapes turn out, upon closer inspection, to be paintings of the artist's own nude body—the areas she can see of it without using a mirror. Through April 27. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**Paul Waldman**—Recent paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

**Flower Paintings**—At **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Examples by Americans include an oil (1870) of a field of daisies by Winslow Homer and a pastel entitled "Pink Camelia" by Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Saturday, April 22. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Hockney, Klee, Avery, Man Ray. Through Saturday, April 15.

**Group Shows**—At the **CARUS**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works from the twenties by Constructivists, including Moholy-Nagy, Lozowick, and El Lissitzky. Through May 13. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: "American Genre Painting in the Victorian Era: Winslow Homer, Eastman Johnson, and Their Contemporaries" includes fourteen works by Homer and a dozen by Johnson. Through May 6. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Colorful landscape drawings by Carol Anthony, new figurative paintings by Robert Beauchamp, handmade wall hangings with lustrous encrustations by Frank Faulkner, and an outsize and incredibly detailed pencil drawing of a misty ravine by David Hendricks. Through April 29. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings by Diego Rivera, George Grosz, Marsden Hartley, and others. Through April 29. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: The Chrysler Museum at Norfolk, Virginia, will benefit from a showing of highlights from its collections, among them Veronese's altarpiece "The Virgin and Child with Angels," Degas's "Danseuse aux Bouquets," and Kline's "Bleecker Street Bar." Starts Thursday, April 13. (Open Mondays.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Pat Adams**—Large abstract oils, and small works on paper. Through April 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Nicol Allan**—Small calligraphic drawings in Sumi ink, and a series of abstractions done in dyed papers and in watercolors. Through Saturday, April 15. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Bernard Chaet**—Spirited watercolors of flowers

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and vegetables. Through Thursday, April 20. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Ann Chernow**—Intimate portraits of women talking together, sipping tea, or simply gazing at one another, done mostly in shades of white. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, April 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Bruce Dorfman**—Landscapes. Through April 29. (Nobé, 250 W. 57th St.)

**Walter Dusenbery**—Abstract marble carvings on a monumental scale. Through April 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

**John Ferren** (1905-70)—Watercolors (some in miniature) and etchings completed before 1940. Through May 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Maria Gooding / John Cunningham**—Amorphous shapes gouged into a background of plaster. / Batlike constructions formed of thin sections of plywood. Through Saturday, April 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Lorrie Goulet**—Figures carved from wood and stone. Through Saturday, April 22. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Ken Greenleaf**—Abstract wall and floor sculptures that combine wood and strips of aluminum. Through Thursday, April 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Ray Johnson**—Painted-wood profiles of Larry Rivers, Victor Hugo, Lou Reed, and others, each enlivened with a single collaged element—a two-headed snake, a horsefly, a snail. Through May 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

**Herbert Katzman**—A handsomely executed sepia-chalk drawing of Manhattan seen from afar, plus portraits of friends and models. Through Friday, April 14. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Irving Kaufman**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

**Joseph Konzal**—Compact, interlocking table-size sculpture cast in solid aluminum. Through Saturday, April 22. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Richard Lindner**—Paintings and pastels. Through May 6. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Morris Louis** (1912-62)—Nine works in styles associated with the artist—veil, stripe, and unfurled paintings. Through April 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Sylvia Plimack Mangold**—Fairly large color fields inset with more or less conventional landscapes framed in masking tape. Through Saturday, April 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Agnes Martin**—A new series of her distinctive compositions in stripes. Through Saturday, April 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Philip Pearlstein**—Seven new large canvases, mostly female figures. Through April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

**William Perehudoff**—Color-field paintings. Through Thursday, April 20. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Pousette-Dart**—Abstract drawings. Through Saturday, April 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Gregorio Prestopino**—Spirited oils and watercolors of stylized nymphs in stylized glades beside stylized streams. Through Saturday, April 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Leo Rabkin / Jack Youngerman**—Forty-two boxes, which, when opened, reveal patterns of semiprecious stones, colorful little doodads strung on thread, strings of tiny, fluttering kites. Through Saturday, April 15. / Emblematic India-ink drawings from the sixties. Through Saturday, April 22. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Jim Reed**—Collages that make social comments. Through Saturday, April 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Kurt Schwitters** (1887-1948)—More than sixty-five works dated 1919 to the year before his death by this pioneer collagist. Through April 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Antoni Tàpies**—Works from the last three years by a leading Spanish abstract artist. Through May 19. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

**Neil Welliver**—Outsize watercolors by a first-rate draftsman whose subjects include Canada geese, cold-water fish, and mountain forests strewn with boulders. Through Saturday, April 22. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

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**Jack Whitten / Michael Tetherow**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 22. / Abstract paintings. Through May 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Cicely Aikman / Robert Berlind**—Paintings of picnics, the approach of spring, and landscapes, all done in a sort of hearty-peasant style. / Reflections in windows at night are the subject of most of these recent oils. Through Thursday, April 20. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

**Rachel bas-Cohain**—A single large sculpture, and graphics. Through May 3. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

**Janet Braun-Reinitz**—Boxes and collages. Through April 23. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

**Hanne Darboven**—A two-part exhibit by a German conceptual artist. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through April 29. . . . ¶ Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. Through Saturday, April 22.)

**Audrey Flack**—Three huge Photo-Realist paintings, eight feet square, in which lockets, beads, skulls, watches, and trompe-l'oeil printed matter are crowded together. Through May 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Sandy Gellis**—Cement, powdered iron, and sand in an advanced, but incomplete, stage of oxidation. Through Saturday, April 22. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

**Charles Ginnever**—Roughly triangular iron plates, somewhat resembling plowshares, strung together on heavy wire. Through Saturday, April 22. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**George Greenamyer / Jorge Belandria**—Large, antic steel sculptures that move on wheels and look as if Ronald Searle had drawn them. / Bright-colored oil paintings by a twenty-two-year-old small-town Venezuelan. Through Saturday, April 22. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

**Robert Grosvenor**—Two rectangular coated-wood sculptures, no higher than three feet but up to six feet long. Through April 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Linda Howard**—Sculptures consisting of polished-aluminum rods or tubes. Through Saturday, April 15. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

**Miyoko Ito**—Abstract oils. Through April 29. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

**Anatol Kovarsky**—One of the paintings on exhibit shows, in four sections, the chronology of a boxing match. Through May 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Louise Kruger / Therese Schwartz**—Wood sculptures of jugglers and acrobats with movable limbs. / Drawings. Through April 27. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

**Barry Le Va**—An installation (wood built to suit the gallery space, and drawings) that occupies two rooms. Through April 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Cynthia Mailman**—Landscapes, most of them as seen through the rear-view window of a car, plus drawings and one large painting of a nude. Through April 26. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

**John Okulick**—Constructions involving such materials as charcoal-burned wood, twigs, excelsior. Through May 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Blinky Palermo** (1943-77)—Six works, each consisting of four aluminum panels painted in acrylics. Through May 13. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

**Lucio Pozzi**—Conceptual works shown at three galleries. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6. . . . ¶ Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.) All shows through Saturday, April 22.

**Alexis Smith**—This collagist has designed a new set of playing cards. Through Wednesday, April 19. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**Robert Swain**—New paintings based on a grid. Through April 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Sam Wiener / Peter Saari**—Witty scale-model reproductions of various SoHo art galleries and of the Whitney Museum, with characteristic exhibitions going on (a tiny cigar-chewing Ivan Karp stalks the halls of his O.K. Harris Gallery). / This sculptor makes his own frescoed architectural fragments, which appear to have come from Grecian ruins. Through Saturday, April 22. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**Group Shows**—At **CUNINGHAM-WARD**, 94 Prince St.: Nine Australian artists. Through Saturday, April 15. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A selection of works on paper by ten artists who have never shown before in New York. Through Saturday, April 15. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **GIBSON**, 392 West Broadway: A captivating film-projection show of a frieze of salmon struggling toward their spawning grounds by James Carpenter, a wall piece containing plays on words by William Childress, and some brooding color photographs of a mysterious stairway seen in various lights by Janet Rifkin. Through April 26.

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Richard Artschwager**—This artist leaves his mark (a big, black oblong blip) posted all over the walls and the staircases of this gallery. Through April 26. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Suzanne Harris / Linda Francis**—A single geometric sculpture done in triple-bronze casting; also a related installation. / Leaves cut up and rearranged on paper. Through Saturday, April 15. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

**Alfred Jensen**—Heavily painted mosaic-like abstractions and works on paper from the last twenty years. Through Friday, April 21. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**Dennis Oppenheim**—An installation (exhibited at the John Gibson Gallery in 1975) in which a dressed mannequin bangs its bronze head against a bell every minute and forty seconds. Through Thursday, April 20. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

**Wallace Putnam**—A series of forty Expressionistic oils inspired by the writings of Carlos Castaneda. Through April 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

**Eric Sloane / Bob McCall**—Cloud studies. / Paintings by an artist who illustrated his and Isaac Asimov's book "Our World in Space." Through April 28. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At **PACE UNIVERSITY**, 41 Park Row: Small monochromatic abstract works by twenty-nine artists, among them Arakawa, Robert Kapelis, and Louise Nevelson. Through May 6. (Open Mondays.). . . **ROY G. BIV GALLERY**, 245 W. 19th St.: Jack Tworkov, William King, Budd Hopkins, and Howardena Pindell are among those represented in a show called the Artists of Chelsea. Through April 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.). . . **SRAGOW**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: Identical abstract patterns done in oil, acrylics, and fragmented glass by Frank Sansone, and stick-man drawings cut out of paper by Marc Eisenberg are among the works by five artists on exhibition here. Through Saturday, April 22. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: About forty works by contemporary Austrian painters and printmakers. Through April 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Ansel Adams**—Early works. Through May 6. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

**Edouard Denis Baldus** (1815-82)—This architec-

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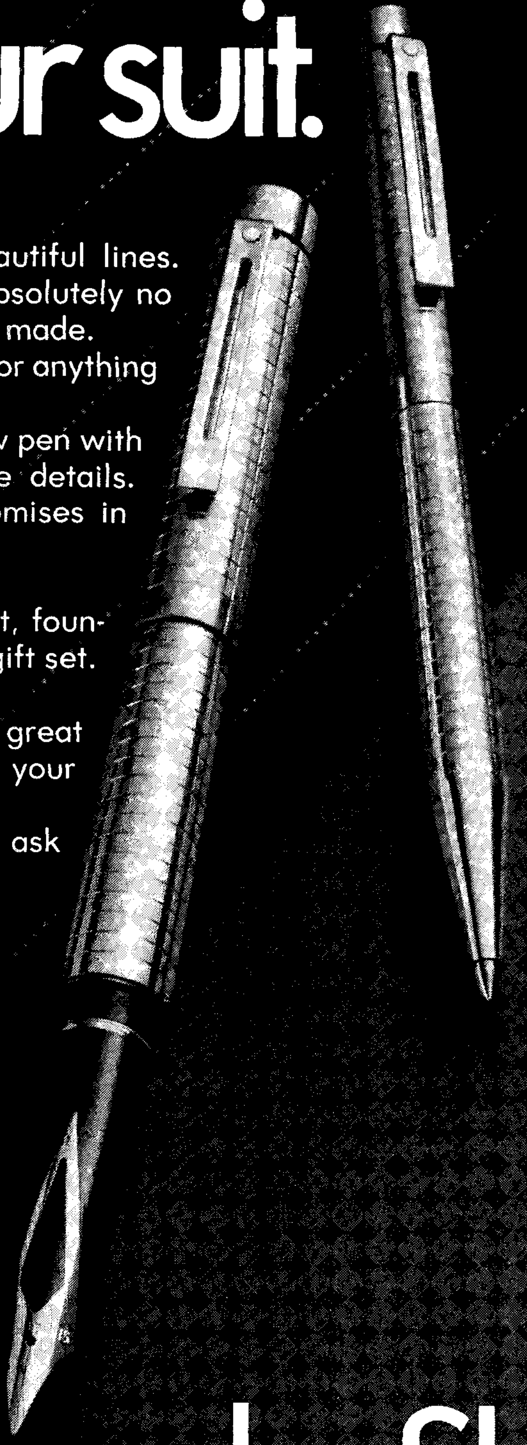

Your new suit has beautiful lines. Impeccable details. And absolutely no compromises in the way it's made.

Why should you settle for anything less in a pen?

What you need is a new pen with beautiful lines. Impeccable details. And absolutely no compromises in the way it's made.

Targa by Sheaffer.

It comes as a ballpoint, fountain pen, marker, pencil or gift set. All refillable. From $10.00.

You know you have a great suit when people ask who your tailor is.

Targa will make them ask who your pen company is.

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tural photographer recorded Paris sites (St. Sulpice, the Louvre, the Tuileries palace before its destruction during the Commune), as well as the viaducts and cast-iron stations along the original Paris-to-Marseilles railway. Through May 13. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Harry Callahan / Joe Deal**—Clapboard houses set against cloudless blue skies figure in these color photographs made in Providence, Rhode Island. Also dye-transfer prints. / Sprawling suburban scenes by a California artist. Through Saturday, April 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Baron Adolf de Meyer** (1869-1946)—Thirty-three photographs of a lithe Nijinsky and some rather sturdy nymphs in the production of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" that scandalized Paris in 1912. These rare photographs were reprinted this year by Richard Benson. Through Saturday, April 15. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Jan Groover and David Haxton**—The Whitney Museum is presenting an all-color exhibition of Miss Groover's series on Manhattan buildings and suburban scenes, and of Mr. Haxton's abstractions. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Elaine Mayes**—Landscapes; first solo show in New York. Through April 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Jeanne Moutoussamy**—Forty-five prints, some in color, devoted to urban and rural South Africa. Through May 6. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Martin Munkacsi** (1896-1963)—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer, who began his career covering news events in Budapest, gained international fame as a photojournalist in Berlin, and eventually altered the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* with his innovative on-location fashion photographs. Through April 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

**Eadweard Muybridge** (1830-1904)—Animal-locomotion studies by the photographer who proved (in 1872, when he was commissioned by Leland Stanford) that a galloping horse *does* have all four hooves off the ground at one time. Through April 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

**Walter Rosenblum / Tim Gidal**—Documentary photographs of, among other places, Haiti, the Gaspé, New York City, taken over the past forty years. / Photographs of Europe in the thirties. Through May 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Michael A. Smith**—Western landscapes. Through April 29. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

**Eve Sonneman**—More of this artist's color photographs (these made in Paris, London, and Greece) mounted in pairs, each of which shows a sequence of events. Through April 29. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Group Show**—More than a hundred and twenty vintage works by Alfred Stieglitz and members of the Photo-Secession. Through Wednesday, April 19. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ Views of Rome by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and other prints and drawings constitute a small show called "Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century." Through April 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show of street photography. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Through April 23. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages, and other works. Starts Friday, April 14. . . . ¶ Duane Hanson's startlingly realistic polyester and fibreglass casts—twenty-nine pieces in all, including "Hard Hat," "Rita the Waitress," and "Photographer." Through Sunday, April 16. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color prints by Jan Groover and David Haxton. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Thursday, April 20, at 8, the Cecil Taylor Unit will do some jazz composed by Mr. Taylor. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neil Welliver. Through May 21. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints (by Nevelson, Tanguy, Dali, Calder, others) made at Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, now observing its fiftieth anniversary. Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America, which houses a collection of archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C., is but one of a dozen major exhibitions at the museum. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, commissioned from Indian artists primarily by British and other European colonists, that portray the landscapes and customs of India between 1760 and 1880. Starts Thursday, April 13. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A new exhibit of decorative objects (a Breuer chair, a Desfosse wallpaper series, Japanese screen samples) from the museum's vast permanent collection. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to the present). Through May 7. . . . ¶ French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers); representations of shoes and of feet by Robert Arneson, Andy Warhol, Ann Slavit (one of her contributions is a pair of thirty-foot inflated legs that will dangle from the museum's roof); shoes worn by dancers, sports figures, space explorers. Starts Saturday, April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

*(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)*

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 12: "Don Giovanni," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Elizabeth Harwood, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, and Allan Monk; conducted by John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 13: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 14: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Tatiana Troyanos, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Allan Monk. James Levine conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 15: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, April 12, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Henry Price; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 13, at 8: "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Diana Soviero, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Irwin Densen; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Henry Price; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 2: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Sharon Daniels, Jerold Norman, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carmen Hernandez, Sandra Walker, Eunice Hill, Samuel Ramey, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 1: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Linda Brinkerhoff, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, David Holloway, and Jay Willoughby; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 7: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 18, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Sharon Daniels, Elizabeth Haley, Howard Hensel, and Henry Price; Lloyd Walser. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 19, at 9: "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Diana Soviero, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Irwin Densen; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mariana Niculescu, Sherry Zannoth, David Rendall, Richard Fredricks, Samuel Ramey, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Esther Hinds, Diane Curry, Lando Bartolini, and Frederick Burchinal; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Gwenlynn Little, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, and William Justus; Eve Queler. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Sharon Daniels, Jerold Norman, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

**Juilliard American Opera Center**—Benefit per-

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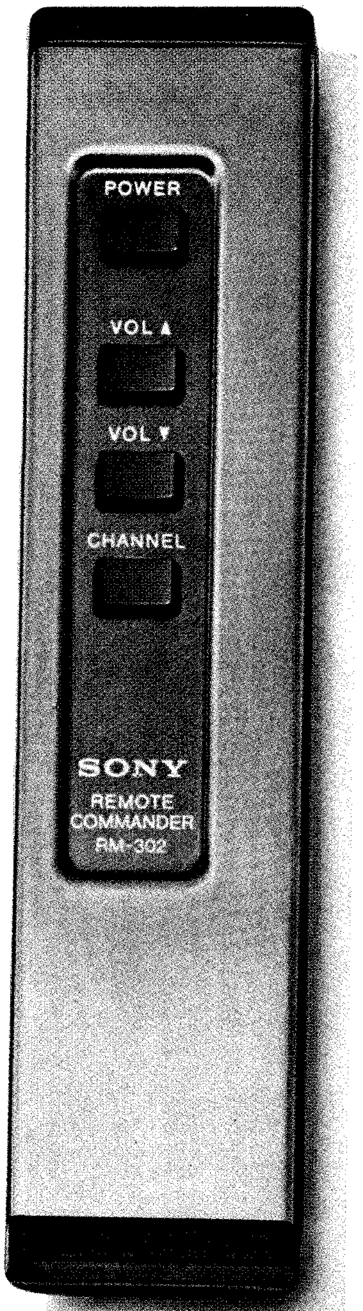

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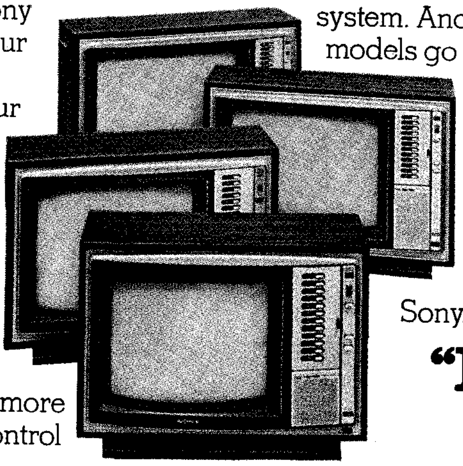

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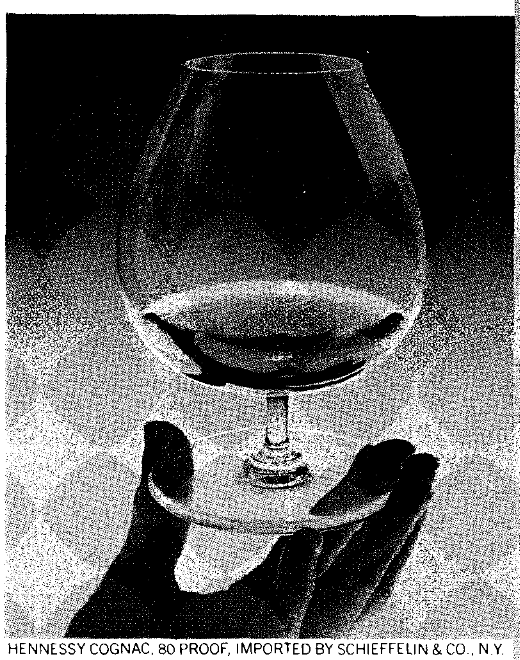

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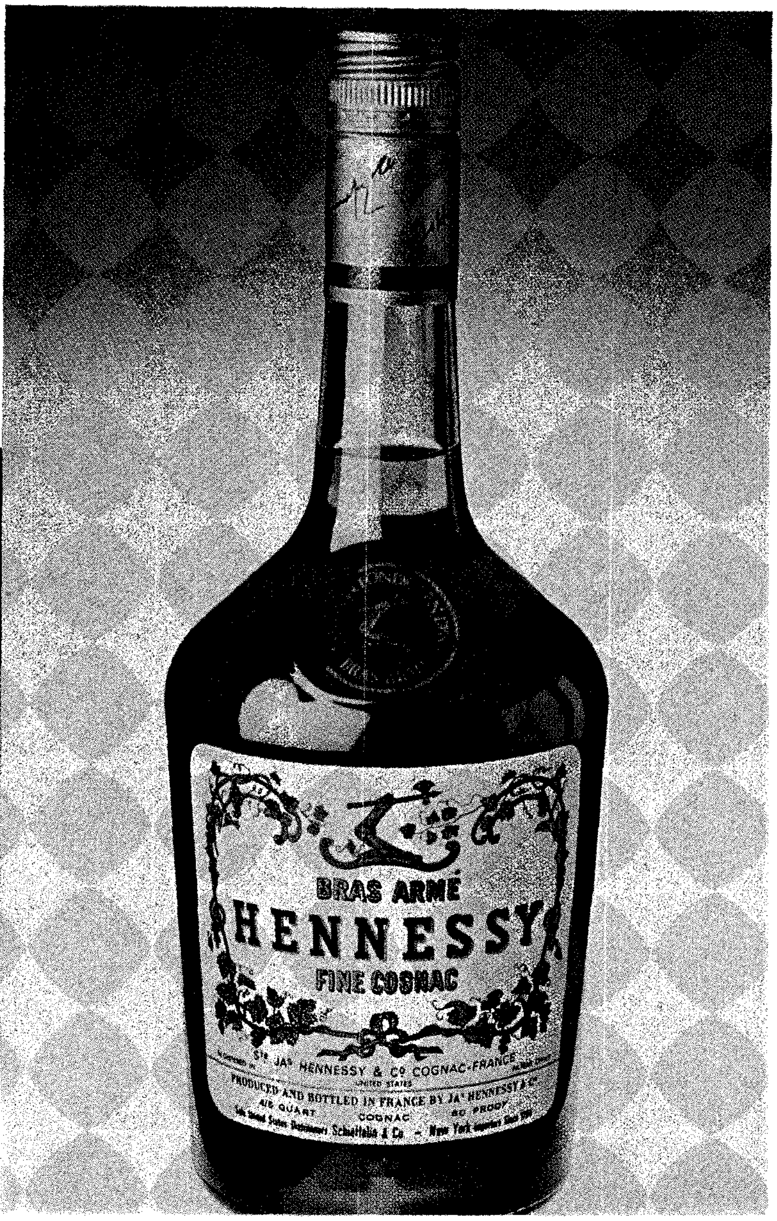
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

formances of Janáček's "Jenůfa," in English. Staged by Gerald Freedman, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, April 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Eugen Jochum conducting an all-Mozart program on Thursday, April 13, at 8:30; Friday, April 14, at 2; and Saturday, April 15, and Tuesday, April 18, at 8:30 (with Clifford Curzon, piano).... ¶ James Levine conducting and acting as piano soloist in a varied program on Thursday, April 20, at 8:30; Friday, April 21, at 2; Saturday, April 22, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 25, at 7:30.

**Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra**—John Nelson directing a performance of Berlioz' Requiem, with John Aler, tenor, and the Indianapolis Symphonic Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 18, at 8.)

**Boston Symphony**—Seiji Ozawa conducting the final concerts of the season here, with André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 19-20, at 8.)

**Toronto Symphony Orchestra**—Andrew Davis conducting, with Margaret Price, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8.)

**M.I.T. Symphony Orchestra**—David Epstein conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 12, at 8:30.)

**New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra**—Raffael Adler conducting. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, April 16, at 2:30, with William Whitehead, organ.... ¶ Congregation Shaare Zedek, 212 W. 93rd St. Sunday, April 16, at 7; no soloists.) No tickets necessary for either concert.

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Morton Gould conducting, with Earl Wild, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 3.)

**Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York**—Richard Kapp conducting the last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 16, at 3.)

**Bronx Arts Ensemble**—Johannes Somary conducting, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Howard Nevizun, baritone; and John Ostendorf, bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 18, at 8.)

**Columbia University Orchestra**—Martin Rutishauser conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, April 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus**—Frederic Waldman directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Heather Harper, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel and John Aler, tenors; and Robert Briggs, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 19, at 8.)

**Union College Men's Glee Club**—Hugh Allen Wilson directing, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano, and Robert Johnson, tenor. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

**Yale Concert Choir**—Jon D. Bailey directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 15, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

**Barnard-Columbia Chorus**—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Mozart's Requiem. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, April 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick**—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Alfred Brendel**—Piano, in an all-Schubert recital. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 12, at 8.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—The final programs in two series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 12-13, at 8, a varied program, with the Vermeer Quartet.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 14, at 8,

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the last of the concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**New Hungarian Quartet**—Two recitals presenting the Bartók cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 12, and Wednesday, April 19, at 8.)

**Margaret Price**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 13, at 8.)

**Seth Kimmelman**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 13, at 8.)

**Ralph Votapek**—Piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—The Amadeus String Quartet, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 16, at 5.)

**League-ISCM**—The fifth in this season's series of seven concerts of contemporary music, this one performed by the New Repertory Ensemble, Dinu Ghezzo conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8.)

**Yo-yo Ma**—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 15, at 8.)

**Waverly Consort**—The last in a series of concerts, this one entitled "Music of Eastern Europe, 1350-1700." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8.)

**Coffee Concert**—A recital by Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello, following which the artist will mingle with the audience over coffee. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Sunday, April 16, at noon.)

**Alicia de Larrocha**—Piano, playing Albeniz's "Iberia." (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 3.)

**Ian Shapinsky**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 16, at 3.)

**André Watts**—Piano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 21. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, April 16, at 3.)

**Beethoven Society**—The Cleveland Quartet in the third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, April 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 682-3900.)

**Cantilena Chamber Players**—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Stephen Kates, cello. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, April 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

**Primavera String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 17, at 8.)

**Ruth Laredo**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 18, at 8.)

**Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Donald Sutherland**—Soprano and organ. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Tuesday, April 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**Max Pollikoff**—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 18, at 8.)

**Judit Jaimes**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 20, at 8.)

**David Soyer and Rudolf Firkusny**—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 20, at 8.)

**New York Baroque Ensemble**—The last in a series of concerts, this one with *John Aler, tenor.* (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, April 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4087.)

## MISCELLANY

**Qawwali Music from Pakistan**—The Sabri Brothers and their ensemble of singers and musicians in a program of devotional music of the Sufis. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Baseball—Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, April 12, at 2:05.... **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Thursday, April 13, and Saturday and Sunday, April 15-16, all at 2.... ¶ Baltimore, Monday, April 17, at 8, and Tuesday, April 18, at 2.... ¶ Milwaukee, Friday, April 21, at 8, and Saturday, April 22, at 2.

**Professional Basketball**—National Basketball Association Eastern Division preliminary playoffs: Knicks vs. Cleveland. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

**Crew**—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 22.)

**Hockey**—Stanley Cup preliminary playoffs: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 13, at 7:35.)

**Racing**—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 15; the Grey Flight Handicap, Sunday, April 16; and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22.

**Soccer**—Cosmos vs. Tulsa. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 16, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

**Pro Tennis**—World Team Tennis: Apples vs. Anaheim. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 21, at 7:30.)

**Track**—*Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass.* (Monday, April 17.)

**Trotting**—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 29. ... **Meadowlands Racetrack**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

**Poetry Readings**—Daniel Halpern and Charles Wright reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 17, at 8.)... ¶ Jacques Brault, Robert Marteau, and Gaston Miron reading from their own works, in French, with English translations read by Louis Simpson and William Jay Smith. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 18, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.)... ¶ David Ignatow reading from his own works. (Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St. Wednesday, April 19, at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Kathleen Fraser and Carl Rakosi reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)... ¶ Rosellen Brown and Louise Glück reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 20, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Auctions**—At **Sotheby Parke Bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 12, at 10:15: English literature from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, from the library of David Borowitz.... ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 2: Modern first editions, plus a hundred Hemingway letters and other autograph material, collected by Jonathan Goodwin.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 12-13, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Helen Huntington Hull and from other sources.... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and clocks; from various owners.... **Christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 12, at 10:30 and 2:30: Japanese and other Oriental works of art, from many sources.... ¶ Friday, April 14, at 2: Eastern rugs, from a number of owners. ... ¶ Wednesday, April 19, at 10:30: French and other Continental furniture, sculptures, and tapestries; the property of Mrs. Norman Harrower and others. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 13.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

### EAST SIDE

**ART,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

**ST. MARKS CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 13: "Saturday Night Fever."
From April 14: "Coma" and "The Hospital."

**GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Turning Point."

**BAY CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Straight Time."

**MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Rabbit Test."

**EASTSIDE CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Word Is Out."

**SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

**TRANS-LUX EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Goodbye Girl."

**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

**BARONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Casey's Shadow."

**CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

**59TH ST. EAST,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

**D. W. GRIFFITH,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

**CINEMA I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

**CINEMA II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"September 30, 1955."

**COLUMBIA I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Annie Hall."

**COLUMBIA II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The First Time."

**BEEKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

**LOEWS TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

**72ND STREET EAST,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 18: "The Goodbye Girl."
From April 19: "The Lacemaker."

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Goodbye Girl."

**U. A. EAST,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Julia."

**LOEWS ORPHEUM,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Rabbit Test."

**LOEWS CINÉ,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Fury."

**86TH ST. EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Straight Time."

**R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Annie Hall."

**R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Turning Point."

### WEST SIDE

**WAVERLY,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 13: "The Battle of Chile."
From April 14: "Joseph Andrews."

**GREENWICH,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 13: "Coma."
From April 14: "The Medusa Touch."

**QUAD CINEMA,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 13: "The Turning Point." From April 14: "A Little Night Music."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Sebastiane" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: "The Goodbye Girl."

**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Goodbye Girl."

**ZIEGFELD,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**FESTIVAL,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 13: "Straight Time."
From April 14: "Joseph Andrews."

**PLAYBOY,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 18: "Saturday Night Fever."
From April 19: To be announced.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

68TH ST PLAYHOUSE
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**THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW**

**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

**CINEMA 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**CINEMA STUDIO,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 13: "1900."
From April 14: "A Woman of Paris."

**EMBASSY 72ND ST.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Annie Hall."

**LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Straight Time."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

**NEW YORKER,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 18: "That Obscure Object of Desire."
From April 19: "Blue Country."

**OLYMPIA,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 18: "A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich" and "The Shootist."
From April 19 (tentative): "Casey's Shadow" and "You Light Up My Life."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 12: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti.
April 13: "Senso" (1955), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Farley Granger and Alida Valli; and "Conversation Piece" (1975), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Burt Lancaster, Silvana Mangano, and Helmut Berger.
April 14-15: "Duck Soup" (1933) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both with the Marx Brothers.
April 16: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "A Lesson in Love." (†)
April 17: "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg; and "Secrets of Women" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Anita Björk, Maj-Britt Nilsson, Eva Dahlbeck, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
April 18: "The Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family" (1941), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; and "The Bride of the Andes." (†)
April 19: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (†); and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau.
April 20: "Lucia." (†)

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 12: "Bitter Sweet" (1933), directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Anna Neagle, Fernand Graavey, and Ivy St. Helier; and "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.
April 13: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "Mad Love" (1935), directed by Karl Freund, with Peter Lorre.
April 14: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Cesar Romero; and "After the Thin Man." (†)
April 15: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.
April 16: "David Copperfield" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with W. C. Fields, Roland Young, Freddie Bartholomew, Edna May Oliver, and Basil Rathbone; and "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley.
April 17: "Kamouraska" (†) and "My Uncle Antoine." (†)
April 18: "Olympia, Parts I and II." (†)
April 19: "Blithe Spirit" (†) and "The Scoundrel." (†)
April 20: "This Sporting Life" (†) and "If . . ." (†)

**CINEMA VILLAGE,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 13: "Between the Lines" (1977), directed by Joan Micklin Silver; with John Heard and Lindsay Crouse; and "I. F. Stone's Weekly" (1973), a documentary, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr.
April 14-15: "Pound" (†) and "Chafed Elbows." (†)
April 16-17: "Pather Panchali" (1954), "Aparajito" (1957), and "The World of Apu" (1959), all in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
April 18: "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman; and "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman.
April 19-20: "Carrie" (†) and "Pretty Poison." (†)

**REGENCY,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 12: "Macao" (1952), directed by Joseph von Sternberg and Nicholas Ray, with Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum, William Bendix, Gloria Grahame, Brad Dexter, and Thomas Gomez; and "Out of the Past" (1947), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming.
April 13-15: "Suspicion" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.
April 16-17: "Roberta" (1935), directed by William Seiter, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." (†)
April 18-19: "The Big Sky" (†) and "Wagonmaster." (†)
From April 20: "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson; and "Vivacious Lady." (†)

**THALIA,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through April 13: "Brute Force" (1947), directed by Jules Dassin, with Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn, Howard Duff, Ann Blyth, and Yvonne De Carlo; and "The Naked City" (1948), directed by Jules Dassin, with Barry Fitzgerald, Howard

Duff, Don Taylor, and Ted De Corsica.

April 14-15: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), the first of the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "The Woman in Green" (1945), the eleventh in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

April 16-17: "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom; and "The Devil's Wanton" (1949), Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Doris Svelund, Birger Malmsten, and Eva Henning.

April 18: "It's Raining in Santiago" (1976), in French, directed by Heliro Soto.

April 19-20: "The Big Combo" (1955), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace, Richard Conte, and Brian Donlevy; and "Screaming Mimi" (1958), directed by Gerd Oswald, with Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey, and Gypsy Rose Lee.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 12: "Written on the Wind" (1957), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, and Dorothy Malone; and "Madame X" (1966), directed by David Lowell Rich, with Lana Turner, Constance Bennett, Keir Dullea, John Forsythe, Ricardo Montalban, and Burgess Meredith.

April 13: "Chinatown Nights" (1929), directed by William Wellman, with Wallace Beery, Warner Oland, Florence Vidor, and Jack Oakie; and "A Star Is Born" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, Adolphe Menjou, and Lionel Stander.

April 14: "No One Man" (1932), directed by Lloyd Corrigan, with Carole Lombard, Ricardo Cortez, and Paul Lukas; and "Swing High, Swing Low." (†)

April 15: "The Lone Wolf Returns" (1936), directed by Roy William Neill, with Melvyn Douglas and Gail Patrick; and "Meet Nero Wolfe." (†)

April 16-17: "Cocktail Hour" (1933), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Bebe Daniels and Randolph Scott; and "My Woman" (1933), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Helen Twelvetrees, Victor Jory, and Wallace Ford.

April 18: "Victory" (†) and "Bird of Paradise." (†)

April 19: "Kitty" (1946), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Patrick Knowles, Reginald Owen, and Constance Collier; and "Arise, My Love" (1940), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Walter Abel, and Dennis O'Keefe.

April 20: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium**, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 13 at 2:30: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: Five short films by and about women. . . . ¶ April 13 at 8:30 and April 14 at 2:30: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 15 at noon: "Swamp Water" (1941), directed by Jean Renoir, with Walter Brennan, Walter Huston, Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, and John Carradine. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2:30: "Beauty and the Beast." . . . ¶ April 16 at noon: "Swamp Water." . . . ¶ April 16 at 2:30: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Priscilla Lane, and Gladys George. . . . ¶ April 17 at noon: "Georgia O'Keeffe" (1977), directed by Peter Miller. . . . ¶ April 17 at 2:30: "In a Rehearsal Room" (1975), directed by David Hahn; "Testament" (1974), directed by James Broughton; "Warner Pathe News" (1953); and "Crossroads" (1976), directed by Bruce Conner. . . . ¶ April 18 at noon: "Georgia O'Keeffe." . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "Dodsworth" (1936), directed by William Wyler, with Walter Huston, Mary Astor, and Ruth Chatterton. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2:30: "Casual Relations" (1973), directed by Mark Rappaport. . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: "A Minor Altercation" (1977), directed by Jackie Shearer, Mary Tiseo, and Terry Signaio; and "Busing: A Rough Ride in Southie" (1977), directed by Sam Kauffmann and Ellen Boyca. . . . ¶ April 20 at 8:30: "Dodsworth." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Running Fence" (1978), directed by David Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and Albert Maysles. (Reviewed in this issue.) Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Anthology Film Archives**, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Cornell, Dovzhenko, Eisenstein, Chaplin, Hanoun, Johnston, Dreyer, Genr, Frampton, and others. Showings April 12-14 at 7 and 9; April 15 at 2:30, 5:30, 8, and 9:30; April 16 at 8; and April 18-20 at 7 and 9.

**Film Forum**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 13-16: "Calm Prevails Over the Country" (1975), in German, directed by Peter Lilienthal; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting April 20: "Italianamerican" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese; and four short films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

**Little Theatre**, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"High Street" (1976), in French, directed by André Ernotte, with Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman; English subtitles. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11; and Sundays at 3, 6, and 8.

**Metropolitan Museum**, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of international full-length films made in 1935, together with short features, newsreels, animated films, documentaries, and experimental films of that year. April 12: "The Steel Beast," directed by Willy Zielke; in German with no English titles. . . . ¶ April 13: "The Whole Town's Talking," directed by John Ford, with Edward G. Robinson and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ April 19: "Sisters of the Gion," directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese with English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 20: "Mad Love," directed by Karl Freund, with Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, and Colin Clive. Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8.

**Film Society of Lincoln Center**—The final programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 12 at 6: "The Bus" (Turkey/Sweden/Switzerland; Bay Okan). . . . ¶ April 12 at 8:30: "Torre Bela" (Portugal/Italy; Thomas Harlan). . . . ¶ April 14 at 6: "Paule Paulandre" and "The Main Actor" (West Germany; Reinhard Hauff). . . . ¶ April 14 at 9:30: "The Bus." . . . ¶ April 15 at 6: "Scenic Route" (United States; Mark Rappaport). . . . ¶ April 15 at 8:30: "Paule Paulandre" and "The Main Actor." . . . ¶ April 16 at 6: "Torre Bela." . . . ¶ April 16 at 8:30: "Foul Play" (Poland; Marek Piwowski). . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "The Far Road" (Japan; Sachiko Hidari). . . . ¶ April 17 at 8:30: "Scenic Route." . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "Chuquiago" (Bolivia; Antonio Eguino). . . . ¶ April 18 at 8:30: "The Far Road." . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "Foul Play." . . . ¶ April 19 at 8:30: "Chuquiago." (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**After the Thin Man** (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In this one, mush-mouthed Elissa Landi is a lady in distress: she's lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 14.)

**Annie Hall**—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Columbia I, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**The Battle of Chile**—A great three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende; this cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (1/23/78) (Waverly; through April 13.)

**The Big Sky** (1952)—The least of Howard Hawks' Westerns, about a search for furs in the Northwest Territory. Simpleminded dialogue of the what-in-tarnation sort. Kirk Douglas is in it, and Elizabeth Threatt is an Indian girl called Teal Eye, meant to be remote and mysterious, and behaving as if Martha Graham had been tutoring her in a tepee. (Regency; April 18-19.)

**Bird of Paradise** (1932)—The director, King Vidor, and his associates performed near-miracles on this outdated story (an adaptation of a stage melodrama) about a Polynesian princess (Dolores Del Rio) whose love for a white man (Joel McCrea) results in her being punished by the Polynesian priests (she's thrown into a volcano). The talk is fearfully silly, but Clyde De Vinna's rich, tactile cinematography, the foliage of the locations, and Max Steiner's overblown score contribute to some high romantic effects. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

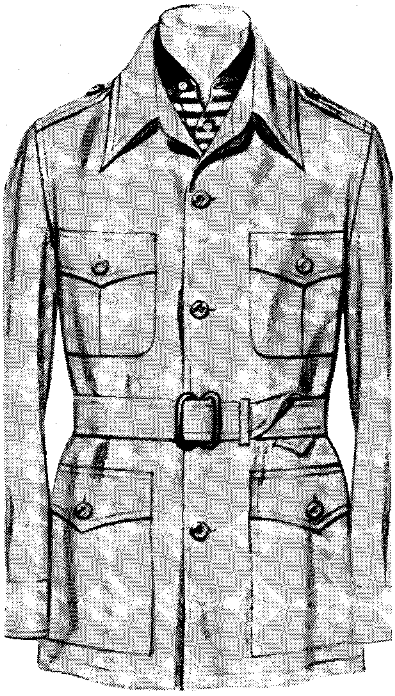
**Blithe Spirit** (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it was airy in the theatre then, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a séance. Inadvertently, he conjures up the ghost of his pouty, blond first wife (the husky-voiced Kay Hammond), and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. The novelist finds himself in an involuntary state of "astral bigamy." Margaret Rutherford plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach. "Let's make it a real rouser!" she cries at the start of a séance. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 19.)

**Blue Country**—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (New Yorker; starting April 19.)

**The Bride of the Andes** (1966)—For a change, a Japanese film with an enticing title of the old American type. It stars not Yma Sumac but Sachiko Hidari, the perennially young wife of the talented director Susumu Hani, who made this film—using *cinéma-vérité* techniques—in Bolivia and Peru. The story is about the heroine's development of the strength to endure; the movie, fortunately, does not test the viewer's endurance. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 18.)

**Carrie** (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt.

Brooks Brothers



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(11/22/76) (Cinema Village; April 19-20.)

**Casey's Shadow**—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. And he isn't overshadowed even by the horses. (Baronet. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 19, tentative.)

**Chafed Elbows** (1967)—A cheerful assault on motherhood, analysis, venal surgeons, cops, Pop painters, et al. Directed by Robert Downey in a tone of cawing mockery, but not trying quite hard enough; knockabout high spirits can't quite carry the comedy. (Cinema Village; April 14-15.)

**Close Encounters of the Third Kind**—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

**Coma**—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Greenwich; through April 13. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting April 14.)

**Coming Home**—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

**Cousin, Cousine** (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands**—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

**The First Time**—With Alain Cohen and Charles Denner, directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Columbia II.)

**The Fury**—Brian De Palma's visionary, science-fiction thriller. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Loews Ciné.)

**The Goodbye Girl**—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 18.)

**A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich**—With Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Larry Scott; directed by Ralph Nelson. (Olympia; through April 18.)

**High Anxiety**—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton.)

**The Hospital** (1971)—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 14.)

**House Calls**—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Loews Tower East.)

**If . . .** (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 20.)

**Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II** (1944-46)—For this movie, the city of Kazan was rebuilt full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, is forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to the throne. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 20.)

**Joseph Andrews**—With Ann-Margret and Peter Firth, directed by Tony Richardson. (Waverly, and Festival; starting April 14.)

**Julia**—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**Kamouraska** (1975)—Opacity isn't metaphysics. Anne Hébert wrote the pulp best-selling "literary" melodrama, set in French Canada, on which this film is based. Claude Jutra, who admirably made the quite unpretentious "My Uncle Antoine," directed it. This film, in spite of the helpfully caustic and very modern presence of Geneviève Bujold, is steeped in a belief about the redemptive powers of the sense of sin, which are appropriated to Catholicism when they belong just as much to Anglicanism, American Protestantism, and Judaism. The story also indulges the obscurantist by linking perfectly earthly spite to witchcraft. Though the acting and the sense of the nineteenth-century period are accurate, the film's fundamental antithesis—religiosity vs. fun—is falsely put, and the resulting schematism halts a good director. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 17.)

**The Lacemaker**—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (72nd Street East; starting April 19.)

**A Lesson in Love** (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 16.)

**A Little Night Music**—You know what you're in for near the beginning, when the hero (Len Cariou) is greeted with "Good afternoon, Lawyer Egerman." This film is a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. It's an adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor. (3/20/78) (Quad Cinema; starting April 14.)

**Lucia** (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred felt for the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironic fable about a Castroperiod husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 20.)

**Madame Rosa**—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament that may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

**The Medusa Touch**—With Richard Burton, Lino Ventura, and Lee Remick; directed by Jack Gold. (Greenwich; starting April 14.)

**Meet Nero Wolfe** (1936)—Edward Arnold enjoying himself as the illustrious Nero Wolfe, Rex Stout's omniscient, bullying detective who can trace a killer and his method without leaving the house where he keeps his fine orchids and his special brew of beer. This is one of those thrillers that depend too much upon a lot of things that happened years before to a lot of people whom you can't sort out. You may never be entirely clear about what stirred up the crowd of Barstows and Kimballs some fifteen years ago down in South America, or about how that led to the murder at hand. Herbert Biberman directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15.)

**Mr. and Mrs. Smith** (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Regency; April 16-17.)

**The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser** (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—The story of Kaspar Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train Kaspar in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his newfound pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, the caped figure returns and murders him. This Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. You fight to keep your eyes open. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 19.)

**My Uncle Antoine** (1971)—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 17.)

**1900**—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, all the other new movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Cinema Studio; through April 13.)

**Olympia, Parts I and II** (1938)—The 1936 Olympics in Berlin, with Hitler in his glory. "Olympia" is only incidentally a great record of the actual games: the director, Leni Riefenstahl, selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with more than three hours of dazzling quality. One of the two greatest films ever directed by a woman; the other (the infamous "Triumph of the Will") is also by Riefenstahl. Viewed now, "Olympia" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 18.)

**Pound** (1970)—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably as a metaphor for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character, played by Harry Rigby, who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (Cinema Village; April 14-15.)

**Pretty Baby**—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent new picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district of America is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

**Pretty Poison** (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Cinema Village; April 19-20.)

**Rabbit Test**—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

**Saturday Night Fever**—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through April 13. . . . ¶ Playboy; through April 18.)

**The Savage Is Loose** (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson,

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as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

**The Scoundrel** (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cow-lidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 19.)

**September 30, 1955**—With Richard Thomas, directed by James Bridges. (Cinema II.)

**The Shootist** (1976)—In this movie that aspires to be a classic, the setting is a Nevada town in 1901, and John Wayne is a legendary Western gunslinger suffering from cancer. He wears a noble hat and acts with dignity, but the script, by Miles Hood Swarthout and Scott Hale, is a mechanical demonstration of how greedy and unfeeling the townspeople are, and Don Siegel's directing lacks rhythm—each scene dies a separate death. Lauren Bacall is unnecessarily tight-faced as a widow; as her adolescent son, Ron Howard overdoes the anguish of learning to become a man, and as the town doctor who treats Wayne, James Stewart talks too loudly, as if he thought we'd all gone deaf. With Richard Boone, Sheree North, Scatman Crothers, Hugh O'Brian, Richard Lenz, and Harry Morgan. (Olympia; through April 18.)

**Straight Time**—Dustin Hoffman as a newly released convict with six years of San Quentin behind him, a long history of juvenile delinquency, and a strong wish to get back into jail. Under Ulu Grosbard's direction, Hoffman's performance is as sharp as a diamond cutter. His eyes generally wander from meeting anyone else's; when they do meet, it is generally in hatred, during one of the wild thieveries he embarks on in his unconscious wish to be re-imprisoned. The wish is abetted by the unbearable complacency of a parole officer, admirably played by M. Emmet Walsh. There is a bow to sentimentality in the casting of an improbably credulous and improbably posh girl who goes along with the Hoffman character and asks no questions; she is played by Theresa Russell, a good actress who seems to belong to a different picture. (4/3/78) (Bay Cinema, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Festival; through April 13.)

**Swing High, Swing Low** (1937)—A screwball comedy that tries to be effervescent and is merely overactive. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth look giddy and buzz around in bars in Panama and night clubs in New York. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

**That Obscure Object of Desire**—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, wordly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning; perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Art. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through April 18.)

**This Sporting Life** (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a bull-headed professional Rugby player in this savage scramble, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 20.)

**The Turning Point**—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Gramercy, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 13.)

**An Unmarried Woman**—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

**Victory** (1940)—An ambitious attempt to bring the Conrad novel to the screen, which failed both artistically and commercially. The movie tries to stick with the action-adventure aspects of the Dutch East Indies story, yet a queasiness—a sinister unpleasantness—comes through, and the viewer, not given the explication one gets from Conrad, doesn't know quite what to make of it. Fredric March is the morose, handsome hero, and Betty Field is the distressed young girl in the travelling orchestra. The film is dominated by Cedric Hardwicke as the eerie, diseased, bored epicure, Mr. Jones; Mr. Jones plausibly makes a hell's corner of Java and the world around it. This is an unsatisfying film at almost every level, yet it's unusual and disturbing, too. Margaret Wycherly plays the hotelkeeper's weird wife. John Cromwell directed, from John L. Balderston's screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

**Vivacious Lady** (1938)—A good-natured, unpretentiously entertaining comedy, with Ginger Rogers (supremely likable here) as a night-club singer who marries an assistant professor of biology (James Stewart). The movie is about the collision of cultures. When the newlyweds arrive at his college town—Old Sharon—they discuss the problem of breaking the news to his parents (Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn), and Ginger finds the perfect solution. "You go tell them how wonderful I am," she says, "and I'll come over later." George Stevens directed, in a nice, relaxed style; he and the cast (which includes James Ellison, Grady Sutton, Franklin Pangborn, Jack Carson, Willie Best, and Maude Eburne) all seem to enjoy the silliness. P. J. Wolfson and Ernest Pagano did the script, based on I. A. R. Wylie's story. (Regency; starting April 20.)

**Wagonmaster** (1950)—Mormons in the eighteen-seventies in search of new land to settle; the film is about what happens to their wagon train, and the director, John Ford, is as deeply involved in the characters as he is in the encounters with Indians, the romances, the dealings with mysterious strangers. He draws heavily on his earlier films; as a result, this seems one of his most personal works. It's a John Ford ballad, with his limitations showing as well as his poetic strength. With Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru, Harry Carey, Jr., Ward Bond, and Jane Darwell. (Regency; April 18-19.)

**A Woman of Paris** (1923)—With Edna Purviance and Adolphe Menjou, directed by Charlie Chaplin. The original silent film, with a new musical score by Chaplin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio; starting April 14.)

**Word Is Out**—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Eastside Cinema.)

**You Light Up My Life**—If the producer-director-writer, Joseph Brooks, had written a script with a few more strands woven into it, he wouldn't have had to overwork the gamine vulnerability of his star, Didi Conn. The single plot thread has her trying to break away from a career as a comic, which her borscht-belt comedian father (Joe Silver) shoved her into in childhood, and find her own way as a composer-singer-actress. The movie is both amateurish and slick—it oozes heart. The scenes go on too long, and there isn't enough in them—they're stretched out with closeups of the heroine grinning or singing (though she's dubbed by Kasey Cisyk)—yet it's all so unabashedly on her side that many in the audience (young girls, especially) seem to respond happily. Stephan Nathan is amusingly relaxed as the fiancé born to be jilted, with Melanie Mayron and Michael Zaslow. (Olympia; starting April 19, tentative.)

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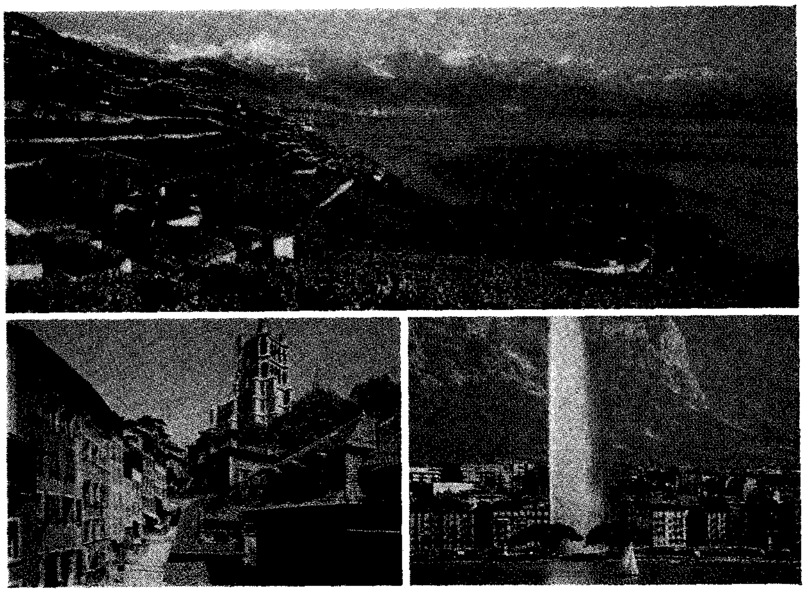

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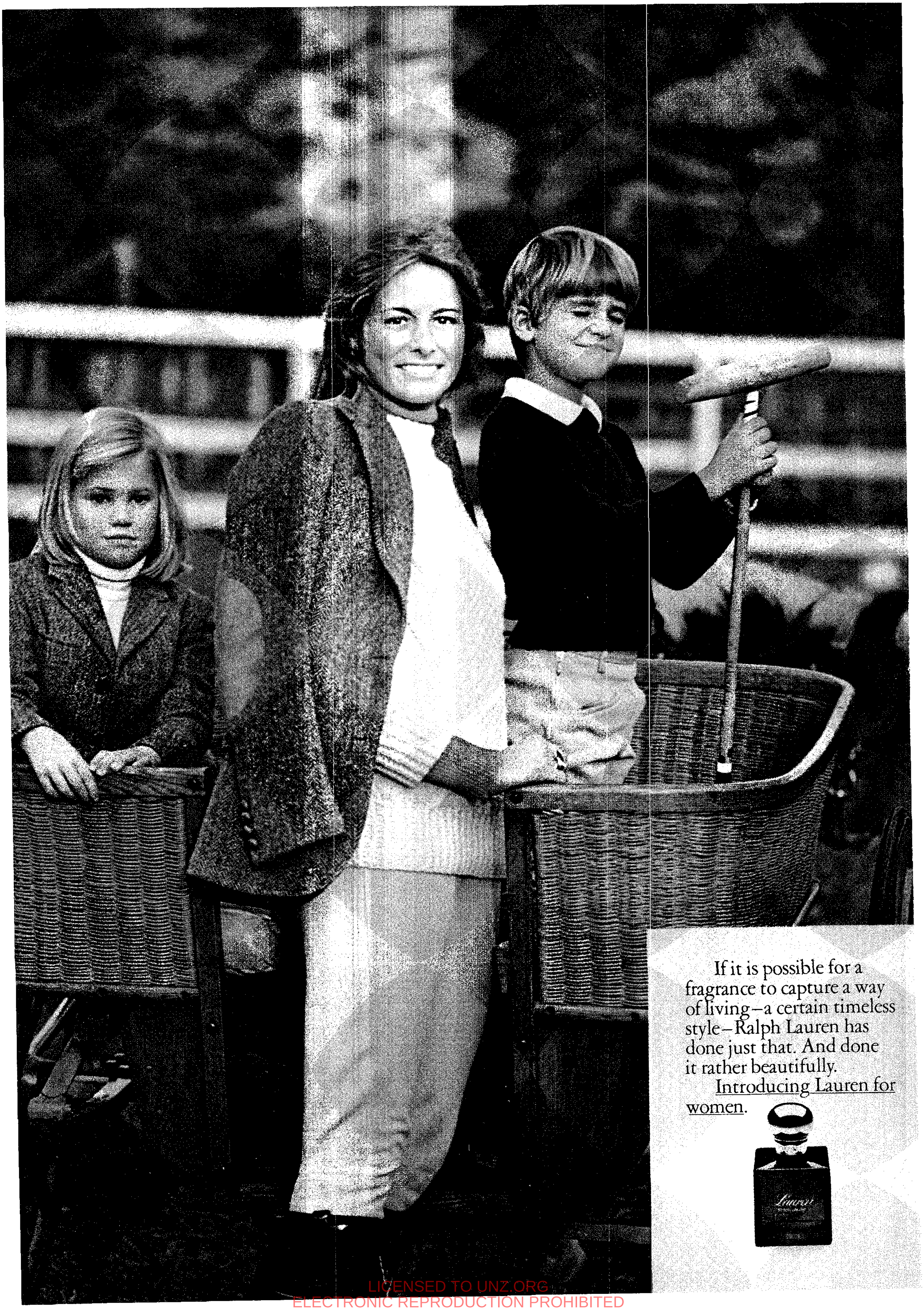

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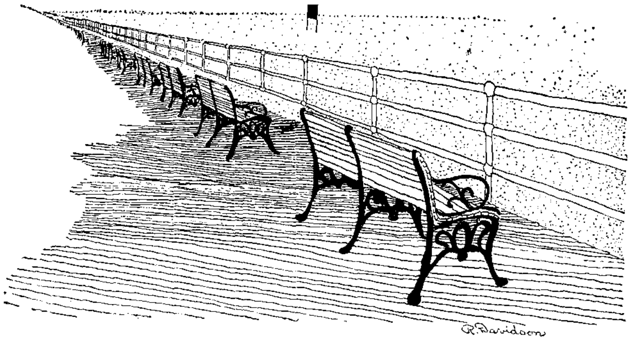
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

A FRIEND dropped by to see us the other day. She was carrying a bulging manila envelope, and we noticed that she was limping a bit. She soon confirmed our hunch that she had come straight to us from seeing her accountant. "Have you noticed how accountants and doctors and lawyers don't seem to get older, like the rest of us?" she asked. "They just surround themselves with more and more tasteful office furniture and get more and more ironic in their manner. And I thought I was going to get through tax time so coolly this year. For years, I'd thrown my records into a big old wicker clothesbasket in my bedroom. But they'd kept getting all mixed up with laundry and letters and library books, and it didn't work out at all. So this year I found a shiny red shoebox for my records. But that's no good, either. I guess I'm just not the sort of person who can stay calm while my past floats by me in a series of statements and bills and stubs and cancelled checks. There were checks repaying money I'd borrowed as well as checks lending money I'd never got back. Then, there were checks made out to Ned, my counterculture carpenter; to my dressmaker; to the cleaners; and to Blen di Roma, my cosmetics shop. Lots of cash went out, of course, to the liquor store and to the service that sends me flowers each week. I remembered last year's freesias and gloxinias, and the case of champagne for my birthday party, in June. The worst checks of all were those to the I.R.S. Anyway, in spite of the shoebox, I somehow got a huge mound of 1973 records mixed in with 1977's. I lost that wispy little W-2 slip *twice*. The whole thing is a nightmare. Finally, I got into such a state from it all I bumped smack into a chair leg and broke my big toe."

We smiled, to show we understood.



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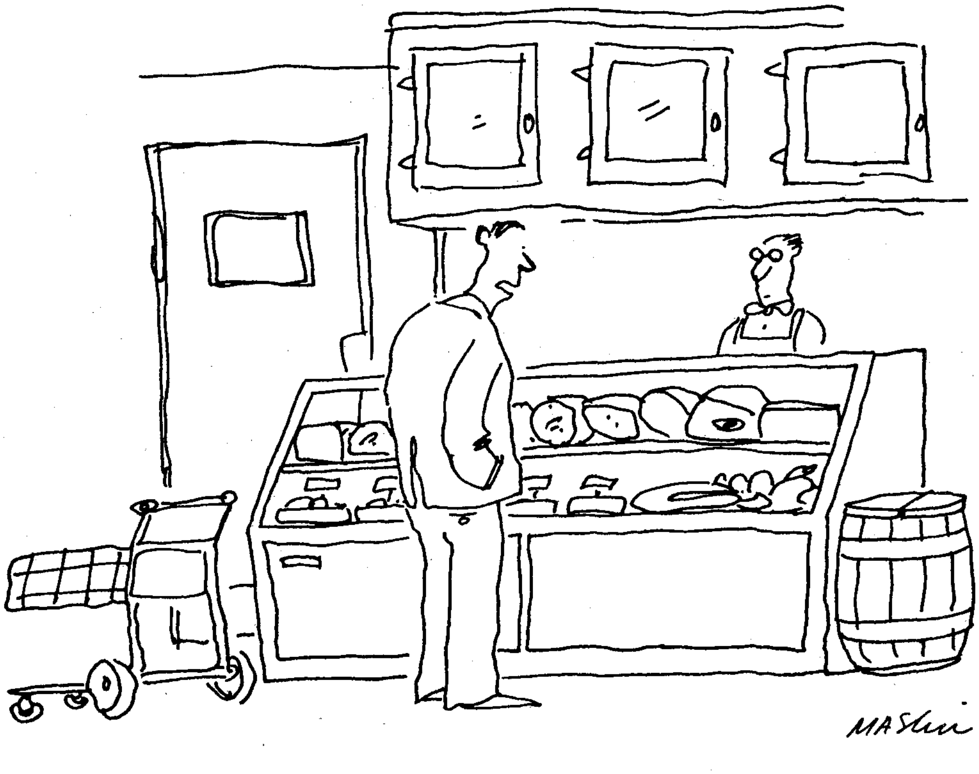
## *Scandal*

THE old elevator looked as if it could hold about four people, and there were five of us. Would we make it? Desultory small talk about instant friendships and the resemblance to European elevators. We made it in due time and disembarked on the fourth floor, at the Washburn Gallery, which is showing thirty-three photographs by Baron Adolf de Meyer of Nijinsky's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" and one tiny bonus—a bronze Rodin of Nijinsky, also as the faun. The photographs have been reproduced by hand on slightly translucent paper (palladium process) by Richard Benson from original copies, and produced by the Eakins Press Foundation. The exhibition album is limited to two hundred and fifty numbered copies, signed by Mr. Benson. One album can be seen in Rizzoli's window. But the photographs are better seen at the gallery. Granted, the subject is highly specialized, but, once that fact is accepted, if you think that thirty-three photographs of a frieze of seven arrested nymphs and an equally static and posturing faun in black-and-white—or, rather, in grays-to-whites—look either monotonous or repetitious, you are mistaken. They are small. They are touching in their careful perfection. They are in exquisite taste—a quality that does not make for power but without which aesthetics cannot get very far.

The de Meyers. A mysterious couple. The beauteous Olga; the worldly gentleman photographer. It is said that, accused in London of being spies for Germany, they escaped to the United States in 1914 on a yacht chartered by a friend. De Meyer declared that the whole edition of his album of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" had been sent to America on a cargo boat that was sunk by a German submarine—a story that seemed unlikely. But very few copies exist. Diaghilev thought that the album, published by Iribe (who was to found the magazine *Le Mot* with Cocteau in 1915), was the best thing ever done about his work, yet he did not own a copy. Enough about albums.

But, oh, for the good old days, the good old dates, of artistic scandals. Pure nostalgia. Why can't we have a good artistic scandal once in a while, to take our minds off other scandals? May 29, 1912. Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris. "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." Episode chorégraphique by Vaslav Nijinsky for Sergei Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. Music by Claude Debussy—his already famous Prelude to Stéphane Mallarmé's poem of the same title. Scenery and costumes by Léon Bakst. When the curtain came down on the first performance, a clamor rose which was so loud that it was impossible to distinguish applause from abuse. Nijinsky, dejected, discouraged, decided that he had failed. Diaghilev did not know what to do—a state of affairs that with him never lasted. He went onstage. He ordered the twelve-minute ballet repeated. Which it was. But there was no getting away from the fact that almost everyone in the audience found something in it to complain about. The range of objections was truly impressive. For example, Nijinsky, whose forte was "ballon," had created a work that riveted everyone, and himself most of all, to the ground. Yes, there was *one* good jump. But it confused those who decided to be confused by one good jump. And it was truly sacrilegious to have created a dance to the Debussy score: the music was beloved and it was French. A sort of lèse-majesté. Never mind what was perpetrated on Rimski-Korsakov or Glazunov; they were other cups of tea—Russian tea, unforbidden. But *Debussy*. And, finally, there was the famous, or infamous, affair of the nymph's scarf: a grave question of morality—or, rather, obscenity. All in all, a scandal.

The press, strangely, made little stir. Except for *Le Figaro*, whose powerful and influential editor, Gaston Calmette, denounced the ballet himself on the front page. On May 30th, he managed to fit into a single sentence the words "lecherous," "filthy," "bestial," "eroticism," "crude," and "indecent." Diaghilev retaliated the same day. Still on May 30th, he had his reply delivered to Calmette, in which he wrote that it was difficult in a few lines to defend a work on which he had spent several years of his life. With his letter he enclosed two statements—a touchingly moving and naïve letter from Odilon Redon which said, "How happy he [Mallarmé] would have been to recognize, in that living frieze we have just been watching, his faun's very dream . . ." and a less talented but no less assenting newspaper article from Auguste Rodin. Diaghilev also mentioned Jacques-Émile Blanche, who a few days earlier had published in Calmette's own paper his opinion of the forthcoming ballet: "This is not 'L'Après-Midi d'un Faune' of Stéphane Mallarmé; it is the musical prelude to that episode of panic, a short scene that precedes it. . . . It is a tableau of incredible pagan sensuality. You will think you are living through a few seconds of mythology." But now, after Calmette's attack, this same Jacques-Émile Blanche did not hesitate to spread the word that Rodin's interest in Nijinsky—whom he was sculpturing "in the nude"—was more than aesthetic, and that the dancer had been caught, between sittings, in the embrace of the white-bearded Rodin. (Jacques-Émile Blanche had painted that haunting portrait of the young Proust with a cattleya in his buttonhole, a pale-mauve ascot, immense eyes half closed, and the general look of an almost Persian prince.) Calmette now turned to attack Rodin, whom he accused of living on the taxpayers' money, which provided him with a studio for life. Also, Rodin had exhibited indecent drawings in a former chapel of the Sacré Cœur. "There is the real scandal," he wrote, "and it is for the government to put a stop to it!" As so often happens with the French, the controversy soon became political. In all seriousness, it was said that Calmette's real purpose was to threaten the Franco-Russian Alliance.



*"I'll have a quarter pound of your most reliable cheese."*

At the Crillon, where Nijinsky and Diaghilev periodically alighted, like penniless, luxury-struck, homeless mountebanks, the press came to call. Members of the Russian Embassy arrived and sat down. They all reached the same conclusion. Calmette was really attacking the French Foreign Office, Premier Raymond Poincaré, and the Russian Ambassador, Alexander Isvolsky. Meanwhile, the Prefect of Police of the City of Paris had been asked to stop the next performance of "Faune" on charges of obscenity. The news ran through Paris; agitation grew. The controversy hit the international press. Unanimously, it attacked Calmette. Admirers of Rodin came to his defense. Pierre Mortier, editor of the daily *Gil Blas*, wrote that the state should maintain him in the Hôtel Biron for life and then make it into a Rodin Museum, and that is exactly what eventually happened. The police did witness the second performance of "Faune;" Nijinsky—how pigheaded he must have been—reluctantly agreed to modify *ever* so slightly, and for one or two performances only, his final mating with the scarf, and so "Faune" was allowed onstage once again.

Nobody knows where or when or how the idea of adapting Debussy's Prelude first came up; probably, as with so many other works in the company's repertoire, it happened in the course of a discussion or a conversation. But when Diaghilev mentioned to Debussy the fact that he might want to adapt his score for a ballet, Debussy answered simply "Why?" In 1912, Nijinsky was twenty-four and understood his worth. Diaghilev was ambitious for Nijinsky. He had taken him to visit Dalcroze's School of Eurythmics, near Dresden, and that perhaps influenced Nijinsky's choreographic ideas for "Faune." But who is to know? Bakst had taken him to the Louvre to show him the Greeks. Nijinsky had stopped at the Egyptians. For this silent, lone, strange, surly, undersized, and overmuscled youth with the heavy head was very far from the simpleton his silence and absence of mind seemed to proclaim. Besides, one look at his dancing was enough to dispel that illusion. But the gift of speech he had not. When he was asked how he achieved his miraculous ballon, he answered, "Oh, it's very simple. You jump, and then you just stay up there for a moment." And who would even want to guess what was really going on with that enigmatic being, in whom, whether he knew it or not, the flame of oncoming madness had always simmered. (His brother was to die young and insane.) It had been said that endless rehearsals were required to complete the twelve, or eight (the number seems to have varied with the tempo), minutes of the piece, and that the rehearsals, as if to hide Nijinsky's inefficacy, had to be held in private. (Actually, this was done in an attempt to keep them as secret as possible from the company's ballet master, Michel Fokine, who felt he was being edged out.) But Nijinsky's sister, Bronislava, who danced the "sixth nymph," never tired of asserting that it was the other nymphs who had trouble copying the strange movements her brother was so good at demonstrating and so bad at explaining—that they insisted on verbal indications. Nijinsky would have liked Bronislava to dance the principal nymph, but she was very small, and he wanted a tall creature, so Lydia Nelidova was specially imported from Moscow. She was tall, all right, but she was very stupid, and could not understand what was wanted of her. You will be spared her comments on her understanding of her role in "Faune," but don't miss her photograph. You will recognize her immediately.

*"I'm sorry, sir, but they already have enough manuscripts on cloning."*

• •

Bakst's setting for the ballet was both muted and clear, dappled and pure, like Debussy's music. The backdrop was in the mood of contemporary interiors of Bonnard and Vuillard but adapted, of course, to the outdoors, antiquity, *and* the stage. The lighting was flat, to accentuate the frieze of nymphs. The floorcloth was black at stage front and, behind that, green. All the action of the ballet took place at the very front of the stage.

Bakst dressed his nymphs in long white tunics with geometric designs in blues and rusty reds, or with leaves, or with checked borders near the hems. They look like a direct preview of the evening dresses that Mary McFadden fabricates today. In one of Baron de Meyer's photographs, one nymph wears a tunic that closely resembles those pleated silk evening dresses made by Fortuny in Venice which could be twisted into snakes and rolled up into special little round boxes to rest between evenings out and not lose their shape, and which, up to about forty years ago, no so-called elegant thin woman felt she could do without.

Six nymphs danced barefoot, with rouged toes. Only the tall one—the seventh—and the faun wore gold sandals. The nymphs all wore tight wigs of golden rope from which long tendrils escaped. The faun was costumed in a flesh-colored leotard that covered his body and was painted with large blotches of dark brown. The faun also had a golden wig, but his sprouted two golden horns that met in the shape of a coronet. His ears were elongated to a point with flesh-colored wax. His makeup made him look sleepy and, of course, animal-like. Anyone who has seen the heart-rending closeup photograph that Elliot and Fry took of Nijinsky as Petrouchka knows what he could do with makeup.

And how did Nijinsky prepare for the role? Cocteau wrote, "For several days before the première of the 'Faune,' he startled us at supper at Larue by moving his head as if he had a crick in his neck. Diaghilev and Bakst were alarmed, questioned him, received no answer. Afterward, we discovered he was preparing himself for the weight of the horns." Apollinaire had an idea about the ballet: " 'L'Après-Midi d'un Faune' should be danced in the midst of a landscape with trees of zinc," he said. But a strange silence surrounds the followup of "Faune" as far as Debussy is concerned. Perhaps he never liked it. But his music, of course, was, and is, ravishing. It summons glades, groves, love, sex, breezes in silvery leaves, pale sunshine, flutes, fauns, nymphs, trysts in arbors, moss, sylvan springs, and sex again.

Debussy's faun, naturally, lives in a glade. Nijinsky's faun also lives in a glade, but on a special bank, on which he half reclines, playing his pipe—which stands for Debussy's flute—as the curtain rises. He is awaiting nymphs. A faun always awaits nymphs. And they come. By threes. By twos. In a frieze. They tease him. But it is the tall one who catches his attention. She is the one he likes; she is the one who will shed her outer veils for him. Shortly, they will link arms; they will begin—something. But she will escape, he will be left alone once more, to pick up her scarf, take it to his ledge, and lie down on it, head tucked under, until, finally, with a taut jerk, as a quiet flute chord concludes the poem, he will mate with it.

And what of Mallarmé? The work had gone a long way since he sat down at his desk—"such a meticulously tidy desk," Misia Sert wrote, "that a blind man could have found his way about it"—and started his *églogue* with the famous line "*Ces nymphes, je les veux perpétuer.*" Mallarmé, who had taught English, had been a model father and husband (his wife liked to do housework, a fact that never ceased to surprise their friends), had loved to sail, had kept his boat so immaculate, with the initials S.M. neatly painted on the side, that Toulouse-Lautrec took to calling him Sa Majesté, and had written many of the purest and most distilled and most beautiful lines in all of French poetry—Mallarmé was dead. He had died in 1898. As far as anyone knows, Nijinsky never read Mallarmé's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." And the ballet has never been successfully revived.

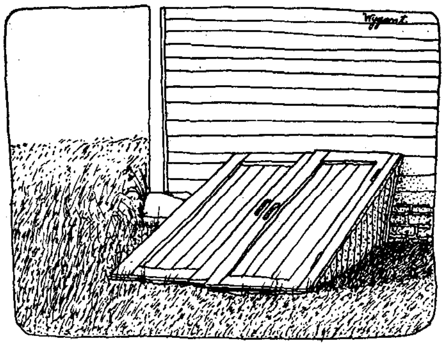
## *Directory Assistance*

WHAT is the leading page heading, in terms of number of pages filled, in the Manhattan Yellow Pages? The same heading that leads in the Yellow Pages of each of the four other boroughs, and in just about every Yellow Pages in the country: Automobile. In the '78-'79 Manhattan Yellow Pages, Automobile fills forty-two pages (up from the '77-'78 Classified, when it filled forty), a comfortable ten pages ahead of its closest rival. (In the Queens Yellow Pages for '77-'78, Automobile invested some seventy-one pages—more than twice as many as the next-largest heading, which was Moving—and in Brooklyn it took up fifty-four.) Next to Automobile in the Manhattan guide comes Restaurant (which we lumped together with Restaurants, considering the plural of any heading to be part of that heading). Restaurant beats out Moving, the third-place finisher, by about two pages. Behind Moving is Telephone, at twenty-eight pages, and Telephone is followed by Apparel, with a strong showing at twenty-five pages. Next is Schools, at twenty-four pages, and then comes Carpet, something of a dark horse at twenty-three, just edging out Plastics. Locks and Furniture both squeak past Physicians, and Physicians outreach Lawyers by a page. Lawyers might be a contender with Automobile if Lawyers went in for display ads or for separate listings according to specialty; the eighteen pages of Lawyers are mostly solid type. The grudge matchup, Importers vs. Exporters, turned out to be very close, with Exporters a quarter of a page ahead of their rivals. Last year, Importers outlasted Exporters by the same margin. Down through the lower numbers, we have Television over Advertising fourteen to thirteen, Beauty just shading Typewriters at about nine each, and in non-league action it was Art seven and a quarter, Bags seven.

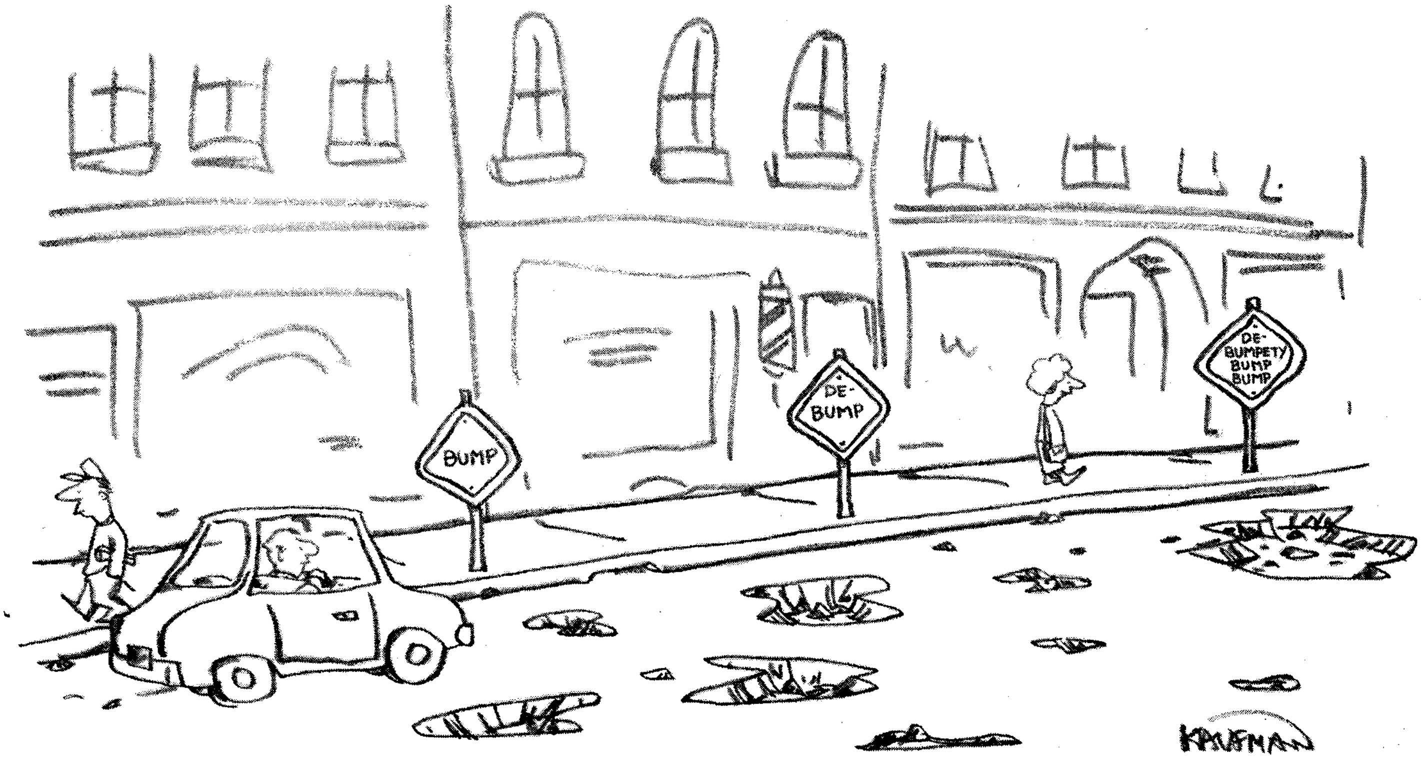
The top figures for Manhattan (rounded off):

| | |
|---|---|
| Automobile | 42 pages |
| Restaurant | 32 ″ |
| Moving | 30 ″ |
| Telephone | 28 ″ |
| Apparel | 25 ″ |
| Schools | 24 ″ |
| Carpet | 23 ″ |
| Plastics | 22 ″ |
| Air | 21 ″ |
| Locks | 20 ″ |
| Furniture | 20 ″ |
| Physicians | 19 ″ |
| Office | 19 ″ |
| Lawyers | 18 ″ |
| Printers | 17 ″ |
| Real Estate | 17 ″ |
| Employment Agencies | 15 ″ |
| Exporters | 15 ″ |
| Importers | 15 ″ |
| Television | 14 ″ |
| Advertising | 13 ″ |
| Hotels | 12 ″ |
| Insurance | 11 ″ |
| Limousine | 10 ″ |
| Beauty | 9 ″ |
| Typewriters | 9 ″ |
| Health | 8 ″ |
| Art | 7 ″ |
| Bags | 7 ″ |

Another question: What is the most common street name (not number) in New York City? This question has a less clear-cut answer. In fact, any question involving maps of New York City immediately gets confusing; there are maps showing only officially dedicated streets, maps showing streets that exist only on maps (called "paper streets"), and possibly even maps with deliberate errors included to protect their copyright. Having arbitrarily chosen the latest Hagstrom Atlas of New York City as the one to go by, we have also arbitrarily declared a tie between Clinton and Beach as the most common street name in the city. There is a Clinton Street, Avenue, or Place in each of the five boroughs, and every borough has a Beach Street as well. (By one reckoning, Brooklyn and Queens have scores of Beach Streets, which are numbered, like Beach Third Street and Beach 143rd Street.) There is a Canal Street in the Bronx, in Manhattan, and in Staten Island, and a Canal Avenue in Brooklyn. There is a Fulton Street in Manhattan, in Staten Island, and in Brooklyn, and a Fulton Avenue in the Bronx. There is a Poplar Street or Avenue in every borough but Manhattan, and an Oak Street, Terrace, Lane, Drive, or Avenue in every borough but Manhattan. There are two Beaver Streets (Manhattan and Brooklyn) and one Beaver Road (Queens). There are two Gouverneur Avenues, in Queens and the Bronx, and a Gouverneur Lane, Slip East, Slip West, and Street, all in lower Manhattan. Brooklyn and Queens both like streets with names whose first letters run in alphabetical order. In the Manhattan Beach section of Brooklyn, there's Amherst, Beaumont, Coleridge, Dover, Exeter (Ocean Avenue interrupts here), Falmouth, Girard, Hastings, Irwin, Jaffray, Kensington, Langham, MacKenzie, Norfolk, Oxford, Pembroke, and Quentin; while in Forest Hills, Queens, there's Austin, Burns, Clyde, Dartmouth, Exeter (the only repeater), Fleet, Groton, Harrow, Ingram, Juno, Kessel, Loubet, Manse, Nansen, and Olcott. In Queens, there is a Bay Street, a Bayfield Avenue, a Bayside Avenue, a Bayside Place, a Bay Park Place, a Bayport Place, a Bayside Dock, a Bayside Walk, a Bayshore Boulevard, a Bayswater Avenue, a Baywater Court, and a Bayway Walk.



Now let's pick up one of the hottest-selling books at the United States Government Printing Office Bookstore at Federal Plaza, the *U.S. Postal Service 1978 National ZIP Code Directory*, and turn to page 1,847. Here, under the heading "Names of Discontinued Postal Units," is a list of nine hundred and two Independent Post Offices, Branch Post Offices, Rural Post Offices, Postal Stations, and Community Post Offices that were discontinued



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in recent years. Goodbye, Rangoon, West Virginia, Independent Post Office! See you on that distant shore, Branch Post Office of Possum Kingdom and Community Post Office of Easter, Texas! Until whenever, Hi Way Eighty Branch, in Georgia, and Canoe Community Post Office, in Alabama! So long to the Independent Post Offices of Mud Lick, Mummie, and Smile, in Kentucky! Farewell, Hogatza, Alaska, Community Post Office! *Hasta luego*, Summum Community Post Office, in Summum, Illinois! The Gandy, Nebraska, Independent Post Office is no more. Same goes for the Tomahawk, North Carolina, Community Post Office, the Eva, Oklahoma, Independent Post Office, and the Scalp Level, Pennsylvania, Branch Office. The Persia, Tennessee, Community Post Office has closed down. So has the Thunder Hawk, South Dakota, Community Post Office. Never again in this world will we see the postmark of Grit, Texas. Goodbye, Grit!

## *Patriarch*

As of December 31, 1977, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of America, who have been the lucky recipients since 1940 of all the proceeds generated by the song "God Bless America," had been enriched from that single source to the amount of six hundred and seventy-three thousand nine hundred thirty-nine dollars and forty-six cents; sheet-music sales of "White Christmas" had totalled five million five hundred and eighty-eight thousand eight hundred and forty-five copies; and—we're not dreaming—its sales of recordings in the United States and Canada alone had come to one hundred and thirteen million sixty-seven thousand three hundred and fifty-four.

We dug out these staggering statistics on learning that Irving Berlin, who, as all the world must know, composed both perennials, will be ninety on May 11th. Mr. Berlin is fairly reclusive these days, so we wished him a Happy Birthday by telephone. "I'm feeling fine," he told us, in a strong voice, "and I'm not hiding from anybody, but I don't go out much anymore. I haven't been to a Broadway show, for instance, since 1970, when my wife and I went to see 'Sleuth' at the Music Box. I own that theatre with the Shuberts, you know. Sam Harris and I built it, in 1921. Nowadays, I do most of my business over the phone, and the music business has changed. The day of the song plugger is over. Fortunately, my work continues to be in demand. It's emotionally rewarding to know that people still stand up for 'God Bless America,' though it was never intended to be an anthem and, of course, isn't one. Rock and roll and the like don't seem to have hurt the so-called standards. Take 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' It's just as fresh today as it was when I wrote it, in 1911. Sammy Davis, Jr., is singing it on a birthday television program that Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme have put together in my honor, and Sammy's performance of the number is just about the most thrilling thing I've ever heard. Nat Lefkowitz arranged for my wife and me to see a tape of the show at the William Morris office. That's one of the few times I've gone out lately."

We asked Mr. Berlin how many songs he has written to date.

"Usually, when you ask a songwriter that, he says 'Three thousand,' " Mr. Berlin replied. "Nobody writes that many, but I suppose I've had at least a thousand published. There's never been an accurate count made."

We asked what his future plans were.

"I've got an awful lot of unpublished stuff lying around," he said, "and I'd like to make a commitment to do another musical. But it's difficult to come to that kind of decision. At my age, it's hard to go to auditions and rehearsals and all the rest. Besides, you get frightened. You can stand success, but you're afraid of failure. Oscar Hammerstein never worried about that sort of thing, but I do. Apart from that, I feel great. My wife and I celebrated our fifty-second wedding anniversary in January, and we have three daughters and nine grandchildren. I'm in excellent shape—especially for a songwriter, staying up so late at night for so many years. All in all, I'm agreeably surprised at myself."

# THE NIGHT OF THE CURLEWS

We were sitting, the three of us, around the table, when someone put a coin in the slot and the Wurlitzer played once more the record that had been going all night. The rest happened so fast that we didn't have time to think. It happened before we could remember where we were, before we could get back our sense of location. One of us reached his hand out over the counter, groping (we couldn't see the hand, we heard it), bumped into a glass, and then was still, with both hands resting on the hard surface. Then the three of us looked for ourselves in the darkness and found ourselves there, in the joints of thirty fingers piled up on the counter.

One of us said, "Let's go." And we stood up as if nothing had happened. We still hadn't had time to get upset.

In the hallway, as we passed, we heard the nearby music spinning out at us. We caught the smell of sad women sitting and waiting. We felt the prolonged emptiness of the hall before us while we walked toward the door, before the other smell came out to greet us—the sour smell of the woman sitting by the door.

We said, "We're leaving."

The woman didn't answer anything. We heard the creak of a rocking chair rising up as she stood. We heard footsteps on the loose board and the return of the woman again as the hinges creaked and the door closed behind us.

We turned around. Right there, behind us, there was a harsh, cutting breeze of an invisible dawn, and a voice that said, "Get out of the way, I'm coming through with this."

We moved back. And the voice spoke again. "You're still against the door."

And only then, when we'd moved to all sides and had found the voice everywhere, did we say, "We can't get out of here. The curlews have pecked out our eyes."

Then we heard several doors open. One of us let go of the others' hands, and we heard him dragging along in the darkness, weaving, bumping into the things that surrounded us. He spoke from somewhere in the darkness. "We must be close," he said. "There's a smell of piled-up trunks around here."

We felt the touch of his hands again. We leaned against the wall and another voice passed by then, but in the opposite direction.

"They might be coffins," one of us said.

The one who had dragged himself into the corner and was breathing beside us now said, "They're trunks. Ever since I was little I've been able to tell the smell of stored clothing."

Then we moved in that direction. The ground was soft and smooth—fine earth that had been walked on. Someone held out a hand. We felt the long touch of live skin, but we no longer felt the wall opposite.

"This is a woman," we said.

The other one, the one who had spoken of trunks, said, "I think she's asleep."

The body shook under our hands, trembled; we felt it slip away, not as if it had got out of our reach but as if it had ceased to exist. Still, after an instant in which we remained motionless, stiffened, leaning against each other's shoulders, we heard her voice.

"Who's there?" it said.

"It's us," we replied without moving.

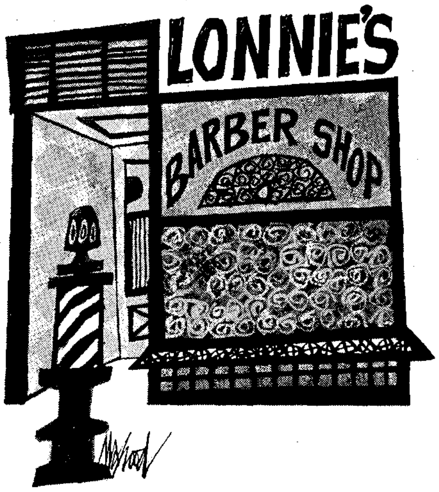
The movement of the bed could be heard, the creaking and the shuffling of feet looking for slippers in the darkness. Then we pictured the seated woman looking at us as if she still hadn't awakened completely.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

And we answered, "We don't know. The curlews pecked out our eyes."

The voice said she'd heard something about that. The newspapers had said that three men had been drinking in a courtyard where there were five or six curlews. Seven curlews. One of the men began singing like a curlew, imitating them.

"The worst was that his timing was an hour behind," she said. "That was when the birds jumped on the table and pecked out their eyes." She said that's what the newspapers had said but that nobody had believed them.



We said, "If people had gone there, they'd have seen the curlews."

And the woman said, "They did. The courtyard was full of people the next day, but the woman had already taken the curlews somewhere else."

When we turned around, the woman stopped speaking. There was the wall again. By just turning around we could find the wall. Around us, surrounding us, there was always a wall. One of us let go again. We heard him crawling again, smelling the ground, saying, "Now I don't know where the trunks are. I think we're somewhere else now."

And we said, "Come here. Somebody's here next to us."

We heard him come close. We felt him stand up beside us and again his warm breath hit us in the face.

"Reach out that way," we told him. "There's someone we know there."

He must have reached out, he must have moved toward the place we indicated, because an instant later he came back to tell us, "I think it's a boy."

And we told him, "Fine. Ask him if he knows us."

He asked the question. We heard the apathetic and simple voice of the boy, who said, "Yes, I know you. You're the three men whose eyes were pecked out by the curlews."

Then an adult voice spoke—the voice of a woman who seemed to be behind a closed door—saying, "You're talking to yourself again."

And the child's voice, unconcerned, said, "No. The men who had their eyes pecked out by the curlews are here again."

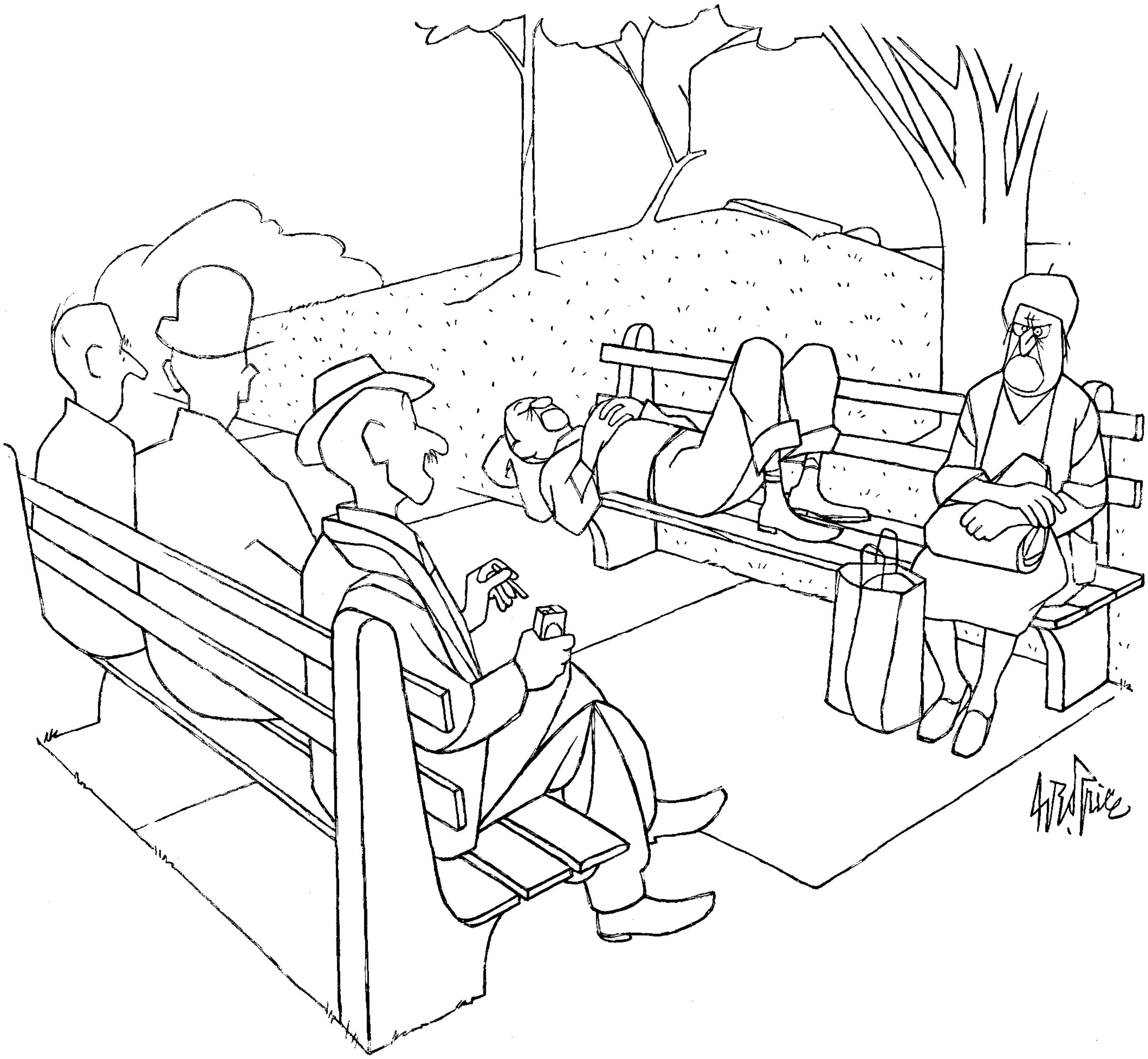
There was a sound of hinges and then the adult voice, closer than the first time. "Take them home," she said.

And the boy said, "I don't know where they live."

And the adult voice said, "Don't be mean. Everybody knows where they live ever since the night the curlews pecked their eyes out." Then she went on in a different tone, as if she were speaking to us, "What happened is that nobody wanted to believe it, and they say it was a fake item made up by the papers to boost their circulation. No one has seen the curlews."

And the boy said, "But nobody would believe me if I led them along the street."

We didn't move. We were still,



*"Mind if I smoke?"*

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leaning against the wall, listening to her. And the woman said, "If this one wants to take you, it's different. After all, nobody would pay much attention to what a boy says."

The child's voice cut in. "If I go out onto the street with them and say that they're the men who had their eyes pecked out by the curlews, the boys will throw stones at me. Everybody on the street says it couldn't have happened."

There was a moment of silence. Then the door closed again and the boy spoke. "Besides, I'm reading 'Terry and the Pirates' right now."

Someone said in our ear, "I'll persuade him." He crawled over to where the boy's voice was. "I like it," he said. "At least tell us what happened to Terry this week."

He's trying to gain his confidence, we thought. But the boy said, "That doesn't interest me. The only thing I like is the colors."

"Terry's in a maze," we said.

And the boy said, "That was Friday. Today's Sunday, and what I like is the colors," and he said it with a cold, dispassionate, indifferent voice.

When the other one came back, we said, "We've been lost for almost three days and we haven't had a moment's rest."

And he said, "All right. Let's rest awhile, but without letting go of each other's hands."

We sat down. An invisible warm sun began to warm us on the shoulders. But not even the presence of the sun interested us. We felt it there, everywhere, having already lost the notion of distance, time, direction. Several voices passed.

"The curlews pecked out our eyes," we said.

And one of the voices said, "These here took the newspapers seriously."

The voices disappeared. And we kept on sitting like that, shoulder to shoulder, waiting in that passing of voices, in that passing of images, for a smell or a voice that was known to us. The sun was above our heads, still warming us. Then someone said, "Let's go toward the wall again."

And the others, motionless, their heads lifted toward the invisible light, said, "Not yet. Let's just wait till the sun begins to burn us on the face."

—GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

*(Translated, from the Spanish, by Gregory Rabassa.)*

# A POSSIBLE POSSESSION

EARLIER today, I could have written more forcibly about the influence drifting through the house. By now, with her gone, it is vanishing, and with its fog of magic and evil, and my thoughts drift apart, away.

When she is here, everyone is very aware of her. I am. I watch her eyes, showing white above the dilated pupils, so strangely turned down and sideways, and her mouth, which can be tender or vulgar, and her hair in all shades of red-blue-henna-purple. I wonder about her life with her children, with lovers, with her students at a conservatory. I watch almost every move she makes, because I know she is loaded like a Molotov cocktail and that she hates it. I feel she is aware at some levels of how evil she may be, and the more innocent sides of her are afraid of this. She is a fine artist. What is more, she has learned to be articulate, and her *opinions are mostly acute and well* phrased.

She is a force that is at once blameless and sick and wicked, I believe—at times very alluring, and at times coarse-faced or blanched or haggard. Once last night when she was crouched in front of the hearth she looked like a piece of bone, dried of all human blood.

That was after the small Franklin stove seemed to spew out its logs, which rolled against her back. Never had such a thing happened before in my house, and perhaps it never will again until this same woman sits there in front of her rare wooden lirofassa, tinkling on its keys and talking about old instruments, and waiting to die or live. She was waiting all night, but she always has been.

I sat too far away to help, and I watched the scene as if I were in a theatre, but with an animal curiosity as to whether she would flame like a torch or turn into ash. She was dressed less outlandishly than usual, in a thickly embroidered Turkish vest lined with smelly lamb or goat pelts, over a flammable red turtleneck and beige slacks, and her many-colored hair hung loose—and yes, she could have gone up in one burst of brightness. The other people in the room screamed and beat at her furs and leather and hair and kicked at the blazing bits of hot wood, and she pushed the ancient lyre away *and sat there while they all struck at* her. Her face was withdrawn, not frightened, and I watched it, trapped by distance and perhaps ennui, and recognized her welcoming of the incident.

She has told me that she is disaster-prone. I think of Malcolm Lowry, who seemed to invite holocaust. I think of the books of Charles Fort. Yes, it is logical, when there is a peculiar force like this woman. She does not invoke forces: she is one.

She is frightening, and I was relieved today to wave her a truly affectionate and concerned goodbye. “She is *gone*,” I said. “Now I can light a lamp, or the stove, or especially the hearth, without risking all our lives.”

*The Right Time, the Right Place*

At times, she is aware of her peculiar power to attract destruction. The odd thing is that she never really does—she skirts it, so that her own body, a room, a building, a busload of children, a freighter she rides on are all of them in imminent danger and are often damaged, but *she* emerges pale and shocked with the shaken survivors, and they feel grateful to each other, and unaware of anything but how close they have come to pure horror.

Many interruptions in both time and space, and my conviction that this person has supernatural power has grown less sure. I realize that she herself put the suspicion into my mind several years ago when she came here and flitted in and out, up the canyon, once wearing bound around her waist and hanging *from her belt long strands of moss* pulled from the old trees. Her hair was frowzy. Her eyes were mostly vacant, and her mouth, with its fine pearly teeth, wore a remote smile. I wondered how much she could be acting a part. I did not think more about it, although a man who met her that evening said he would never eat anything she cooked, because of the potions she would put into it. She gave the impression of casting a spell, plainly, and now I think seriously of the incident of the Franklin stove and wonder if she is an agent or is herself possessed of supernatural powers, no matter how innocently.

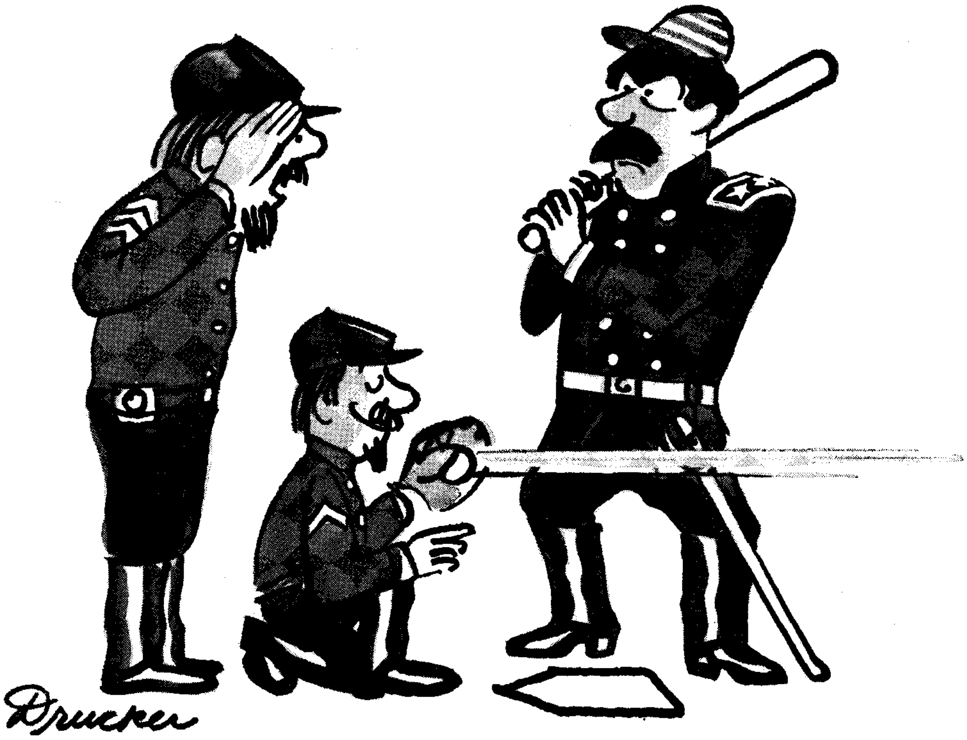
I considered this a few minutes ago when I rubbed my right forearm and felt an unfamiliar bump there. It was a small deep gouge my cat Charles made last night through the sleeve of my jacket. It is the first time he has ever drawn blood from me. It is now mildly infected but seems to be healing. Charles, I noticed, in my almost clinical watching of the woman, was impertinent—taunting and malicious. His tail switched furiously even when nobody appeared to be noticing him. Never has he seemed as evil as when this woman is here, last night and before. This early morning, instead of coming softly to the door of my bathroom when he heard I was in there readying myself for the day, he yowled loudly right by the bed, and then paced outside, and yowled even more unreasonably at the other bathroom door and then at my bedroom door—all a nervous, vicious, defiant protest of something I could not know about. In the tub of the guest bathroom were two blobs of blood and spleen: two small animals dragged through his little door and past the woman's bed and into the tub to be eaten. Sometimes there is one such signal of Charlie's hunting, but two?

One time when she was here, she sat by the fire—she crouches and squats in a lithe way, so that other people wish they were there with her on the floor, and sometimes they do get down with her, always by the crackling fire—and she was teasing Charles. It made a beguiling picture. But his tail lashed back and forth ferociously, and finally I murmured to her, under the talk of several people, that he was growing too excited. She kept on teasing him (or he her?). Then she unwound herself and left the room, and he went outside. Later, I went into her bathroom and found it quite bloodied: a wet stained towel hidden in a corner of the long sink, another bloodier one on the laundry basket, a fresh roll of toilet paper that had been used as a kind of blotter on a gash or cut. I cleaned up the place and returned to the fireside where she was sitting. She looked pale and beautiful, and I saw she had put Band-Aids and Kleenex on claw cuts on one arm and on one leg. I said nothing. That night, Charles never came back through his door, and I did not see him until after she left, about noon.

Last night, though, she was aware of his menace, and when she started to play with him—another "picture" of the two of them so lithe and alluring with the firelight—she looked up at me and said, "I remember that you told me to watch his tail for danger." She pushed him away and he stalked over to me and sank one claw into my forearm, and then left the house. It was an odd turn of the wheel, I thought.

When the logs rolled onto her back as if they were pushed from behind or almost as if they jumped toward her, I thought vaguely of Charles, of the power generated willy-nilly between him and her. "Just get the hot ones off the rug," I said calmly, mildly. "Kick them onto the tiles—don't worry." I felt foolish, but knew that I must not interfere in any way—*any* way. If I did, she might suddenly go up in flames. This was a fact.

Neither she nor the lirofassa was hurt. Soon after she had played a couple of old melodies on it while it was still by the fire, she closed the lid and leaned back toward the cooling hearth, where I had finally put a firescreen that should perhaps have been there from the beginning, and across the room from me she looked like a ghost. Her face was chalk white, with deep eyepits. She was exhausted. But she moved the strange instrument to the opposite side of the room for the night.



*"General Doubleday, sir, you're out."*

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I THOUGHT of the time she wandered over the land here, draped with garlands of moss. Then she had told me she felt doomed to terrible disasters and catastrophes. Wherever she went, she said, accidents followed her. No, they did not happen to her but to other people. She would be in a car and make a strange skid, and behind her an unfamiliar car would go off the road and kill three occupants. She would go to the fortieth floor in an elevator, and on its way down it would crash and kill several people. She would go to a restaurant and eat a good dinner and read the next day that twenty-six people had been hospitalized for violent poisoning from the same dish she had eaten in the same place. She was doomed. I told her she must break the spell, go to another clime. To my surprise I learned that she did—to Italy—and that when she returned she was very strong and blooming and creative. We communicated by letters now and again, and a few times she drove here with a friend or two to see me. She looked well: somewhat zany clothes, increasingly grotesque dyed hair, an indefinable helplessness about her manner in spite of her almost lifelong experience of being before an audience as a musical prodigy.

Last night and this morning, I was very aware of her supernatural power. I know she is sometimes aware of it, too, and I think that she exploits it to add to her appeal as a creative lovely being. It is frightening. But how can one call the local sheriff and say, "A witch is loose!"

Meanwhile, I am glad to be alone. Charles is withdrawn. My arm hurts a little but not enough to worry about. I hear the thin, almost wheezy sound of the old instrument, and watch with curiosity as logs roll out of the Franklin stove and people leap in horror to keep her from burning like a torch.

—M. F. K. FISHER

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Located in the very heart of old MUDDY YORK, our establishment is a delight to the eye, warmth to the stomach and merriment for the feet. 7,000 sq. ft. are dedicated to your pleasure. For the patron of subdued taste, our dining room is the very personification of culinary delight. Encased in an atmosphere of quiet elegance, your tongue will fairly leap with joy at the delights awaiting your attention. For the young at heart, MUDDY'S awaits your pleasure with music from a copious variety of styles and . . . yes . . . dancing with the partner of your choice until the late hours of the eve every night except Sunday.—*Adv. in the Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Darn. Sunday's our only free night.

# CROSSROADS

GIACOMO didn't know the name of the town he was coming to, or whether he was in Tennessee, Georgia, or Alabama. Probably still in Tennessee, he thought. It was dark and wintry. There was no sign yet of milder weather, though he was edging south, and had been doing so since leaving Cape Cod, where he lived. He was on the second lap of his journey and had driven almost six hundred miles today. He wouldn't get to his destination—the westernmost tip of Texas—for another two days. He was going to a university there, to teach a semester course on Italian poetry in translation.

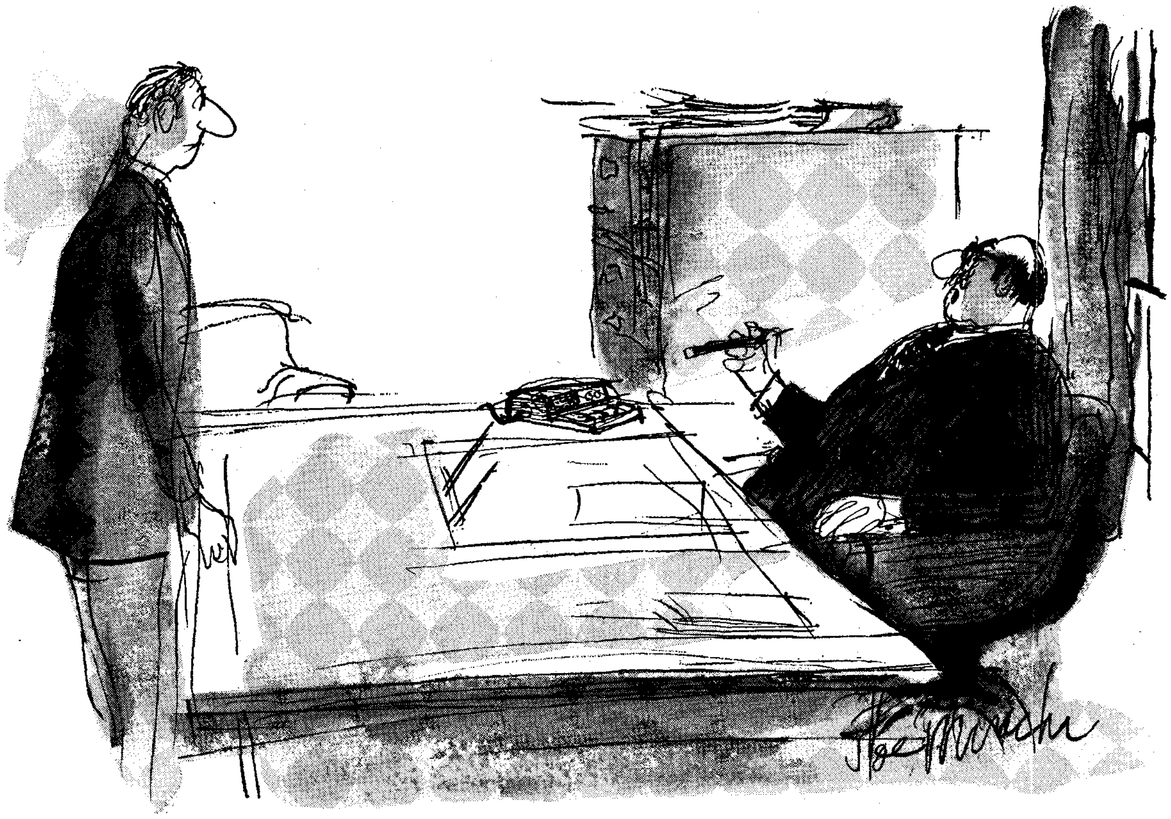
He hadn't really been trained to be a teacher, nor did he feel like one, but he had done a good deal of translating, and gradually he had published enough to get temporary teaching jobs here and there, which paid a lot better than publishers did and were less work. He had come from Italy twenty years before with his American wife. She sometimes went with him to a university, but she usually preferred to stay at home. In his youth, he had harbored the illusion that he might make his living as a poet. Now, driving, he was reminded of Thucydides' account of the Athenian war against Syracuse, which he had translated when he was a student. He remembered that in the end, after the Athenians had been defeated and had no means of returning home, some of them made their living by travelling around Sicily reciting Greek poems. He felt a little like them.

The monotony of the expressway had induced him to take an exit onto a road which also led southwest and which, as he saw on the map, pretty much ran parallel to the expressway, though at some distance from it. He had in mind to follow this road for an hour or so, to look for a bar and a motel or, preferably, an inn for the night, and rejoin the expressway in the morning. Though he passed a few villages, he saw no inns or motels or even bars. Now he was coming to a town. He was quite tired, and, seeing a bar at a crossroads, he parked his car on the opposite side of the street from it. The bar had no name—only a neon sign advertising a brand of beer. He wouldn't have beer, he thought; he'd have whiskey, to warm him up.

He got out, locked the car, and immediately realized he had left the keys in the ignition. Yes, there they were dangling, shining in the light of a street lamp. And the windows were all rolled up, an extra key in his wife's pocketbook at home, another in the drawer of his desk there. Well, he would have his whiskey first, and then, if he could get a coat hanger, try to raise the knob—something he had never done or seen done, but had heard could be done.

He entered the bar. Men turned to look at him as if he were an intruder. He wondered if he had opened the door with too much force or kept it open a moment too long, allowing a cold draft to enter. Or was it just that he looked like a stranger? He was wearing a blue serge suit, while they all wore heavy wool shirts, sweatshirts, leather jackets, or windbreakers. For an instant, he thought of leaving, but he always hated himself when fear or even caution dictated the course of his actions, and he needed a coat hanger. Besides, perhaps he was misinterpreting those looks. He had heard a lot about Southern xenophobia, about policemen charging exorbitant fines and even arresting out-of-state drivers for speeding, especially if they had a New York license plate or a Massachusetts plate, as he had, but, being a fairly trusting person himself, he was inclined to think that it was all exaggerated, this hostility, and he tended to be skeptical of generalizations. If he had heard about Southern mistrust, he had also heard of Southern hospitality. So he went to the bar casually, even a little jauntily. They hadn't seen his car: how could they tell he was from out of state?

They could tell. He could sense it more and more as their eyes didn't leave him. Men who had been in the background ambled over to inspect him. A pretty young woman looked at him the way one looks at a spectacle, evidently wondering what would happen next. Even an old man who was reading a newspaper at one of the tables let it drop and peered at him over his glasses. He felt like a freak. Yet there was nothing wrong with him. Oh, his hair was dishevelled and probably longer than anyone else's there, and his suit was wrinkled from the long drive, but he looked all right otherwise. He surveyed the room. It was large and well kept, the counter and stools wooden, solid, substantial, and on a


"We do things a little differently around here, Haskell. If at first you don't succeed, you're fired."

ledge that spanned the four walls there was an unusual collection of majolica jugs. He sat on one of the end stools. The bartender, square-faced and heavy-jawed, was wiping glasses at the center. There was no catching his eye.

Finally, Giacomo said, more loudly than he had intended, "Could I have a bourbon, please?"

There was no response—not even a sidelong glance.

What was this, some kind of private club, that they didn't serve him? Did it belong to the Elks, the Moose, or someone? But if so, why didn't they tell him? He lit a cigarette. A cigarette would give them something more than his face to look at. To pass unobserved you had only to hold or carry something; then people looked at the thing and not at you. He remembered how ages ago on a busy street in Rome, having locked himself out of his second-floor apartment, he had carried a ladder to the window. A very self-conscious young man, he had wondered what people would think of him; but he needn't have wondered—they looked at the ladder, not at him at all.

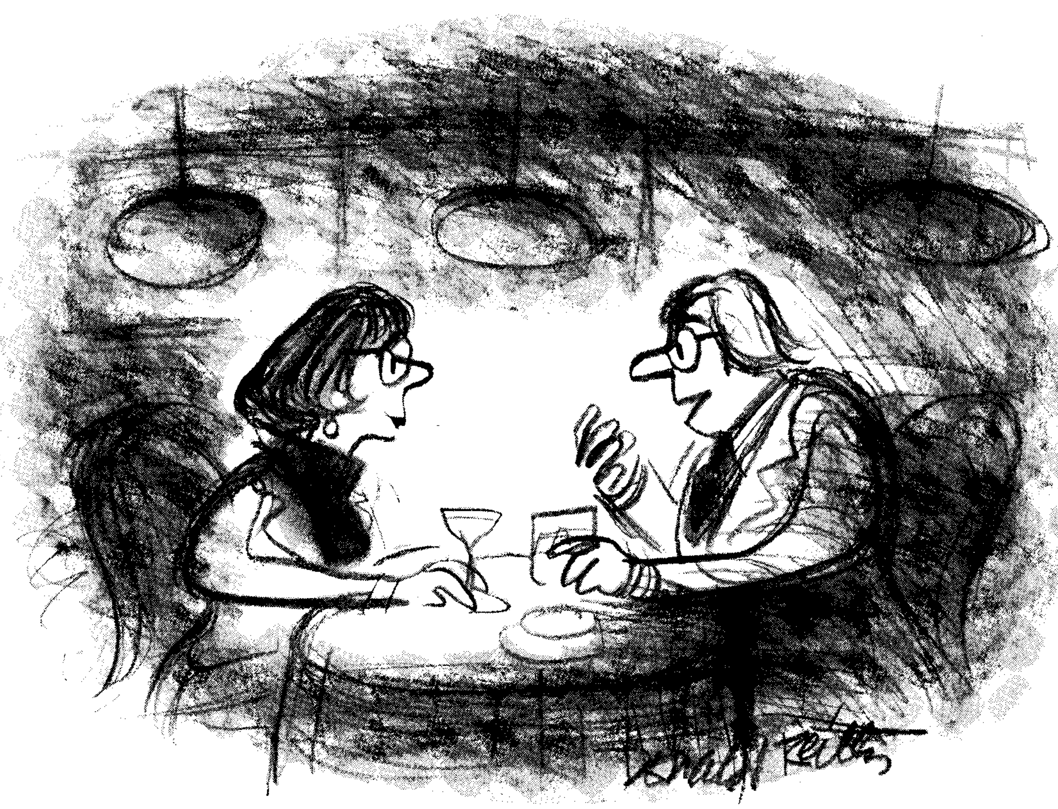
There being no ashtray near him on the counter, he dropped the dead match on the floor. The man next to him looked down at the match, then stepped on it. This man was young and had a powerful neck, red and weather-beaten; perhaps he was a farmer. He looked at others' necks. Theirs, too, seemed weathered, redder than normal. Rednecks, he thought, and went through other descriptive terms of that kind—leathernecks, wetbacks, sourdoughs, carpetbaggers, dudes—and couldn't help smiling. For a moment, he quite forgot the locked car and the drink; then the thought of whiskey came back to him, and he wished for it even more than for a coat hanger or someone to talk to. Suddenly some pages of Faulkner's that he had translated into Italian came to his mind. In them a character had betrayed himself as not being from the South by having tried to mix sugar in his whiskey rather than in the water that came with it, thus making an error known to all Southern drinkers. The thought gave him a flicker of hope; it shone in his eyes and he caught the bartender's attention. "Could you mix me a bourbon in an inch of sugared water?" he said.

The bartender looked at him questioningly and turned away. Was this the real South? What chance did he have of getting a coat hanger if he couldn't even get a drink?

"A bourbon-on-the-rocks," someone else said, and was immediately served.

He smiled at the slight. Having spoken twice and his knowledge of Faulkner not having helped him, not having made the least impression, he had now certainly revealed himself as being not from the South or the North but a foreigner, though his accent was far from pronounced. He remembered being in England as a child in the late thirties, soon after the Abyssinian war, when anti-Italian feeling was running high, and how the man in whose house he was staying told him to say that he was from Malta if anyone asked him where he came from. He had never had occasion to say it, and wondered if he would have said it if asked. Probably not. Later, during the war, back in England as a refugee, whenever it came up that he was Italian, people would just say, "We know the Italians didn't want this war," or something of the sort to make him feel better.

"Don't they serve drinks? Isn't this a public place?" he said to the young man next to him, but he got no answer. He looked behind him. A thickset man with a collarless shirt stood with a mug in one hand and seemed not so much to be drinking as to be standing in his way in case he wanted to leave. But he didn't want to leave. He wanted a drink and a coat hanger. Still, he felt the presence behind him as a weight, felt a need for more room, and was tempted to nudge him, to make him edge back. But something told him not to. A touch, he felt, was all the man was waiting for. A touch would summon a shove or a blow. He leaned against the counter, away from the man in back of him, not really hoping to draw the bartender's attention anymore but because the counter seemed the safest thing, or at least a thing not in itself hostile. He looked at his hands. Could they save him? Not likely. Not that he believed they really wanted to kill him, but he was getting old, had very high blood pressure—a blow or a kick in the head, and who knew what would happen? He didn't mind the idea of death—if death came, he'd "greet her as a bride"—but death now, here, seemed like a marvellous dish served



*"I've tried to express myself clearly, but for a truly definitive statement of me you'd have to see my new living room."*

• •

on an ugly platter. What's more, it meant to him not so much his own act of death as the world dying for him, his being cut off from his family and all that he loved, and he turned back, annoyed, toward the man. What would wily Ulysses do in his place, he wondered. Not, like Ajax, use his muscles. No. Ulysses would be more subtle, would *say* something. "You know," he said, looking in turn at the young man beside him and the man behind him, "my grandmother was from here." By "here" he meant America—Springfield, Missouri, as a matter of fact, but there was no need to specify. "Lillian Vernon, born 1865, daughter of a minister, and that's why I came, all the way here from Italy. She went to Italy with her father when she was six. He founded a church in Rome in 1875, soon after the Pope lost control of the city and Protestant churches were allowed for the first time. The church is a movie theatre now." He laughed, but neither of the men laughed with him. "He came back here." He wished he knew the name of the town, yet by saying "here" he was not, strictly, lying. "She stayed on and married, and I am her daughter's son. Yes, Lillian Vernon."

"No one by that name I know of," the man behind him said.

He took a deep breath—someone at last had spoken to him. "I don't suppose I've any relatives here. Just came to see the place. Came a long way just to see it."

The man said nothing more. Giacomo's little speech seemed to have had little effect, but his tongue had been loosened; he felt almost giddy, or almost drunk. Perhaps the fumes in the bar. Loud and easy, he said to the bartender, "Got a coat hanger? I'm locked out of my car."

To his amazement, the words stirred genuine interest. Something in the men seemed to waken. "You'll find some over there on the rack," the bartender said. The man behind him made way for him, and he rose and went across the room, someone with a mission, quite unself-conscious, and took a hanger and went out to the car. He untwisted the hanger into a rod and tightened the hook into a loop, then tried to insert it under the rubber at the top of the window. He didn't succeed. There seemed to be no space at all. The glass fit too snugly, or perhaps he was just not very handy. After a few minutes, exasperated, he gave up. He would probably have to smash the window. Then he turned, and right behind him, only a foot away, was the young man who had been sitting next to him, looking at the window as at a challenge, *his* challenge.

"Let me give it a try," the young man said.

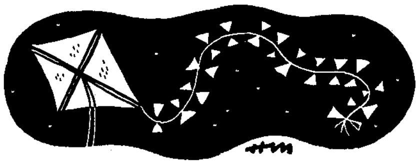
He handed him the coat hanger. The young man worked it into the side rather than into the top of the window. Soon he had it through the partition and was sliding it up directly over the knob of the push-button lock, but he couldn't quite get the loop around it, though he reached it again and again. Another young man came over, and another. They began joking. "If Jack can't do it, nobody can—he spent two years in the cooler for jimmying car locks."

"Three," Jack said, looking back proudly. "Three years."

"You are kidding!" Giacomo said.

"You don't believe me?" Jack said, and went on poking.

"It's like fishing," someone said as they watched the loop slipping over the knob.



"Or lassoing."

"I'll get my truck and bash the trunk open. Then you'll get inside," a new arrival said, but he laughed.

"Is this a Chevy?"

"No, a Pontiac."

"G.M., anyway. Let me try my key." But the key didn't work.

The knob was short and stubby. There seemed very little space between its head and the base. Pessimism came over Giacomo again. "It's impossible," he said.

"We'll get it open," Jack said confidently.

The loop was too wide. The coat hanger was withdrawn and the loop tightened more. But this time Jack had trouble reinserting it. Someone came running out of the bar. "Here, let me do it," this new young man said.

"He's a real wizard. He got five years in the clink! Louis'll get it open."

Louis's eyes were shining. He seemed to be high.

The man with the truck got a pitchfork and, looking like a devil in the

## PRELUDE TO SPRING

The last moment of winter begins
With a starling flapping its feathery wings
In the fog like the dingy gray handkerchief
Of an old woman waving goodbye

To a slow train pulling slowly
Out of the last abandoned station
Stationed like a sentinel at the furthest
Outpost of the mountains. It's snowing.

The woman standing on the blurred platform
And the soldier blowing smoke through his chapped hands
Are like the two halves of a single face
Staring down at the steel tracks straightening

Across the broken spine of the country,
The stubble fields, and the thick iron corridors
Narrowing into the narrow side of a mountain.
The fog is thickening with snow and stars

When the last starling flies up like a baton!
And now the wind begins to play, the wind
Is playing its armful of stars and smoke,
The wind is plucking the broken strings

Of the broken branches. And so the
Old woman walking home through the stubble
Fields and the young sentinel pacing off
Down a long wooden corridor of fog

Are part of the same windy song, part
Of the same fistful of blurred notes,
Part of the same broken string proclaiming
Winter is over, now something else begins.

—Edward Hirsch

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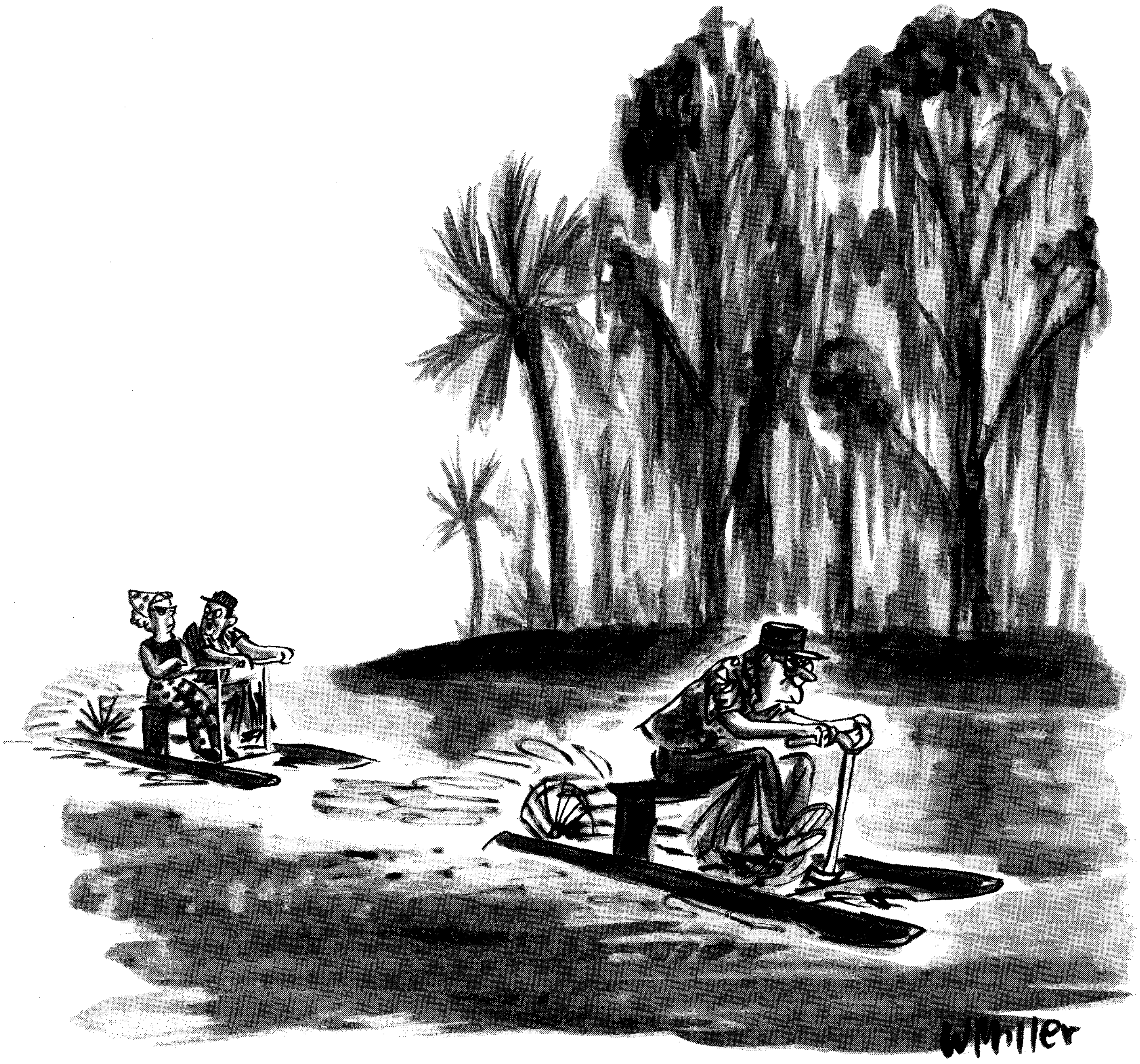

*"How do you expect me to pass that old geezer if you won't pedal, too?"*

• •

lamplight, tried to pry the glass down.

"You'll break it."

"No, I won't."

And indeed he didn't. With the help of the pitchfork, the coat hanger slipped through.

"Good thing you parked under a light," someone said.

"I've got a flashlight in my car," said another, and ran to get it.

But Louis now had the loop around the knob.

"He's got it, he's got it. No need of the flashlight!"

"Easy now. Easy does it."

Louis pulled and the knob rose. He opened the door.

"Marvellous. You're a genius. I don't believe it!" Giacomo said to Louis and patted him on the back and in an outburst of Italian enthusiasm would have hugged him. "I wouldn't have been able to lift that if I'd tried all night and into the morning."

Louis stood smiling, then turned as men turn from praise.

"Now let me buy you all a drink," Giacomo said.

They trooped back into the bar. The atmosphere was quite different now. "I knew Louis could do it," the bartender said, and poured a round of drinks. "You wanted yours with sugar, didn't you?" the bartender said. "Well, here it is."

He drank. He composed a toast. "I feel so good," he said. He offered another round, which they politely declined. There was something modest and proud about them, and good-humored. He thanked them again, shook hands, and left.

"It was all worth it," he said to himself in the car, and thought of an old adage he'd heard: that God, to please a poor man, makes him lose something and find it again. Well, no, this was better than that—a lot better.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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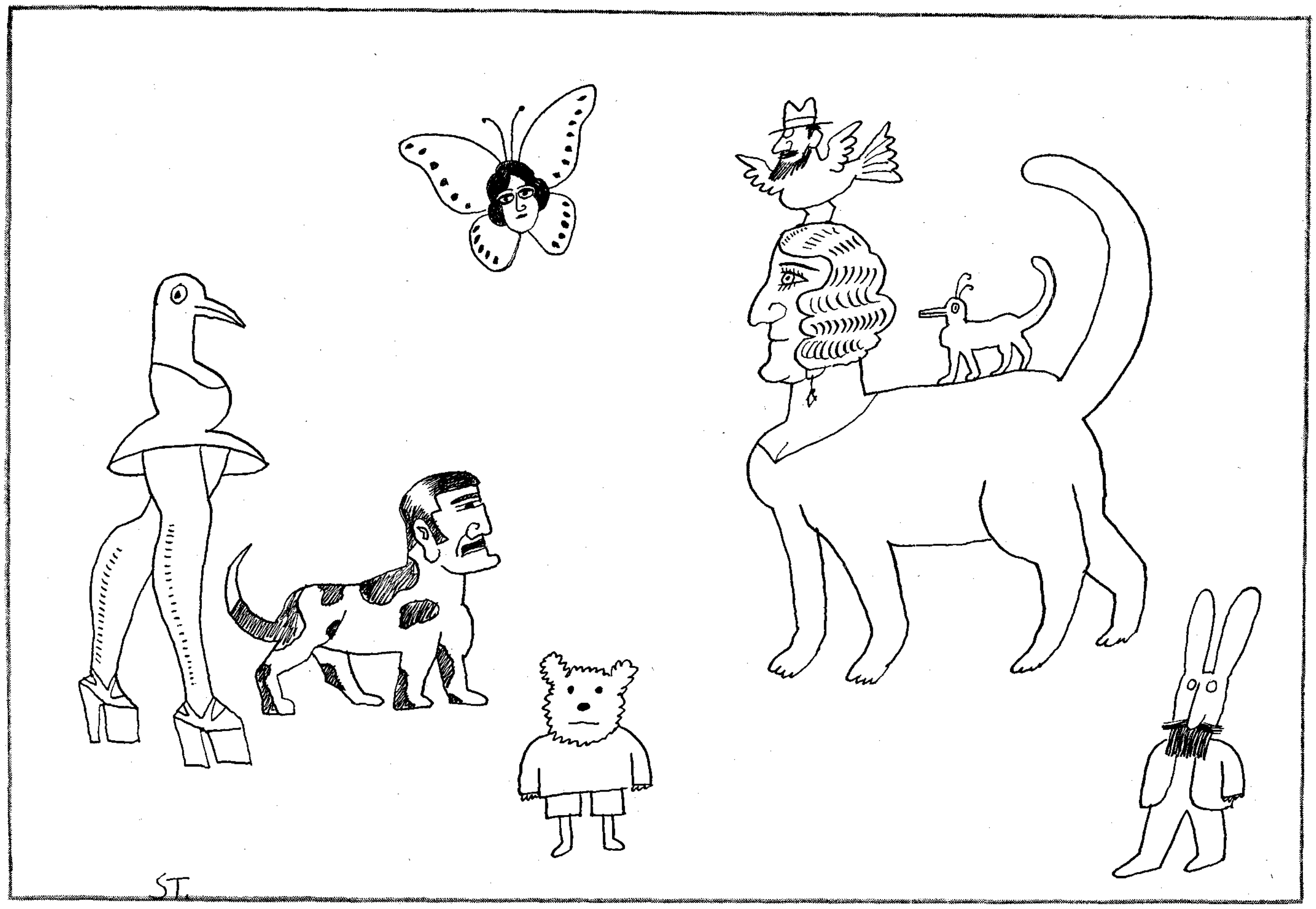
This new 3 bedroom, 1½ bath ranch is situated in an area of beautiful homes. The home features a spacious living room/dining room arrangement, and a large kitchen that overlooks a sunken family with fireplace.—*Adv. in the Racine (Wis.) Journal Times.*

Dad's been losing at the track, Mom fell and broke her hip, and the children all have laryngitis.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## GETTING THROUGH TO THE OTHERS—I



> If we choose to let conjecture run wild, then animals, our fellow brethren in pain, disease, suffering and famine—our slaves in the most laborious works, our companions in our amusements—they may partake of our origin in one common ancestor—we may be all melted together.—*Charles Darwin, aged twenty-eight (1837).*

SOMETIMES I have a nightmare in which I am the sole representative of mankind, standing in an amphitheatre and facing row upon row of the world's other creatures: animals, birds, and everything else that moves and breathes, including insects and fish. It is horribly quiet, and I feel appallingly alone in the hush. I know and they know that it is a hush that will continue forever, because we can't get through to each other: We can't talk.

Why should I, even in my subconscious, think this so terrible? Why does the thought come out in a nightmare? After all, the world is full of creatures that do talk and that I can't communicate with, either—Russians, Indonesians, Zulus, Lapps. I don't have nightmares about Lapps. On the other hand, I don't habitually *see* Lapps: they are not around me in my daily life, whereas a lot of nonhuman creatures are. When I was a child, I shared the assumption of all children that they can swap thoughts with some of the nonhuman creatures. In this, children are merely repeating the pattern of mankind in its infancy, when the world was full of fable, according to which horses and cats and all the rest of the kingdom talked freely with us. (Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny.) I remember two occasions when I knew—really *knew*—that I was communicating with animals, once with a cat and once with a dog. The cat was a stranger that hung around in the alley in back of our yard, and, happening to encounter it, I made friends with it, as children do—against my family's rules, because we weren't supposed to have any truck with strange cats. Together, this animal and I walked down the alley, and near the end of it we came on the fresh corpse of a rat. The cat ate it hungrily while I stood by, and then we resumed our walk together. I knew that the cat thought I had helped it find the rat, and liked me for it. We were companions, and I felt fine about the whole thing. On the other occasion, nothing so definite occurred. There was just a feeling I had so strongly that I can still bring it back at once. On a warm, quiet night in early summer, I sat on our porch steps, my dog beside me, leaning slightly against me as we looked out on the street. Nothing happened. We just sat there, together. I have never since felt more companionable with any living creature. Nearly all children with pets know this feeling and take it for granted that they and their pets can communicate—and, of course, to some extent they do. But it takes a while for a child to accept the fact that his dog or cat will never speak to him in human language, his own. The first time my small daughter encountered a talking parrot, she was delighted but not really surprised. We were standing in a pub looking at the bird, which had just said "Hello," and a Labrador retriever belonging to the proprietor entered the room. She asked, without undue excitement, "Can the dog talk, too?"

It was hard to explain why a bird can do what dogs or horses can't, and to this day it is harder yet to explain in just what sense the bird isn't really talking. I happen to be acquainted with an anti-social African gray parrot in England named Toto, whose owner brings him out now and then in the evening to show him off to guests. After a few minutes of bad-tempered staring at the company, the bird usually says, "Toto go bye-byes now," and his owner carries him back to the proper room and puts him in his cage, safe and private under a tea towel. Is Toto really talking? Most people say he isn't, because parrots and other so-called talking birds are merely repeating what they hear. On the other hand, Toto seems to realize that when he makes that particular noise he gets what he wants—removal from the room and from the people who offend him. He is rewarded much as a bear is rewarded with a bun when he stands up and begs as the San Diego Zoo bus goes by, or a dog gets a biscuit when he barks on demand. It is a cause-and-effect arrangement, a bargain fulfilled, a trick.

What, then, is the difference between cause and effect, as in these exchanges, and request and reply? When do these exchanges become accepted as language? And what is language, anyway? A lot of words have been expended on this subject, but they do not seem to have led to a totally satisfactory definition. One generalization may be hazarded, however: people are very keen to hear about animals talking with us—or, to use a less inflammatory phrase, communicating with us. We know—or, at least, we *should* know, after so many years of observation—that they communicate with each other, not only within their own species but sometimes from one species to another. When a baboon on guard for his troop utters a warning bark, animals that are not baboons often take the hint themselves, and move out of the way of danger. For that matter, dogs often give warning to us in exactly the same fashion. They also have other means of communicating. Suppose, for example, I am sitting at ease reading the paper, ankles crossed, attention wholly centered on the page, and then become aware of a slight discomfort—a moist, cool spot on my top ankle. I look down to see the dog nuzzling my foot. Seeing that he has gained my attention, he trots across to the closed garden door, stands there, and looks back at me over his shoulder. His meaning is unmistakable, but if I should fail to get the hint even then, he will bark.

Of course, practically all dogs do this, or something similar. But, to anyone who stops to think about it, it is remarkable that our two species should have evolved a code that works so well. It is surprising that a large number of messages can be successfully transmitted in such ways between man and animal. The horse may stop abruptly and refuse to move on when danger threatens; the cat mews for help for her kittens. Much of mankind's agricultural work over the ages has depended on this kind of thing: on horses being directed where to go and when to pull or stop, on dogs herding sheep, on cattle being moved with the help of a dog from one pasture to another, even on ferrets that catch rabbits for man, and on cormorants, such as I have seen in China, that catch fish for their owners.

MAN, in truth, is not always a necessary partner in such exchanges, which, as I have said, as often as not involve animal communicating with animal. We have already seen how the baboon's bark can alert non-baboons; in similar fashion, birds utter warning calls at the sight of predators such as hawks, and other animals are quick to take the hint. There are also situations in which mistakes occur—in which a signal given by one species is misunderstood by another. H. Hediger, an animal psychologist who was formerly the director of the Zurich zoo, tells of a troublesome affair in another Continental animal garden, where the curator of mammals, pressed for space, put a newly arrived giant red kangaroo in a paddock already occupied by a South American stag. Of course, such a combination is very bad taxonomically; it might mislead hundreds of schoolchildren and give them strange ideas about geography, but the curator didn't know what else to do for the moment, and necessity prevailed. After all, he reasoned, the animals were much of a size, and it might work. For a few minutes, it looked as if it might. As long as the kangaroo stayed in a crouching position, the stag paid no attention to him and continued to graze. But after a while the marsupial sat up. Immediately, the stag attacked, rearing up on his hind legs, thrashing the air with his forefeet, and raining blows on the newcomer—behaving the ways stags behave when they believe themselves threat-

*"Sweetheart, I love it! The gown, the bag, the hairdo—the whole gestalt."*

ened. He did not calm down until the kangaroo, intimidated, dropped back into a crouch and stayed quiet. Then the stag returned to the peaceful occupation of grazing, but he kept a wary eye out, and the minute the kangaroo showed signs of sitting up he went on the offensive again, flailing and fighting until the unfortunate kangaroo subsided once more. The sequence was repeated until the curator removed the kangaroo from the enclosure and found him another living space. There was no doubt, he said, that the stag had taken the kangaroo for another stag. Every time the unfortunate beast sat up, with his little forelegs dangling, the stag thought he was rearing up threateningly. It was a simple question of faulty communication.

There was another case, similar in cause but opposite in effect, in a zoo where the director kept a jenny, or female donkey, as a pet, dividing his affections between her and a Pekinese. The jenny resented the little dog, and one day she went for him, rushing forward with mouth open, teeth bared, and ears laid back. That is the way attacking donkeys behave. But the Peke did not interpret these signals properly, as indications of belligerence. In his frame of reference, animals that flatten their ears to their heads and scamper forward are looking for a game, and he thought the jenny wanted to play. He stood his ground, therefore, head held high, ears pricked, and tail wagging. Luckily, the jenny, too, now got the wrong message. When donkeys prick their ears and stand still they are offering a friendly greeting; she interpreted the dog's stance as submissive, and her wrath subsided, for animals on the rampage almost never attack submissive beasts. Instead, she merely pretended to attack, bending her head down to nibble slightly and harmlessly at the Peke's back. Afterward, she walked away satisfied, honor assuaged, while the dog remained in ignorance of what he had just escaped.

Such incidents—or, at any rate, our interpretation of them—are absorbing, but to most people they are not enough. Why can't we go further in our understanding? Surely if we could know what animals are saying to us life would be enriched. It seems that in other ways we have reached so many limits—we have gone to the moon; we discuss (with surprising calm, considering everything) what might happen if we destroy too much ozone; we play with the stars; and we turn inward to study our own bodies and psyches—that it seems nothing is left for us to explore. But we still don't know with certainty what goes on inside the brains of the animals who share the world with us, and I am not alone in finding this ignorance frustrating. Interest in the subject goes back a long way into antiquity—to a time when humanity was closer to the animal world than it is now.

George Boas, the Johns Hopkins philosopher, in an article entitled "Theriophily," discusses the philosophical history of the love of animals, for which he has coined the word. Theriophiles, he explains, have a variety of theories about beasts. Some of the theriophiles believe that they are as rational as people, some that animals are more rational, and some that they are better off without reason. Others think that animals are happier than men, and still others hold that they are more moral than we are. "The whole idea or movement . . . is a reaction against the dogma of the superiority of mankind to all other forms of life," Boas says, adding that the dogma had two sources—one in pagan antiquity, the other in the Bible. Aristotle expressed the pagan attitude when he said that though man

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

## MEMORIES OF THE DICTATOR

### 1

When he slept with somebody, he used
the *bel canto* technique, which he said
was difficult but very beautiful.
He took care of himself—ate
the right food, got plenty of rest.
Sometimes he took a cure.

His tastes were simple. He'd smoke
four or five cigarettes
over a *National Geographic.*
He'd read children's stories
for that warm feeling of the shoes
filling up with nostalgia.

Remember the old lady who left
her vital organs to her cat?
Or the disappointed heart surgeon
who ate an aneurysm?
What you have heard may be true,
and this is where he comes in.

### 2

Understand, he knew nothing
before he discovered that the
ballistic properties of memory
were what kept him falling
toward his fondest target—
to become anything you needed,
wanted to afford, or thought
you should care for.

Millions loved the exoticism
of his law of personal gravity,
but finally observers began
to report that "camouflage"
was not the right term for explaining
the disappearance of the man
who resembled him like a brother.

### 3

For twenty years of bad nights
he'd dream that his orders were really
extended slips of the tongue.

Each morning he'd make a list
of his latest insights.
Writing them down on his clothes,
old envelopes, tables and chairs,
he'd find he still couldn't read them,
and offer huge rewards
to any hammer-brain who could
manage to break down
wind-code, star-code, cloud-code.

### 4

He tried to keep calm throughout
a career of periodic terrors,
hoping the first time for anything
is really the second, but in one
of his last diaries he confessed
that being a genius was like
being married to a dwarf
and starving to death. Pain,
which had minded its own business
in his chest, abandoned secrecy.
An international team of doctors
argued and published disorderly
theories. The colonels stopped talking.
His teeth darkened and fell out.
His shadow wore a noose
around its neck.

### 5

Few will discuss it now,
but more and more believe
in his return. They say
he will come to himself some evening
in his special graveyard, convinced
he didn't go far enough. A man
in a white suit will get out of a cab
at the edge of the capital and enter
a restaurant. "When was the last time
you saw him alive?" he will shout.
"What's all this about
a fire? Who said anything
about a corpse in the ashes?"
And everyone will stop eating,
unable to remember the answers.

—JONATHAN AARON

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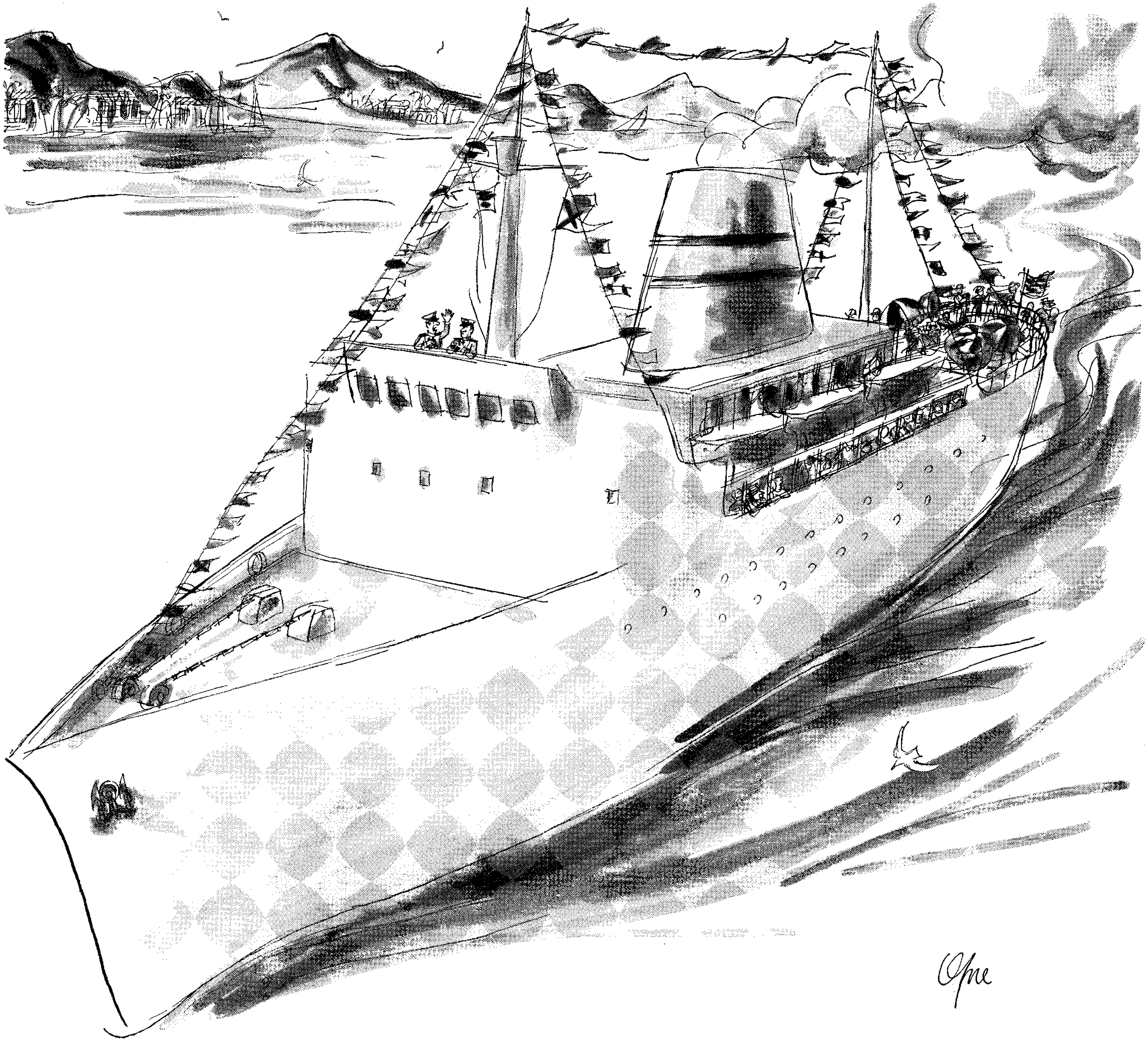


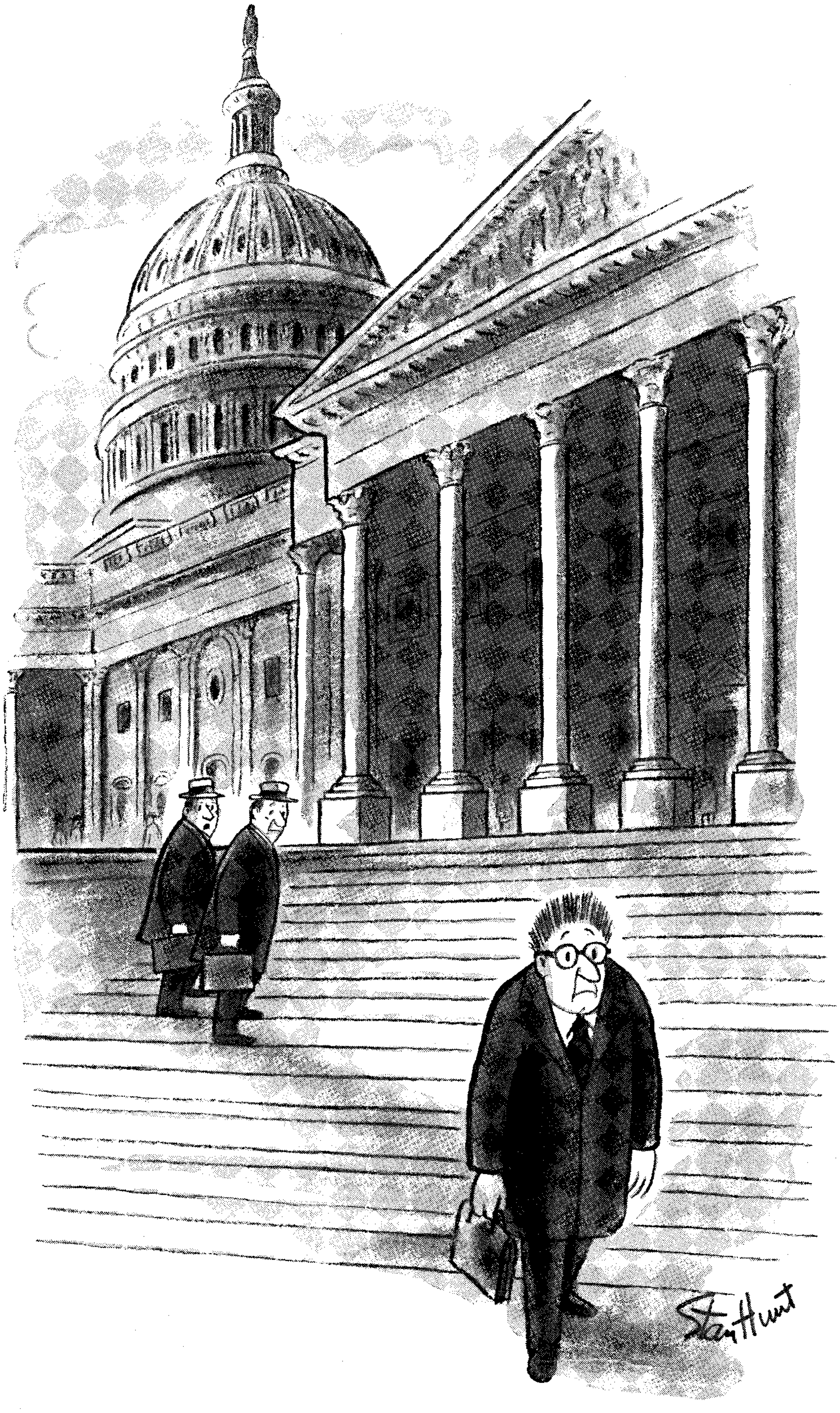
*"Oh, my God! We forgot Tobago!"*

• •

shares his senses and appetites with the animals, he alone has reason; and the Bible states in Genesis that God gave man dominion over every other living thing that moves on the earth. Christians have denied that beasts have immortal souls, maintaining that animals' souls, insofar as they exist, are in their blood and die with them. The pagans, however, thought that animals do possess souls. Boas refers to ancient stories and legends in which animals play thinking parts: the Sanskrit book of parables Pañchatantra, the Buddhist Jātaka, and Aesop's Fables, among others. The fables were told again in the twelfth century and yet again by La Fontaine, in the seventeenth. The first important theriophile, says Boas, was Diogenes of Sinope, who lived in the third or fourth century B.C. and is called the Cynic, from the Greek word "*kynikos*," for "doglike." He sought the purely natural existence, taking no interest in such human savages as were known to his generation, because even they lived according to some kind of human law. Only the animals, he said, are free of civilization and uncorrupted by art, and he tried to live as they did. Because dogs lap water, Diogenes did likewise, declaring cups unnecessary. Because animals wear no clothing but their own fur or feathers, Diogenes did without any covering but a flimsy cloak. Because they take shelter in caves or dens, Diogenes lived in a wine jar. He ate his food raw, and declared that he was free of all man-made laws, including those against polygamy and incest. But, for all his admiration of animals, he never claimed that they possess the faculty of reason. It was Plutarch who did this, not altogether seriously, in a dialogue entitled "Gryllus." In this work, Odysseus, while shipwrecked on the enchantress Circe's island, has a long talk with one of the animals bewitched by Circe, who was formerly a Greek man; he is Gryllus, a pig. Gryllus tells Odysseus that he is perfectly happy as he is and doesn't want to be released from his porcine form. He likes being an animal because, he says, animals are wiser and more prudent than men.

The theme of theriophily was for a

time swamped by Christianity, says Boas, because the Bible instilled the belief in man's superiority: animals could not possibly compete with man, made in God's image and possessed of an immortal soul. However, after sixteen centuries, during which people had had time to question such simple theology, theriophily began to make itself known once more. In 1549, in Italy, there appeared a satirical work called "Circe"—a modernized version of "Gryllus"—in which Odysseus interviews all the animals he finds on the island. All of them, with one exception, are content to be animals. The exception is the elephant, who in his former life was a Greek philosopher. He alone of the animals can see that human beings are better off, because they have the faculty of reason. "Circe" was very popular, and variations of the idea have continued right up to our time. Boas explains why: "To see society from the point of view of a foreigner—a Persian or Chinese or American Indian—was a favorite device for gaining distance and an apparent objectivity; to see it from the point of view of an animal was even better. . . . The device reappeared in our own time in Edmond Rostand's 'Chantecler' (1910)." Also, it might be added, in G. B. Stern's "The Dark Gentleman," and, of course, in George Orwell's "Animal Farm."



*"He's considered to be a bellwether in the field of economic forecasting."*

Montaigne was the chief theriophile of the seventeenth century. "In the 'Apology for Raimond Sebond,' " says Boas, "he engages in a eulogy of the animals which maintained that their brutal stupidity surpasses all that our divine intelligence can do." Boas cites Montaigne on how well-governed are the bees, how deliberate and farsighted is the spider, and so on. If men attempted to achieve everything that animals do, they would have to use reason; it follows, therefore, according to Montaigne, that animals, too, can reason. The great Frenchman gave a number of instances, many of which we would call old wives' tales, of the perspicacity of animals, and also pointed out that, beyond their native wisdom, they can actually learn skills from us, such as dancing, guiding the blind, and working a treadmill. Moreover, from them we can learn—and, indeed, have learned—many skills: weaving (from the spider), building (from the swallow), music (from the birds).

This "Apology" (Raimond Sebond was a fourteenth-century Spanish doctor and philosopher, who wrote "Theologia Naturalis") affronted many people, attacking their happy belief in man's innate superiority. Among them, René Descartes was the most formidable critic. He who said "*Cogito, ergo sum*" declared that animals are unable to think, being merely machines, without an immortal soul or rational awareness. They respond to stimuli but have no power to reason; the beast-automaton, he said, is like a clock, made up of wheels and counterweights. And since speech is so closely related to the power of thought, it follows that animals have no language. Not all philosophers accepted this argument. The Englishman Henry More and his compatriot Cavendish, Marquess of Newcastle, wrote letters of protest to Descartes, as did the French philosopher Pierre Gassendi, and Descartes felt compelled to clarify his position. He wrote in one

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letter, "I don't deny animals even feeling, as long as it depends on bodily organs. My opinion isn't so much cruel to animals as favorable to people." Animal feelings, in other words, are purely somatic, unlike the emotions that stir us through the agency of our thoughts. To the end, however, Descartes never absolutely recanted, and this pertinacity suited the majority of people, by whom the concept of animal inferiority was comfortably accepted as a law of nature, which meant the same thing as Divine Will.

Two centuries later, Darwin and his ideas on evolution came as a severe shock, showing, as they did, that we are indeed of a piece with the rest of animal life, and more closely related to some species than we might wish. In the midst of so much necessary recasting of thought, it was reassuring to reflect that the other animals are at least outdistanced, definitely and forever, in one regard: they cannot talk.

Today, we are reconciled to Darwin. We are even able to give free rein to our always busy, inquisitive minds, and investigate just what language can be that we alone have the technique to use it. What is language? The simplest definition is "the most efficient known method of communication." When we come to think of it, it is miraculous, yet it is so common that we take it for granted. It constitutes a large proportion of our infant education: unlike other animals, we learn to talk as we learn to walk, so that it seems nearly as basic a part of life as breathing, eating, and sleeping. But there is one important difference, as far as we know: without precept or example, a human infant will ordinarily learn to walk upright, but speech does not come to the untutored infant so easily or naturally. At least, so it is believed. What sort of language would that hypothetical untutored baby develop by himself? This is a very old question, and it is still unanswered. At least four men who were powerful enough to carry out the experiment are reputed to have tried to answer it: the Pharaoh Psammetichos, James IV of Scotland, an Indian emperor whose name I have been unable to discover, and Frederick the Great of Prussia—each of whom, in his time, arranged for babies to be isolated, in order to discover what tongue the children would speak when they grew old enough to utter words instead of mere babbling noises. King James was confident that the resulting language would be Hebrew—because, he reasoned, that was the tongue in which Adam and Eve communicated with each other. Unfortunately, in each case the baby died before it could prove anything except the fact that infants need company and without it fade away.

LANGUAGE is only one form of communication. We ourselves have perfected several codes of facial expressions and gestures; anyone who doubts it has only to watch speakers on the television screen when the sound is off. Other species have developed various methods of communicating with one another. Some of these methods depend on sight, some on sound, some on scent, and some on touch. For a long time, we could not imagine such different modes; if an animal did not produce at least a fair approximation of our method of signalling—namely, speech—we gave up trying to get in touch with it. We could see and hear communication going on in the songs of birds, in the silent communication of horses, in the play of dogs and cats, but we stood outside. Over the years, many people have entertained a wistful regret that all this life was hidden from us—a circumstance that helps to explain the eagerness with which the

Dana Fradon

*"If I had it all to do over again, I would have liked to be the King of Swing."*

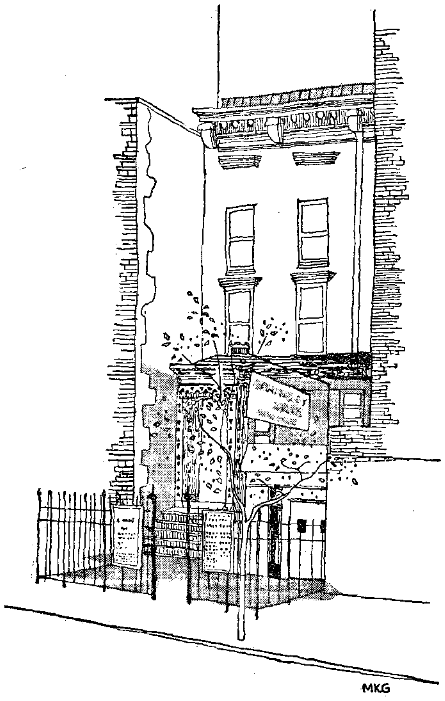
world has always received rumors that some animal has been vouchsafed the gift of speech.

A generation before Descartes published his strictures on reason in animals, the Western world was fascinated by a white horse named Morocco, owned by one Mr. Banks, of London. Morocco, though not able to talk, evidently understood speech, for he did practically everything Banks told him to; among the men who marvelled at his talents were Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Sir Walter Raleigh. He could dance in time to music. If somebody rolled the dice and Banks asked Morocco what the total was, the horse tapped the ground with a hoof the right number of times. He could answer yes-or-no questions the same way, tapping once for yes and twice for no. He answered correctly when he was asked how old a bystander might be: the person would whisper his age to Banks, and, sure enough, Morocco would tap out the right answer. Very seldom did he make a mistake. Finally, a contemporary writer who specialized in magic and juggling tricks and knew how the thing was done wrote about it. He observed that Morocco, while he was performing, never took his eyes off his master, Banks, and that Banks stood very still until the horse had pawed the ground the right number of times, and then, unobtrusively, he shrugged one shoulder. Whenever this happened, Morocco stopped tapping his hoof.

Milbourne Christopher, a modern writer whose subject is magic and the like, has traced the career of Morocco and recounted two incidents that he admits may or may not be true. It was said that Banks took his wonderful animal to France and started giving performances there, but was soon arrested and charged with practicing witchcraft. This happened in Orléans. He was condemned to death by the court, but Morocco saved him by going up to a high official and kneeling down to him. Later, in Rome, according to an equally doubtful story that Christopher tells, Banks and Morocco were both burned at the stake.

Banks's horse may have been the first of his kind, but there has been a long line of similarly conditioned performing animals, not necessarily equines. Near the end of the eighteenth century, New Yorkers were able to watch a star billed as the Learned Dog, and an equally accomplished pig was rapturously received here a few years later. Under the auspices of one Mr. William Frederick Pinchbeck, the pig could play card games, selecting any one of a number of cards that lay on the floor. In time, Pinchbeck himself exposed the secret method he used to aid the animal in making its selections: whenever the pig's snout hovered over the right card, the man sniffed, making a noise that was just loud enough for the animal to hear but was lost on the audience. Horses, however, seem to have been the most popular, for there were many of them. Christopher lists the Learned Little Horse, who entertained the public in Glasgow in 1764; the Military Horse of Knowledge, who could be seen in 1780 in England; Spottie, who appeared in Baltimore in 1807; and an Arabian animal, Mahomet, whose trainer, a Mr. E. L. Probasco, had taught him to add and subtract as fast as any human being, and who was first exhibited in 1889.

It was now time for the appearance of the most famous learned horse of all, Clever (or, in his native German, Kluge) Hans. The difference between Hans and his renowned predecessors was that nobody seems to have thought of him as one of the show animals; he was in a class by himself. Or perhaps it was the people astonished by Hans' feats who were in a special class, insulated from the mob: they were intellectuals, who might never have heard of Spottie or Mahomet, and it is quite possible that they hadn't. At any rate, it seems certain that Hans's owner, a former mathematics teacher named Wilhelm von Osten, trained his animal in good faith. And the professors who examined Hans and wrote long papers about him did not link him up with the marvellous horses of Mr. Banks and Mr. Probasco, though much of what Hans did was just like the feats of those other animals.



Every day, the wonderful horse was exhibited in a paved courtyard that adjoined his stall, in a northern district of Berlin, next to Mr. von Osten's house. About noon, there would gather in the courtyard a select company of people who had been invited by Mr. von Osten—mathematicians, musicians, psychology professors, and others who had a valid reason for being there. No charge was ever made for the show; it was not, as I have said, that kind of thing at all. The pair of them would enter from the stall—Wilhelm von Osten, a white-haired man who was somewhere between sixty-five and seventy, holding Hans's bridle, and Hans himself, a good-looking trotting horse in fine condition, wearing merely a girth strap, a snaffle, and light headgear. He seemed very docile, though it was rumored that he sometimes showed flashes of bad temper. Von Osten handled him gently, with soft, encouraging words; he never used a whip. Now and then, after a correct reply, he would slip Hans a piece of bread or a carrot. If von Osten's questions were of the yes-or-no type, they were answered by a nod or a headshake on the part of Hans, who also indicated "up" and "down" with his head. Other questions, which were answered with hoof-tapping, had to be posed within the limits of the vocabulary with which he was familiar, but its scope was fairly wide and increased day by day. By means of the code that von Osten had taught him, the horse would transpose into numbers a variety of concepts—letters of the alphabet, tones of the musical scale, the names of playing cards—and use them appropriately. He mastered the cardinal numbers from one to one hundred and the ordinals to ten. He solved arithmetic problems. He could read German, though Mr. von Osten taught him only lower-case letters: when placards with several written words were put in front of him and he was told to do so, he indicated one word or another by pointing to it with his nose. He knew the value of all German coins. He carried the entire yearly calendar in his head and could give you the right date for any day you might mention. He recognized people from their photographs. In music, he had absolute tone consciousness, and could recognize a note sung to him as C, D, etc. (within the one-accented scale of C-major). There seemed no limit to his powers.

Not surprisingly, Hans captured the public fancy in Germany. He was the

*"And this? Trash or treasure?"*

• •

subject of popular songs, and people could buy picture postcards of him and bring home little toy Hanses for the children. Nevertheless, there were some who doubted. Though no one had ever seen any signals pass between Mr. von Osten and his horse, there simply had to be signals, the skeptics said. Somebody suggested that the old mathematics master might be emitting the new X-rays that everybody was talking about. Or was it that mysterious thing called "hypnotic suggestion"? At length, it was agreed that a thorough scientific inquiry should be made into the matter. Mr. von Osten, after a time, promised to coöperate with the examiners, and a number of men, some familiar with Hans and some who were not so intimate with the horse and his master participated in the experiments. Two of the latter were Professor Stumpf, a psychologist, who was director of the Psychological Institute of the University of Berlin, and Oskar Pfungst, one of Stumpf's co-workers at the Psychological Institute, who later wrote a book about Hans. The rules were drawn up: every now and then, one of the gentlemen was to ask Hans something to which he himself did not have the answer. Also, the interrogators were to be switched from time to time. The stage was set, and the men arranged themselves with a questioner standing to Hans's right, equipped with bread, carrots, and lumps of sugar. With all due solemnity, a card with the figure 8 on it was produced and shown to the horse in such a way that the questioner couldn't see it. Hans tapped out fourteen. Next time, the questioner was allowed to look at the card. It was 8 again—and Hans tapped out eight. The next card said 4, and the questioner didn't see it. Hans tapped eight again. Whenever the questioner didn't see the card, Hans was wrong almost every time. Whenever he did, the horse was almost always right. There was no blinking at these facts: Hans could not count. Reading tests got the same results: Whenever the questioner didn't see the words, Hans didn't know them, but he made no mistakes when the man did see the words. So Hans couldn't read, either. He failed the test on calculation of dates; he failed in music, which was tested by someone playing a harmonica that spanned the once-accented octave.

Poor von Osten became increasingly dismayed as he saw his wonderful horse fail time after time. Perhaps, he suggested, the secret lay in sound waves emitted by the questioner. No, it was later decided, that could not be the explanation, because at times it wasn't necessary to speak aloud to Hans—he would start tapping before the question was uttered. Just to make sure, however, they tried him with earmuffs. The earmuffs made no difference. No, it couldn't be sound waves. However mysteriously he did it, the gentlemen agreed, Hans did get hold of visual signals. To try the idea out, they put blinkers on him. Something different happened immediately. Hans didn't care for the blinkers, and made what were described as strenuous efforts to regain a view of his questioner, raging and tearing at the lines when they tried to tie him and make him stand

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still. Furthermore, his record of answers now became woefully bad. When they took the blinkers off, Hans calmed down. They asked him questions in the old way, and now, at last, they noticed something that had never been observed before—that when a problem was posed to the horse he had a peculiar way of watching his questioner very closely, instead of looking at the object under consideration: the card or whatever it was.

Now that the examiners knew where to look, they soon had their solution: Hans was watching his questioner's involuntary movements. Having set a problem, the questioner unconsciously leaned forward to count the hoof taps, and when the proper number had been reached, he relaxed; that is, he straightened himself with a slight upward jerk of the head. It was the smallest possible movement, but it was enough for Hans.

The discovery had wide repercussions in the scientific world. Even today, researchers in the field of animal awareness are apt to say to one another over the results of some experiment, "You're sure that wasn't just a Clever Hans syndrome?" The affair may well have discouraged many people who wanted to find out more about animal communication.

It was nearly half a century before the public was given a new and exciting clue in that field—this time in the unlikely realm of the social insects. By 1950, another German, Karl von Frisch, had thoroughly decoded the "waggle dance" of the honeybee. What everyone had assumed was purposeless wandering by the creatures before they flew off to gather nectar was really, it now appeared, a remarkable method of communication between one bee and others about food sources. It was complicated, and yet, when it had been explained, beautifully simple. A forager bee, having discovered a food source some distance away, returns to the hive to tell the others about it. She does this by a tail-wagging dance and at the same time "buzzing," by shaking the wings rapidly. The dance consists of running about in a distinct pattern, as if the bee were inscribing the figure 8, and at the same time waggling her body. The middle line of the 8 gives the direction in which the other bees must fly to aim straight for the food, and also tells how far away it is; this second part of the information depends on the length of the middle-line run. One of the startling elements of this dance is that if the bee is outside the hive and on a horizontal surface she simply aims in the proper direction, but if she is inside and on a vertical surface the straight-line run follows approximately the right angle to the perpendicular. In one race of bees, called the Carniolan, a straight run lasting a second means that the food source is five hundred metres (a third of a mile) distant, and a two-second run means that a flight of two thousand metres will be necessary. The directions are always, as Edward O. Wilson, professor and curator in entomology at Harvard, says, "respectably accurate;" the bees that follow the information find the right place "within twenty per cent of the correct distance."

Can such communication be compared to human language? At first, Professor Wilson grants, it seems very much like it, but he has reservations. "The great dividing line in the evolution of communication lies between man and all of the remaining ten million or so species of organisms," he wrote in his "Sociobiology." "The most instructive way to view the less advanced systems is to compare them with human language. With our own unique verbal system as a standard of reference we can define the limits of animal communication in terms of the properties it rarely—or never—displays." The waggle dance of the bee has symbolism in its ritualized straight run, and a bee using it can generate new messages with it. Just the same, he thinks, the waggle dance is severely limited when it is compared with human language. "The straight run is after all just a reënactment of the flight the bees will take, complete with wing buzzing to represent the actual motor activity required," he says. "The separate messages are not devised arbitrarily. The rules they follow are genetically fixed and always designate, with a one-to-one correspondence, a certain direction and distance." True, but most of us don't compare the waggle dance with human language. The facts seem staggering enough by themselves.

Bird song, insect signals, and animal noises and behavior in general have all been and are still being investigated. But science works slowly and painstakingly; it is only natural that a number of people should try to take shortcuts, because they feel that they have already plumbed the mysteries. Such people write to the papers about dogs

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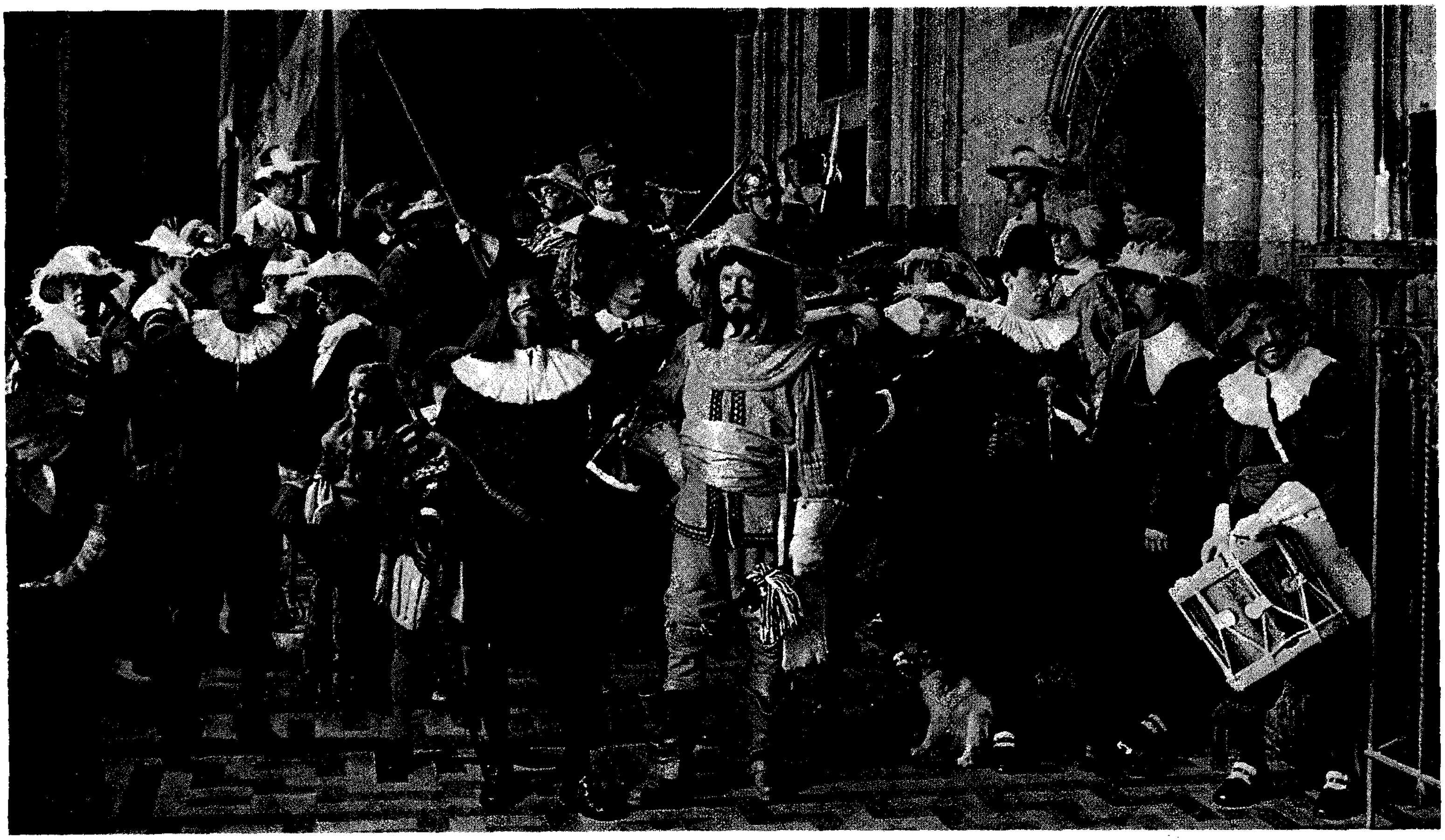

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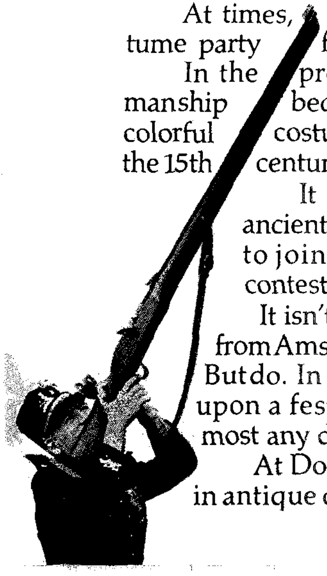

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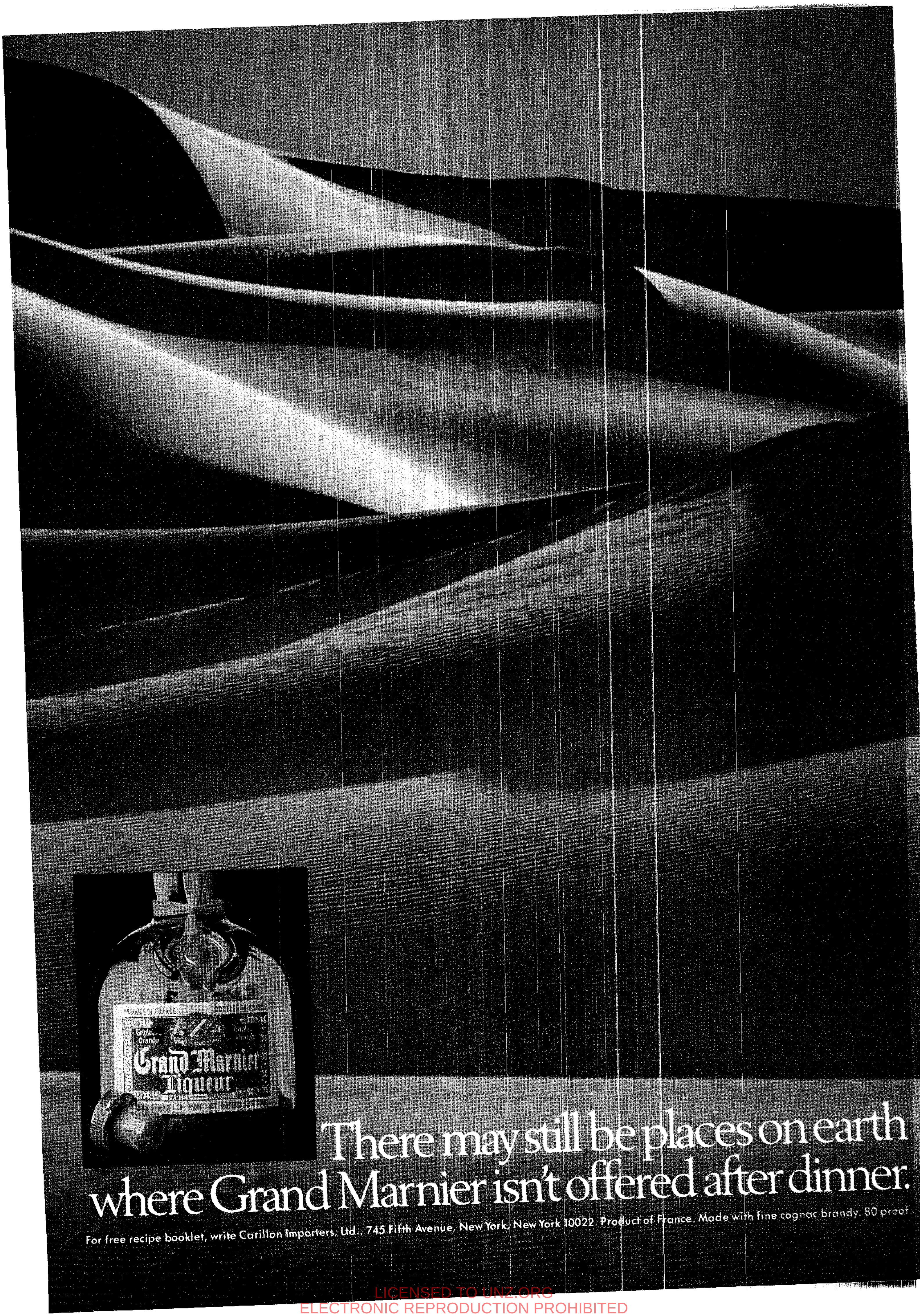
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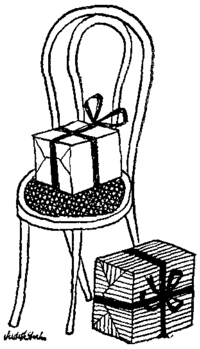
or cats or horses that show striking talents for understanding what their masters are saying. Some of them, according to these accounts, can even speak for themselves, in their own way. At least one man, an Englishman named Henry Blake, has gone further than this and has recently written a whole book on the subject—"Talking with Horses." Blake's father was a farmer who made his children ride bareback until they were seven, and Henry was so much at home with the animals that as a schoolboy he successfully gentled and trained a dangerous mare who had killed her former owner. In time, both he and his father gave up farming in favor of training difficult horses.



Over the years, Henry Blake began to think hard about communication between horses and people. He tended to believe that horses, above all other species, are in tune with human beings. Just why, Blake asked himself, does a horse cooperate? He thought of the examples in prehistoric art of men riding horses, and the representations of the same exercise in Greek sculpture. Xenophon once said that horses are taught not by harshness but by gentleness; Blake approved of this dictum. His mind ranged through other countries and other times. He thought of Alexander and his horse Bucephalus, the nomad tribes of Mongolia, Caesar (who was, after all, a cavalry general), and—most interesting to him—the American Indians, whose method of talking gently to their horses, slowly coaxing them to accept blankets on their backs as a prelude to actually riding them, was similar to his own. In Blake's circle, composed of people interested in horses to the point of obsession, there was much talk of an almost legendary Irishman known as Sullivan the Horse Whisperer, who lived some years back and is famous even today for his success with recalcitrant horses. He would take the most savage animal, a notorious killer, into a barn with him, shut the door for an hour or so, and come out all in one piece, leading the horse, which had miraculously become quiet and tractable. He never told anyone, even his own sons, how he did it, but Blake thought that Sullivan probably used methods little different from his own. Horses like physical contact, and depend on it when they are frightened. However, he is convinced that there is something more than this to getting on well with a horse. He firmly believes in extrasensory perception, and cites an experience to prove it—a happening at a show where he was riding a horse with which he was very much in tune. During rehearsal, he had tried out a couple of new turns, but one of them he had decided to avoid, thinking it too complicated to risk without more time for preparation. Yet in the middle of the act the horse went ahead and did exactly the move that Blake had half planned, finishing with an action that his master had never before tried with him. It entailed the horse's galloping toward the box occupied by the president of the show and stopping dead at the last minute, rearing up on his hind legs. This was something that Blake had never even thought of trying, because he believed the animal's temperament to be unsuited to it.

E.S.P. or no, Blake thinks that not many trainers can hope to achieve so fine a degree of understanding with their animals. But, he insists, the horse, on his part, makes signs to us, as well as to other horses. He greets human friends with a whicker, and slumps to show he is tired, but these are merely the rudimentary gestures; he is capable of many more. After Blake had talked these matters over with his wife, who is equally dedicated to horsemanship, he resolved to compile, with her help, a dictionary of horse language—or, rather, "messages," a "message" to be defined as any intention, threat, inquiry, feeling, or statement given expression by a horse. One thing that made this project very difficult, he admitted, was that such messages are not cut-and-dried but are subject to variations. In three hundred horses studied by the Blakes during their work of compilation, they noted thirty different ways in which the animals said "Welcome" and as many variations on the question "Where is my breakfast?" As might be expected, mature animals have far more to say than their young; foals have just two or three ways of saying "I am small." On the average, a horse's message can be put in from six to ten ways. "Come and drink" is one such message, and another is "Come and fight." Some other common statements are "Don't do that," "Don't go away," "Don't leave me behind," "Help!," "I am boss," "I am frightened," "I hate you," "I love you," "I suppose I will have to." Like many foreign phrase

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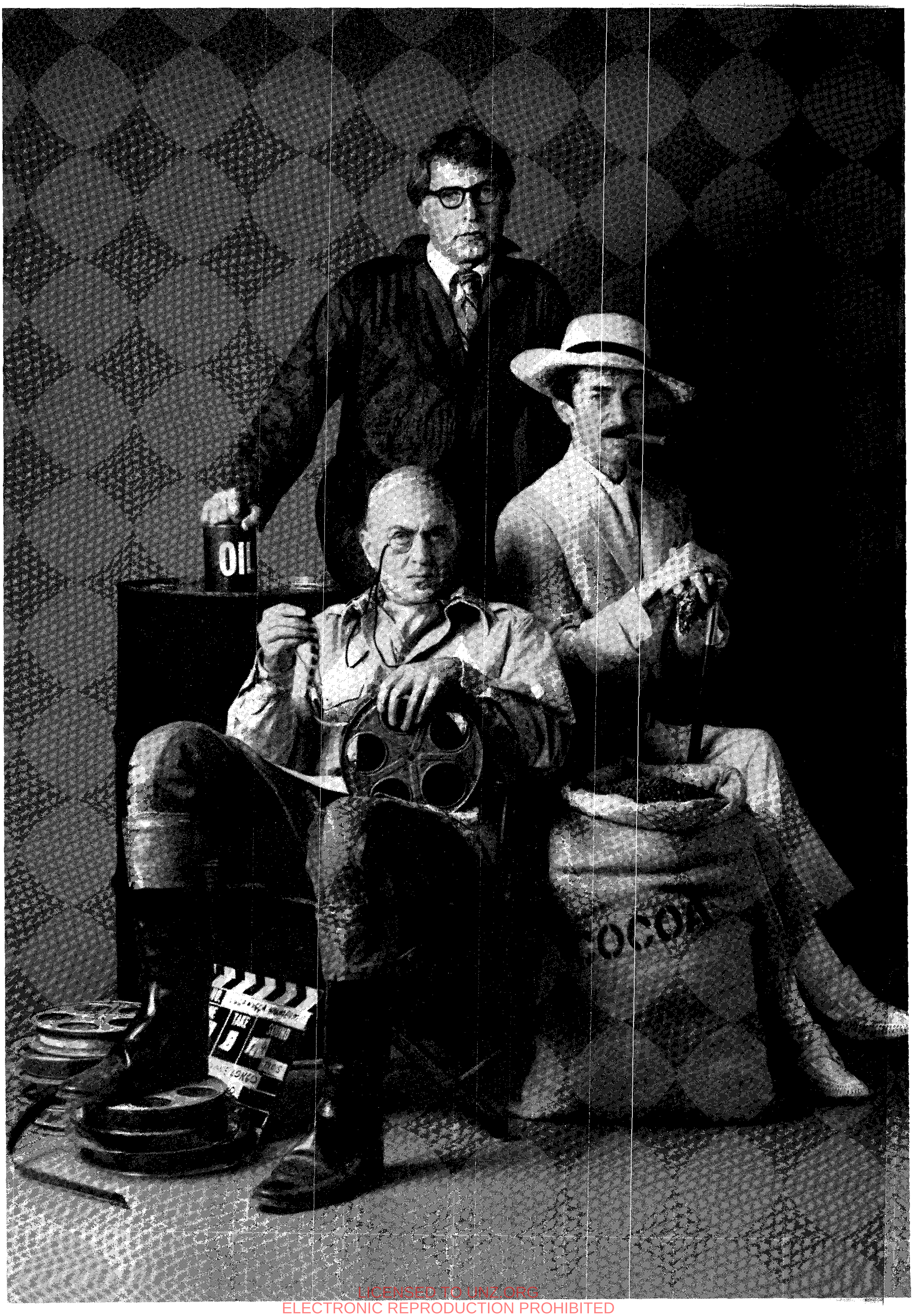
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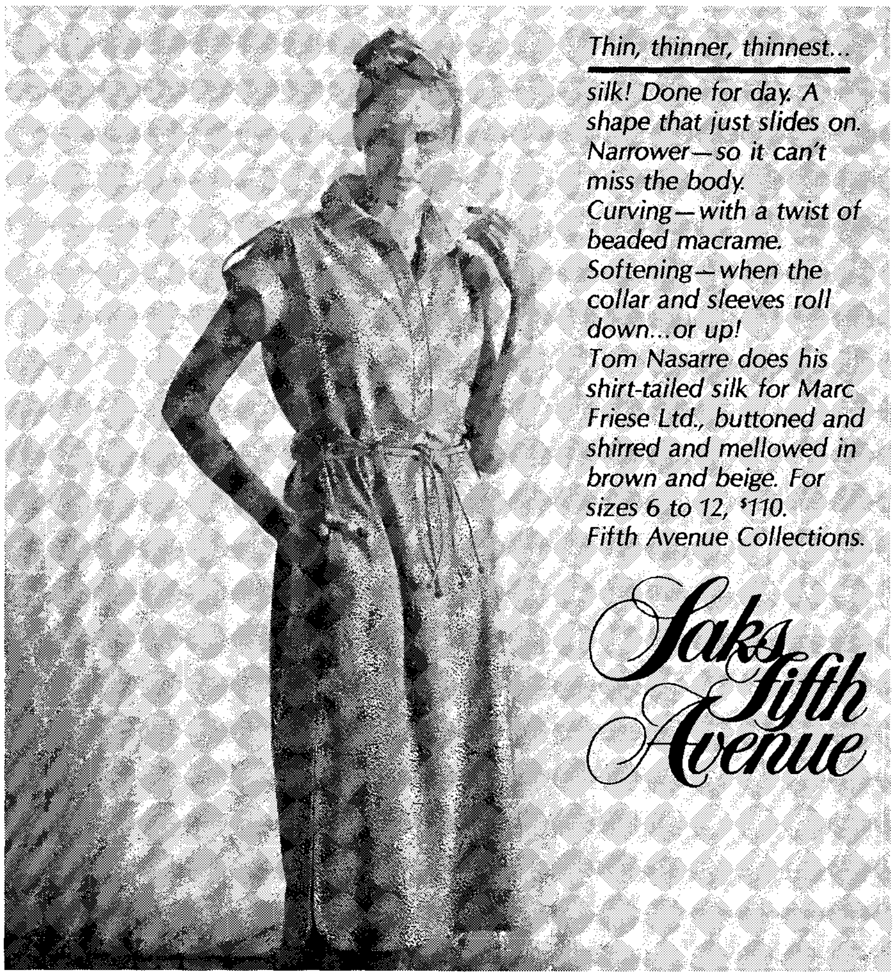
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books, Blake's leaves a distinct impression of the speakers' mood—in this case, that horses are insecure.

But this is by no means an ordinary phrase book or dictionary, if only because many of the sentences are perforce accompanied by descriptions of behavior. For example, the message "Who are you?" as it is used by horses meeting for the first time includes sniffing or, more usually, blowing, and the attitude of the animals toward each other is indicated by the harshness or gentleness of this blowing and by the simultaneous carriage of head and tail. Moreover, sub-messages follow—either "I am a friend," with a continuation of the gentle blowing, or "Go to hell," when the other horse snaps or nips, stamps on the ground with a front hoof, squeals, or threatens to kick. A supplementary moving-picture film would be useful, one feels.

HENRY BLAKE would no doubt enjoy meeting a contemporary, Mrs. Elisabeth Mann Borgese, who is a journalist, amateur animal trainer, polyglot, and, incidentally, a daughter of the great novelist Thomas Mann. She studied the records on Clever Hans and also the records compiled by a man named Karl Krall, of Elberfeld, Germany, to whom Clever Hans was willed and who continued to work with him and who also worked with several other horses that he trained by the von Osten method. Over the years, a lot of people who went to observe the Elberfeld horses came away convinced that their talents were genuine, and Mrs. Borgese did not dismiss the possibility that these people were right and Clever Hans had been maligned. Hans and the others may have known exactly what they were doing.

There was also, she found, an Airedale named Rolf who had learned to talk to people by tapping his paw in numerical code. Nor was Rolf unique; indeed, more horses and dogs were constantly being initiated into the mysteries of the technique. Between the two world wars, Mrs. Borgese calculated, there were at least a hundred and five animals communicating in this way: sixteen horses, eighty-eight dogs, and one cat. (Somehow, that cat gives pause. It is hard to imagine even one of the haughty species deigning to extract square roots.)

Mrs. Borgese grew more and more fascinated by the subject. In the nineteen-thirties, she discovered, a trainer in Milan named Dino del Mar had induced his dog Bonnie to use letter cards with which he spelled words,

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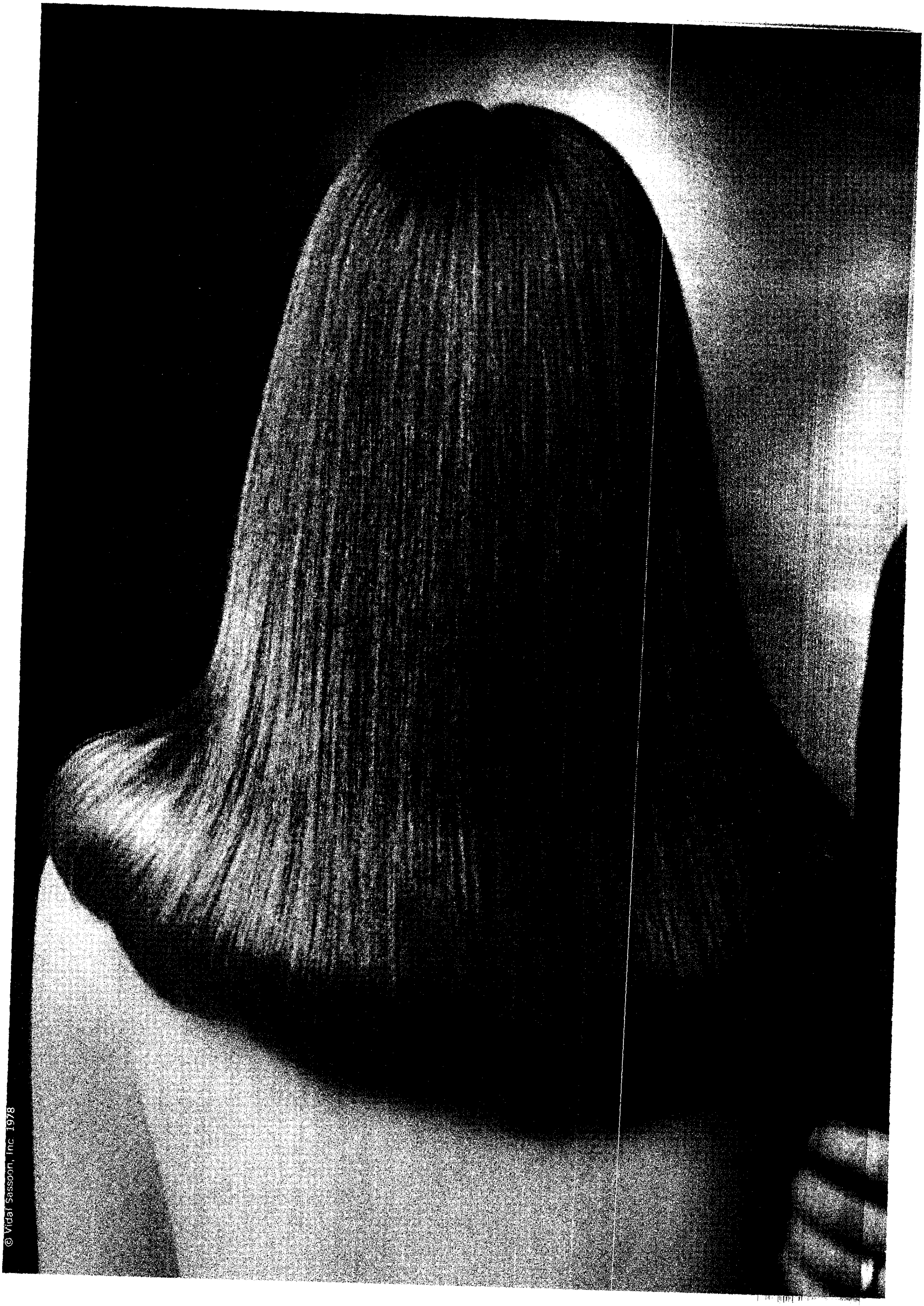

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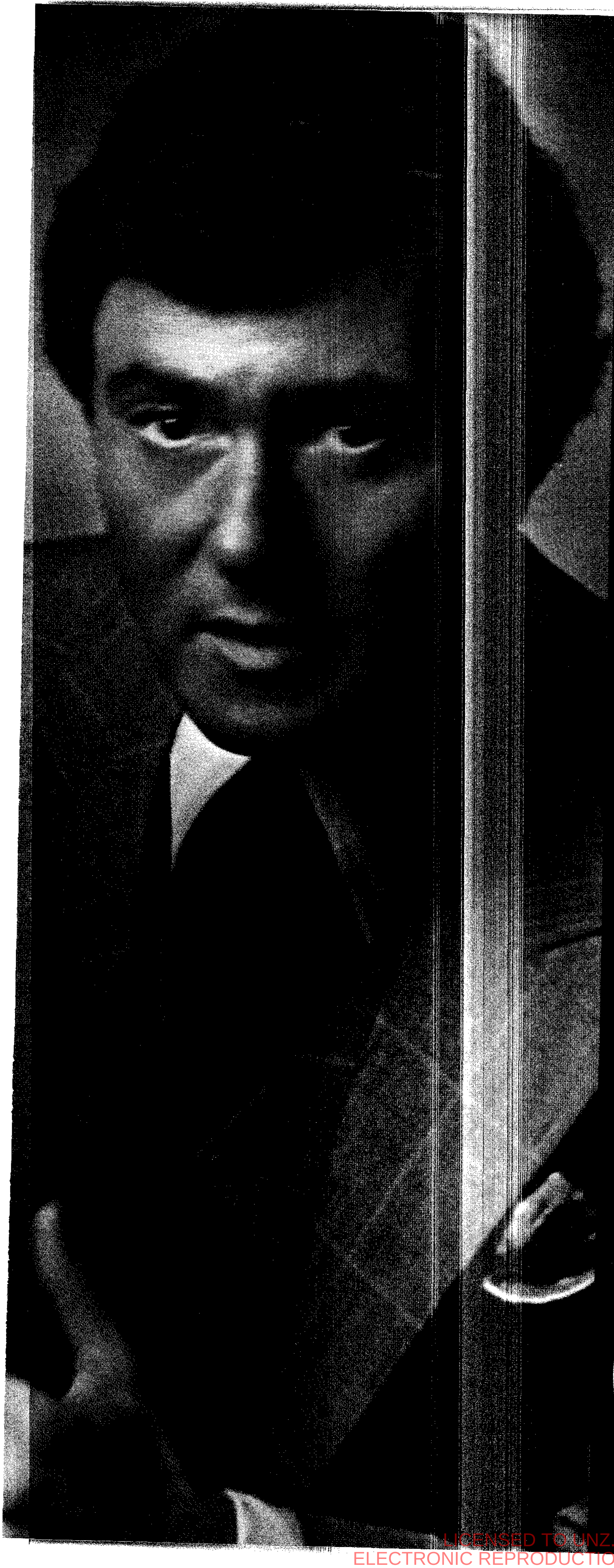

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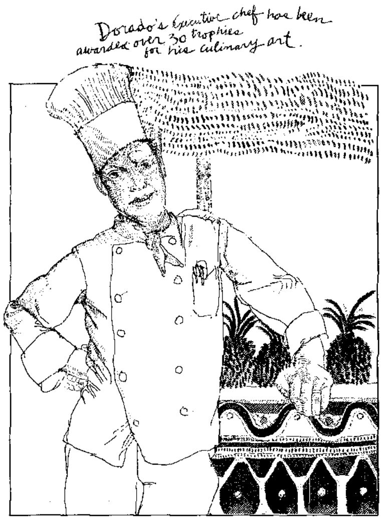
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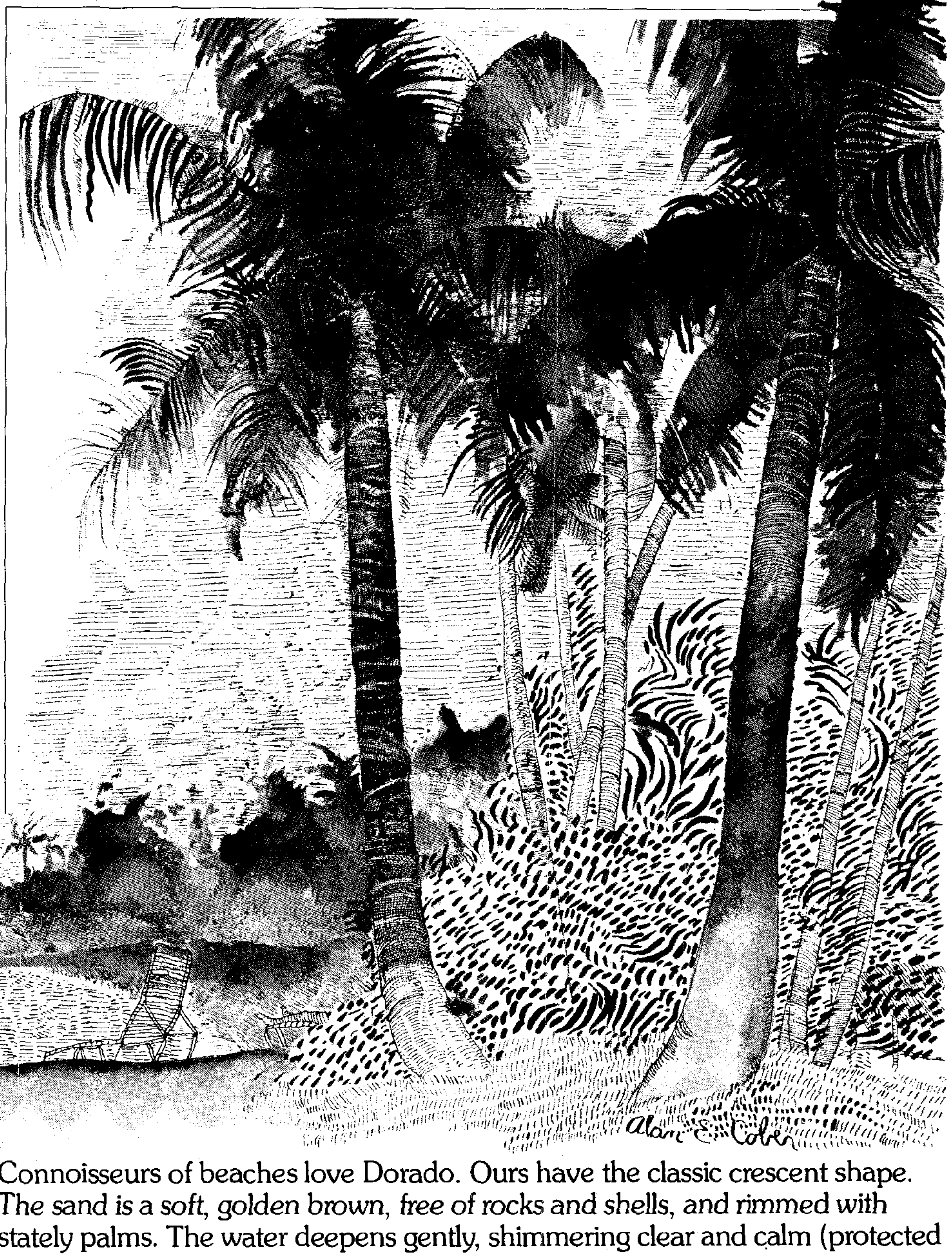
Coqui...Coqui

The tiny coquis sing their chorus of joy each night. (actual size)


Alan E. Cober

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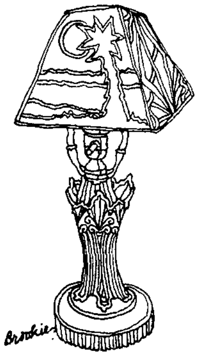
pulling them out with his mouth and arranging them on the floor. Another Italian, Ulderico Tegano, wrote a book about Bonnie, entitled "Your Dog Can Write," which was published in 1939. In it, he said that Bonnie had a vocabulary of more than five hundred words. During the troubled years that followed, Bonnie was forgotten, but after the war public interest in literate animals was revived, and Mrs. Borgese found herself in direct touch with the subject when she was sent by her journalistic employers to report on a wonder poodle named Peg, who lived in Brescia and was reputed to be adept in mathematics and spelling. Peg used letter cards, as Bonnie had done, picking up the cards with her mouth, but on occasion would bark to count out numbers. To test her, Mrs. Borgese devised a method that would obviate the possibility of the dog's watching her reactions in Clever Hans fashion. She had brought with her a children's picture book. Now, holding the book's face away from her, she opened it at random so that Peg, and not Mrs. Borgese herself, could see an illustration. When it had been exposed to the dog's gaze, she marked the place, closed the book, and put it in her briefcase. "Did you see what I showed you in the book?" she asked Peg, who replied with three barks, meaning yes. Peg then sorted out the proper letters and spelled, on the floor, the word "CAVALLI," which means "horses." Opened at the marker, the book revealed a picture of two Belgian work horses. Mrs. Borgese points out that the dog had not only got the right animal but knew the difference between singular and plural.



THAT Mrs. Borgese is far from alone in her fascination with animal dialogue is indicated by the American reaction to a book that came out in 1961 named "Man and Dolphin," by Dr. John C. Lilly. In this volume, Dr. Lilly starts out with a bang, his first sentence being "Eventually it may be possible for humans to speak with other species." He goes on to say that if this aim is ever to be achieved, it is evident that the other species should have an intellectual development comparable to our own; that is, it should have a complex brain, nearly as large, in comparison with the body bulk, as ours is. (By that standard, the human brain is the largest in nature.) The elephant, too, has a large brain, comparably as well as actually, but there are manifest difficulties in working with the elephant: being large and strong, they are not easy to handle, nor are they easily available to scientists in America. The same difficulties exist in respect to the larger whales, which might otherwise fill the bill. But dolphins, which are simply little whales, are a different matter—especially the bottle-nosed dolphin, *Tursiops truncatus*, which, for the most part, lives in shallow, warm waters just offshore. Dr. Lilly, whose interest was primarily in the field of neurophysiology, began taking an interest in these animals while developing physical isolation tanks at the National Institutes of Health; he noted that human beings act differently under water, and he began to look around for a water-dwelling species of comparable brain size. Dr. Lilly noted that the average brain weight of *T. truncatus* is seventeen hundred grams—not so very far, as these things go, from the average human brain weight of fourteen hundred and fifty grams—and that dolphins are of relatively manageable size. Evidently, too, people can get through to dolphins to an amazing degree, since the animals can be taught such human activities as basketball and dancing—at least, dancing on top of the water—and can even give vent to noises that resemble singing. "Each animal puts its blowhole out of the water and emits the sounds in air, rather than under water as he is accustomed to do," wrote Dr. Lilly. "They accommodate to us rather than we to them."

At first, Dr. Lilly approached his investigation as a neurophysiologist rather than as a psychologist; after all, that was the discipline he had been trained in. He mapped the brains of his dolphins and learned what areas gave what results when they were electrostimulated. He worked on the concept of physiological reward and punishment, explaining in his book, "We can push a button and cause a brief controlled period of a rewarding pleasure. . . . Conversely, we can push another button, which controls another place in the brain, and cause intense punishment (fear, anger, pain, nausea, vomiting, unconsciousness, etc.)." Such a method is all worked by wires, and the results, whether the subjects are dolphins or monkeys, are comparably effective. Even so, said Dr. Lilly, setting up understanding between dolphin and man is not

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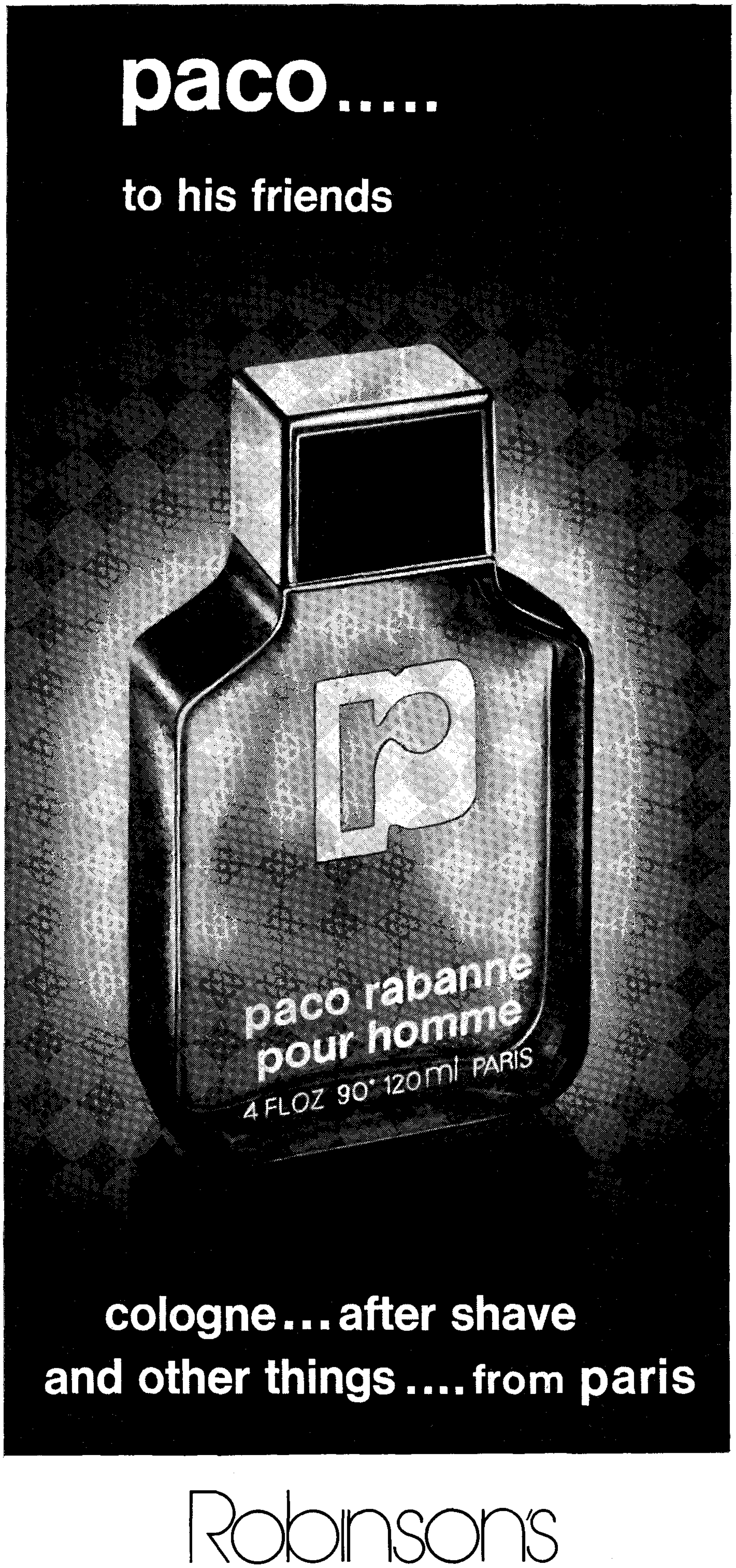
simple: the dolphins' way of life is vastly different from ours, not only because they live in water but because their aims and activities are so unlike ours. In search of food or a more agreeable temperature, dolphins swim thousands of miles in a few days, and seem none the worse for it. They don't have to store food, as we do; they don't need clothes or shelter; they don't have to resist gravity the way we do. They do not sleep as we do; in fact, they probably never become quite unconscious, because they don't breathe automatically, as we do, and so their breathing stops altogether in the unconscious state. A dolphin deeply at rest would not surface every so often to take in oxygen, and that means he would suffocate. Lilly mentions a case in point. A dolphin being lowered into a tank where some others were already swimming struck his head against the side. He passed out and sank immediately to the bottom of the pool, whereupon the other dolphins raised him to the surface and held him there until he regained consciousness and began to breathe again. Dolphins do take care of each other in this way, and that is probably why there are so many cases, well authenticated, of people being saved by them from drowning. In sociological language, the animals seem to be "altruistic."

After early experiments with some dolphins at Marine Studios, in Florida—during which five of the animals, regrettably, died—Dr. Lilly began making interesting discoveries with one coöperative animal. To begin with, he was amazed that this creature—known as No. 6—seemed to understand what Dr. Lilly was doing when he applied stimulation to the brain's pleasure areas. Lilly had put a switch within reach of the dolphin's beak, and the animal had watched the procedure closely. Then, with what Lilly describes as amazing rapidity, the dolphin got the idea and pressed the switch for *himself*. It was this same dolphin that Lilly found himself able to make vocal. Whenever the stimulation stopped, No. 6 emitted a great burst of different noises, producing them simultaneously, in a jumble—"whistles, buzzings, raspings, barks, and Bronx-cheer-like noises." Lilly said he had the eerie feeling that the dolphin had understood the whole problem from the beginning.

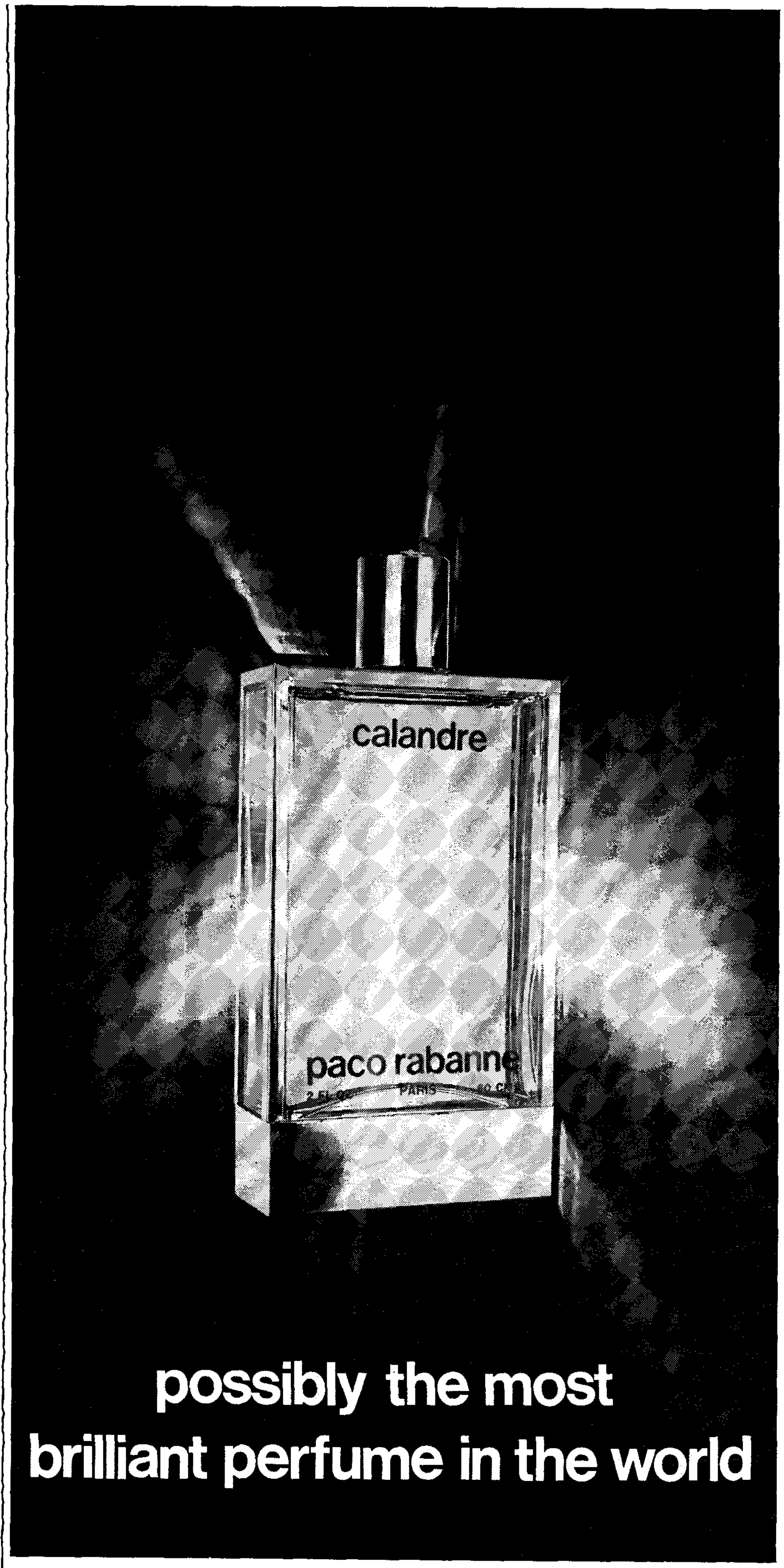
Something even more eerie happened shortly afterward. Lilly and his assistants had been laughing in the laboratory about some trifle when all of a sudden from the dolphin's blowhole came a burst of sound similar to their



laughter. Could it be that the dolphin was trying to imitate them? For some time, they had been taping its noises, and they had found that the animal responded to the recordings of its whistling and Lilly's whistles by replying with further whistling, but evidently something even more interesting was now happening. Playing over the tapes, they found that the dolphin, "in a very terse shorthand and quacking sort of way," had copied, or mimicked, sections of what Lilly said to his assistants during their work. One of the phrases so mimicked was the abbreviation "T R R" (meaning "train repetition rate"), which had been said by Dr. Lilly very slowly and distinctly in dictation to a secretary, followed by the words "is now ten per second." At this point on the tape, the dolphin could be heard saying "T R R" in its own peculiar fashion—to use Lilly's words, in "a very high-pitched Donald Duck, quacking-like way." The team continued its experiments, listening carefully for more imitations, and found that the dolphins could copy a human vocalization and compress it at the same time, so that the imitation lasted for perhaps a second and was pitched very high. The scientists could make it out only by slowing down the tape. For this imitation, dolphins evidently employed the rasping or creaking noises they commonly use when they search for food by using their own sonar. These sounds come from the blowhole, but another mechanism for producing sound is in the larynx and airway situated below the blowhole. Thus, dolphins can make two series of noises at the same time. Unfortunately, after a long session in the laboratory one day, the dolphin known as No. 6 had an epileptic seizure and died. Dr. Lilly was sad, but not sad enough to stop the work. He acquired more dolphins.

No. 8 added to the list of his species' accomplishments. Whistling in reply to Lilly brought him a reward, so for a time he whistled without other stimulation to get more reward, his pitch going higher and higher, until it was out of human hearing range and the only way people could tell that the animal was emitting noises was by watching his still twitching blowhole. It seems incredible, but, according to Lilly, No. 8 then recognized the difficulty and thereafter kept his whistling down within audible limits.

On the whole, however, said Dr. Lilly, in spite of the accommodating nature of the animals, one cannot ig-



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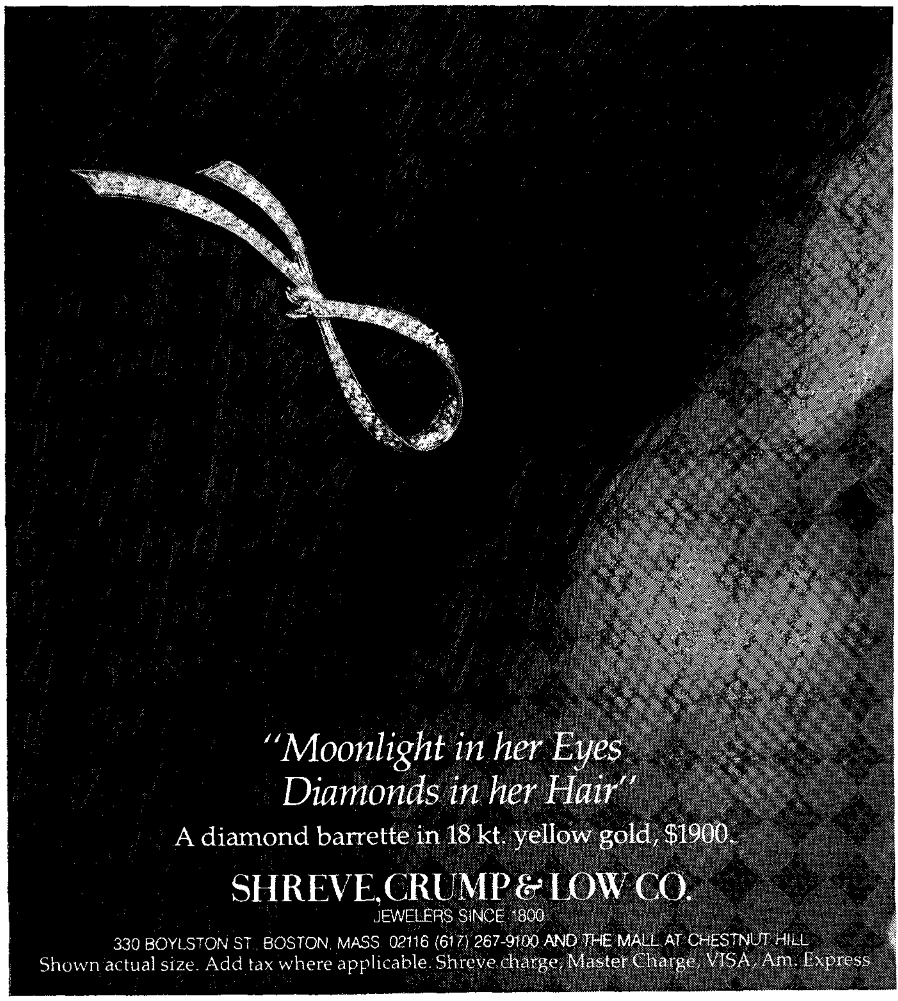

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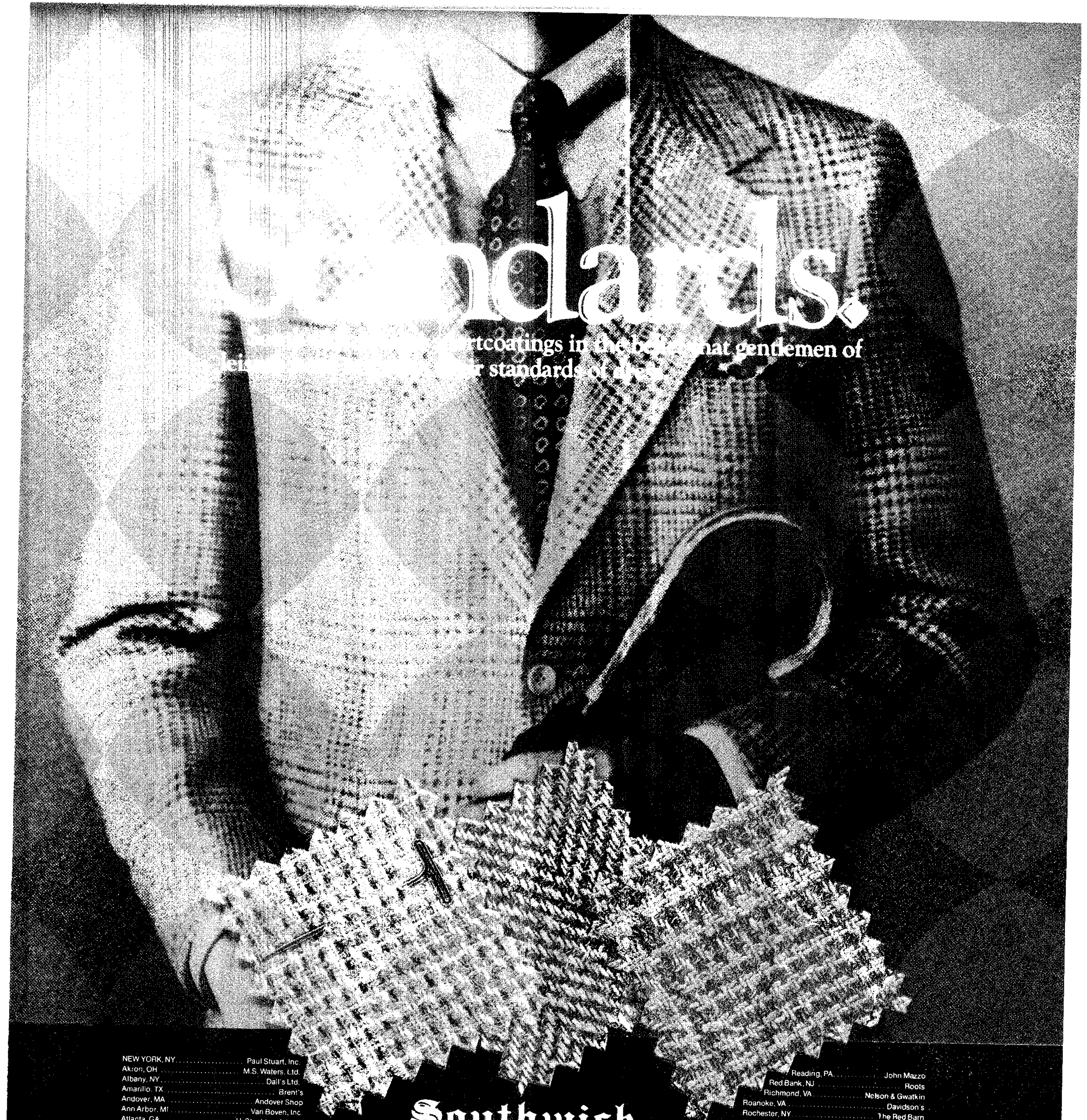
nore the obstacles that stand in the way of complete communication between species so unlike in their habitats. "In the air we live in, we can hardly hear what these animals have to say," he observed, "and in the water they can hardly hear what we have to say." To pursue his investigations more freely, he finally set up a laboratory out-of-doors in the Virgin Islands, acquired some more dolphins from Marine Studios, and, in 1960, opened for work. Before the experiments came to an end, some years later, he and his assistants learned a great deal more about the capacity of dolphins for imitating and producing what he calls humanoid sounds. Sometimes the tapes took a lot of adjusting before anything could be made out, and one had to accustom oneself to the strange noises even then, so that people who didn't work in the laboratory could not always honestly say they could hear very much that was significant. Dr. Lilly, however, was not discouraged. He was confident that he was on to something of world-shaking importance in interspecies communication.

There was a dolphin called Elvar, whose short, quacking noises began to sound very much like crude human words. Elvar was particularly good at imitating the sounds made by one of Lilly's assistants, a woman named Alice Miller, who sometimes addressed the dolphin in affectionate baby talk, rather like that used for infant animals—"soothing sounds and attention-getting sounds, cluckings with one's tongue," as Dr. Lilly wrote. Elvar copied these noises. They were extremely primitive copies, Dr. Lilly admitted, obviously made by a vocal apparatus quite different from ours, but they were copies nonetheless. Elvar and other dolphins often imitated human laughter, whistles, Bronx cheers, and even certain simple human words. The outstanding example Lilly cited was that of a dolphin named Lizzie. It was late one day and Lizzie was not well. They had been force-feeding her with a stomach tube. Dr. Lilly was reluctant to leave her, and someone, probably the cook, called down from the house that it was getting late and if he didn't hurry he might miss his dinner. "It's six o'clock!" the remonstrator said at last, very loudly. A little later, equally loudly, Lizzie said— Well, what did she say? Opinions differ. On tape, it sounds like a poor copy of the words "It's six o'clock!," but to Lilly it sounded more like "This is a trick!" He was never able to tape a repetition



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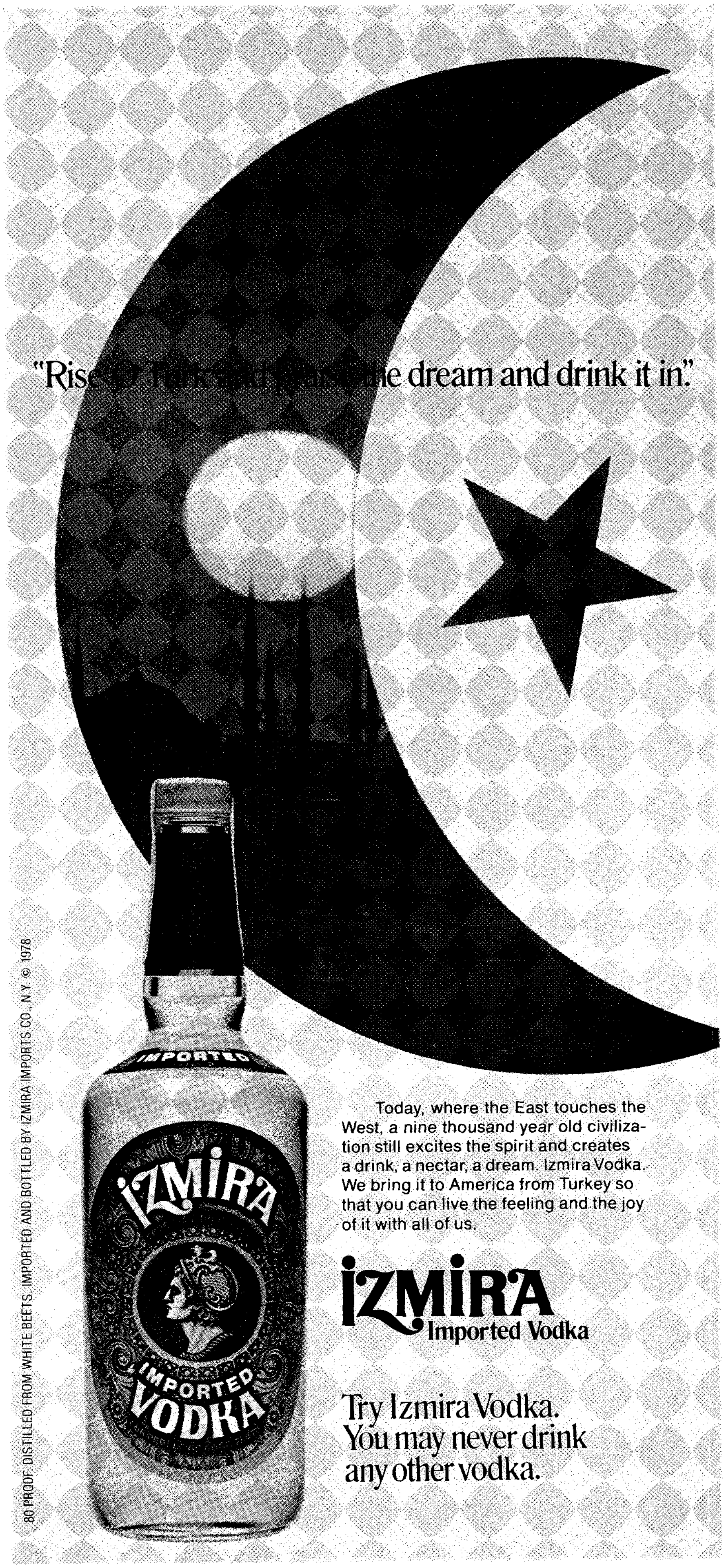

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of the phrase, because in the morning Lizzie was dead.

About the same time, Dr. Lilly set up another laboratory in Miami, and work continued in both places; by 1968 he had closed both laboratories. Financially, it seemed impossible to continue; besides, Lilly had come to the conclusion that he had no right to go on imprisoning dolphins. He had grown too fond of them to maintain the proper scientific detachment. For some years thereafter, he taught, and thought about, other matters—leading workshops at the Esalen Institute, in California, for instance—but in 1975 he founded the Human/Dolphin Foundation, in Malibu, and by the end of 1978 he expects to be working with dolphins again. Lilly's experiments and his books about them had an explosive effect on the public. Everywhere, people were clamoring to hear more about the subject or were writing philosophical treatises inspired by Dr. Lilly's books. Marinelands and Sea Worlds, which had always been looked on as rather childish entertainment, suddenly found themselves catering to a larger number of adults. A more sinister consequence was a report in 1966 that some officials in control of American defense had begun to train dolphins—or, at least, try to train them—to serve ultimately as an arm of the fighting Navy by carrying high-explosive weapons. The idea was that they should act like kamikaze pilots, ramming and blowing up enemy ships. Indignation ran high when the plan became known; the people of America had just learned to love dolphins and look upon them as the world's hope for bridging the gap between us and the rest of the animal world. There had even been talk of communicating with visitors from outer space through the benevolent intervention of our friends the dolphins. It was indecent to think of perverting these lovable animals for such a revolting use, said the public, and it may well have been right.

"LANGUAGE is extremely complex behavior, the acquisition of which, we might have thought, requires considerable attention and endeavor," wrote Dr. Eric Lenneberg, of the Harvard Medical School, in his book "Biological Foundations of Language." He was discussing the fact that healthy deaf children two years old or older get along very well in spite of their deficiency in speech. "Why do hearing children bother to learn this system if it is possible for a child to get along without it?" he continued. "Probably because the acquisition of language is not, in fact, hard labor—it comes naturally—and also because the child does not strive toward a state of perfect verbal intercourse, normally attained only two years after the first beginnings." In support of his thesis, he cited cases of children who for one reason or another were temporarily unable to make sounds but when the hindrances were removed produced sounds typical of their ages instead of going back to make up the stages they had lost. Also, children up to the age of two years who were admitted to the hospital because they had been severely neglected by parents or guardians were at first unresponsive and seemed to be retarded in sound development as well as in other functions, yet after a few weeks of care they began to make all the sounds typical of their age. Older children did not come out of this sort of induced torpor so readily, he noted, but, even so, some of them did at last begin to talk fluently, in accordance with their age level. Though they had not practiced speech and language as normal children do, one could not say they had not been learning. "They simply did not choose to respond," Lenneberg concluded. He did not say so, but since the temporarily afflicted child could jump, as it were, from a state when he was not even babbling to a more advanced stage of speech, one might hazard the guess that infant babbling is not really a necessary prelude to speaking. This idea runs counter to a theory put forward by Cathy Hayes in her book "The Ape in Our House," which describes how she and her husband raised Viki, a female chimpanzee, from infancy and tried earnestly to teach her to talk. The experiment lasted from 1947 to 1954 and was never really successful, though along the way the Hayes couple learned a lot of interesting things about chimpanzees. For example, except for her early days Viki never babbled. Mrs. Hayes regarded this fact as a sign of the foster parents' failure, for she believed babbling to be an important part of speech-learning in a human child. Lenneberg suggests that this is not necessarily true, but he observes that there is a definite period in the child's life when language is picked up easily—a statement that few of us would dispute. However, Lenneberg holds that this phase is limited in time. When it comes to an end, usually at the onset of puberty, the child's facility in language-learning vanishes, and afterward he must undergo the same trials we adults suffer when we set out to learn a foreign language. It's not impossible to do, but the knowledge does not come as easily as it once did.

At this point, students of the subject are likely to mention the wolf children of Midnapore, and Dr. Lenneberg does so, but with reserve. The Midnapore children's story has long exerted a fascination over the public, like the similar case of the so-called wild boy of Aveyron, about whom a French film, released here as "The Wild Child," was made a few years ago. Also, there is Mowgli. So it seems worthwhile to look again at the Indian wolf girls.

In 1920, the Reverend J. A. L. Singh, who, with his wife, ran a Christian mission and orphanage in the Bengali town of Midnapore, went out on one of his routine soul-saving expeditions among the aboriginal tribes that lived in scattered villages in the nearby wilds. The expeditions, which he has described in a diary, were rather elaborate. He and various companions would take with them as many as thirty volunteers from the villages, pagan people not averse to listening to him preach Christianity as long as they could hunt between sermons. Sometimes the party stayed all night in the jungle, their bullock carts and draft animals surrounded by a huge circle of burning logs. You could see the wild animals in the firelight, said Mr. Singh. He and his companions carried two guns; the villagers, being poor, depended on bows and arrows and spears, together with a few drums, for scaring the wild animals. It was always a happy time, said Mr. Singh, and he made journeys like this year after year while taking care of his parish and orphanage at home.

In October, 1920, his party returned to the village of Godamuri, where they earlier had heard a strange story about a man-ghost that had been seen in the jungle seven miles away. During the past few years, more than one person had encountered the horrible apparition, said the villagers. It had a man's body but a dreadful huge head. They were terrified of it, and begged Mr. Singh and his party to shoot it. Singh and the others visited the spot, and he instructed the villagers to construct a *machān*, or hunter's blind, in a nearby tree, from which they would have a good view of the ghost. In the

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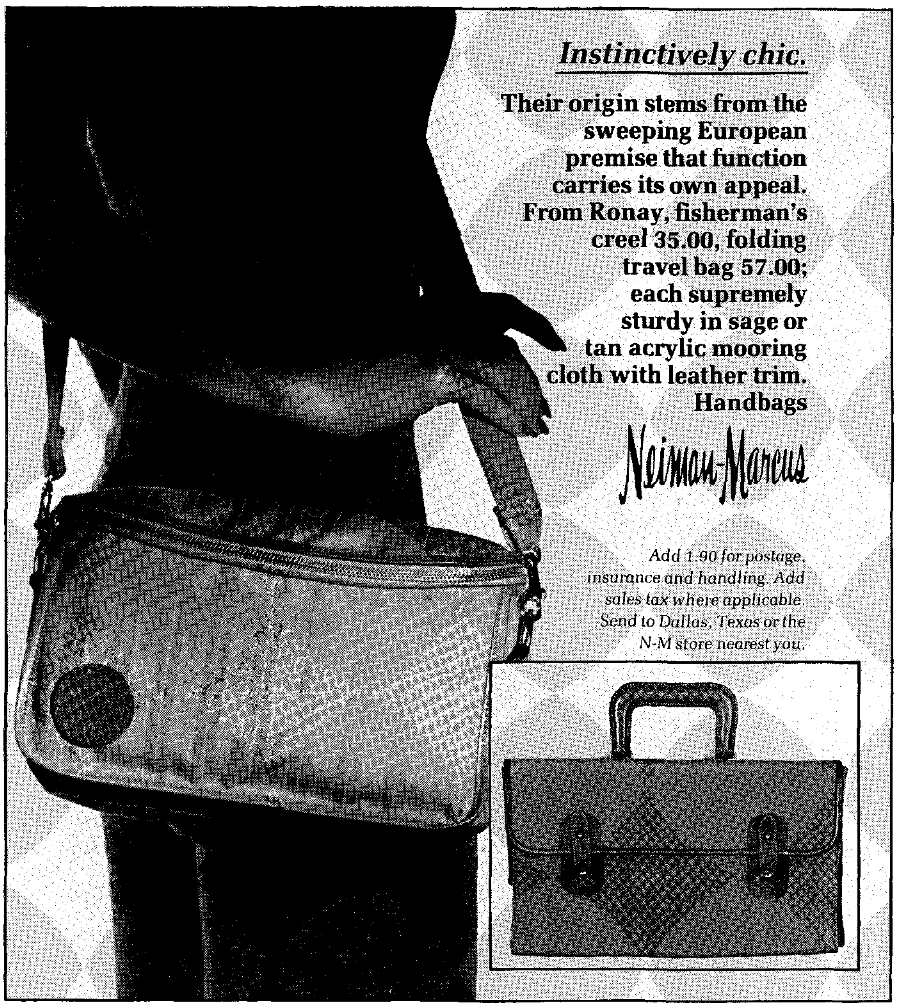

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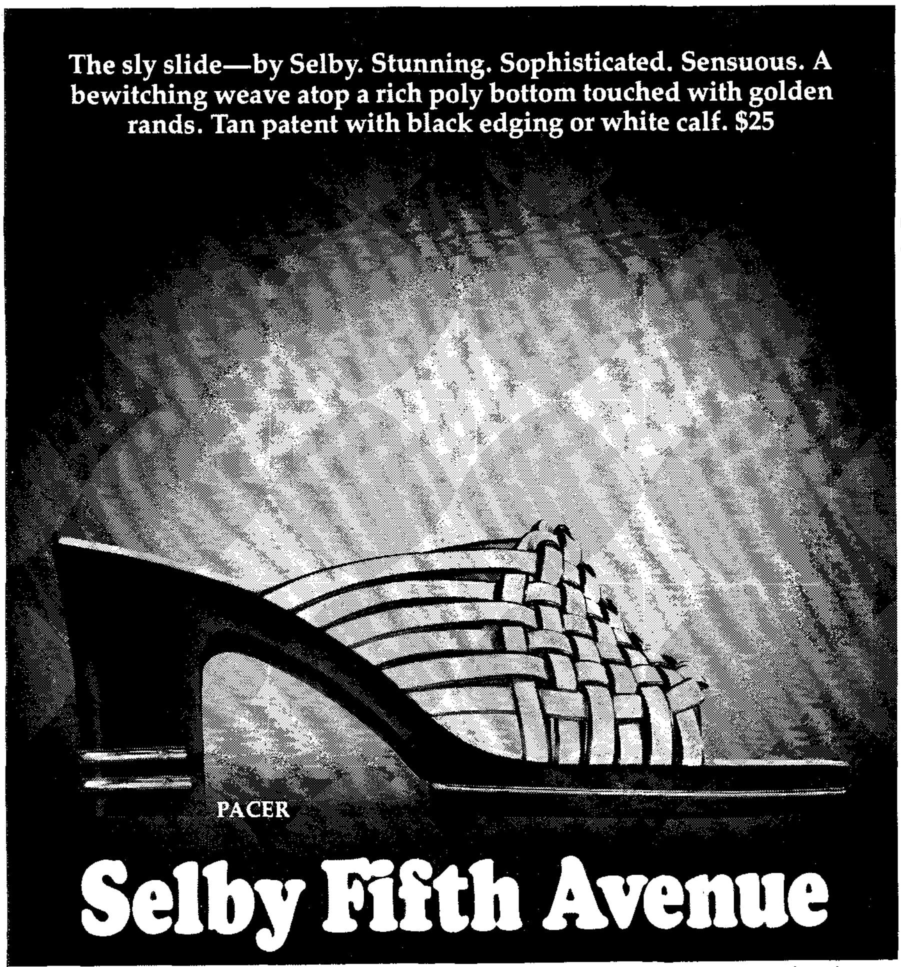

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meantime, Mr. Singh borrowed a field glass, and lodged for the night in a cowshed belonging to one Chunarem, of Godamuri. In the morning, they looked over the terrain and saw near their hiding place a large termite mound, standing as high as a two-story house, and "in the shape of a Hindu temple." Large holes led into the mound, where there were no longer any termites.

That day, before dusk, the ghost hunters climbed up into the *machān* and waited. An hour later, they saw a full-grown wolf trot out of the mound. (Singh called the animal a wolf, but a footnote explains that it was not a true wolf of the European species but a jackal-like creature characteristic of much of India.) This animal was shortly followed by another, of the same size, and after it trotted a third one. Then two cubs appeared, to be followed by the ghost. It was, Singh admitted, a hideous-looking thing: its body was that of a human being, but the head seemed to be "a big ball of something covering the shoulders and the upper portion of the bust." A face was visible through this ball—which later proved to be matted hair—and it was clearly human. After the first figure—which was far smaller than a human adult—came another, even smaller, which was just the same in appearance. Singh observed that their eyes were very bright, and he decided that the creatures were human beings. Before emerging altogether from the hole, the larger ghost paused, elbows on the ground, and looked around, then leaped out and followed the cubs. The smaller creature did the same in its turn. Both ran on all fours.

Later, reading Singh's diary, a professor at the University of Chicago asked him to elucidate a number of points, one of the professor's questions being "How did they 'run' on 'all fours'?" Singh replied that they placed the palms of their hands flat on the earth. Occasionally, they would crawl on hands and knees, but when they wanted to run they used hands and feet, and they ran very fast, so that it was extremely hard to catch them.

Meanwhile, members of the party were aiming the guns at the ghosts, and would have shot them if Singh had not insisted that they must not. The creatures were human, he said, and must not be killed. Having examined them again through the glass, the others admitted that he was right, and after another day of watching they made capture plans. The villager Chunarem, when it was proposed that

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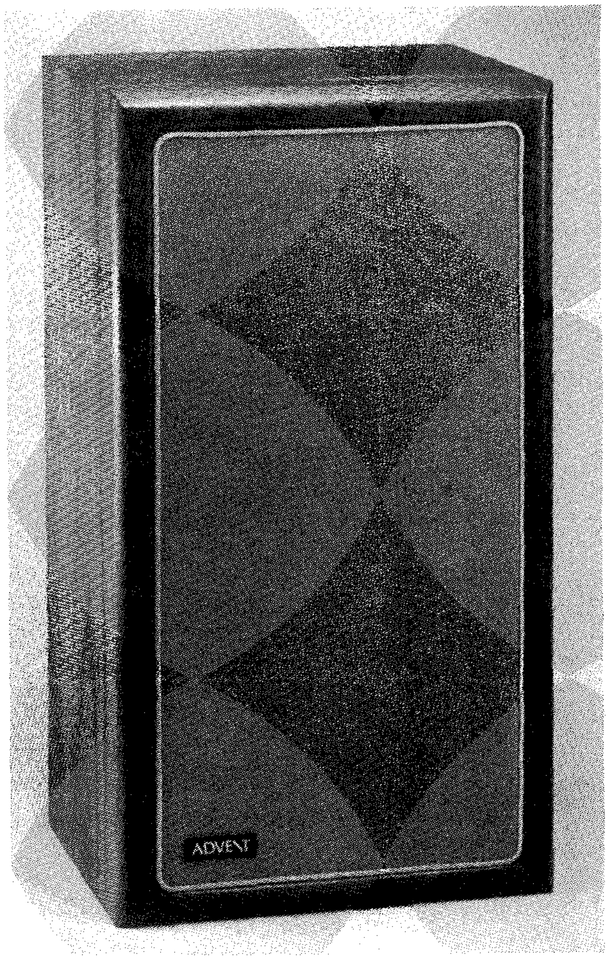

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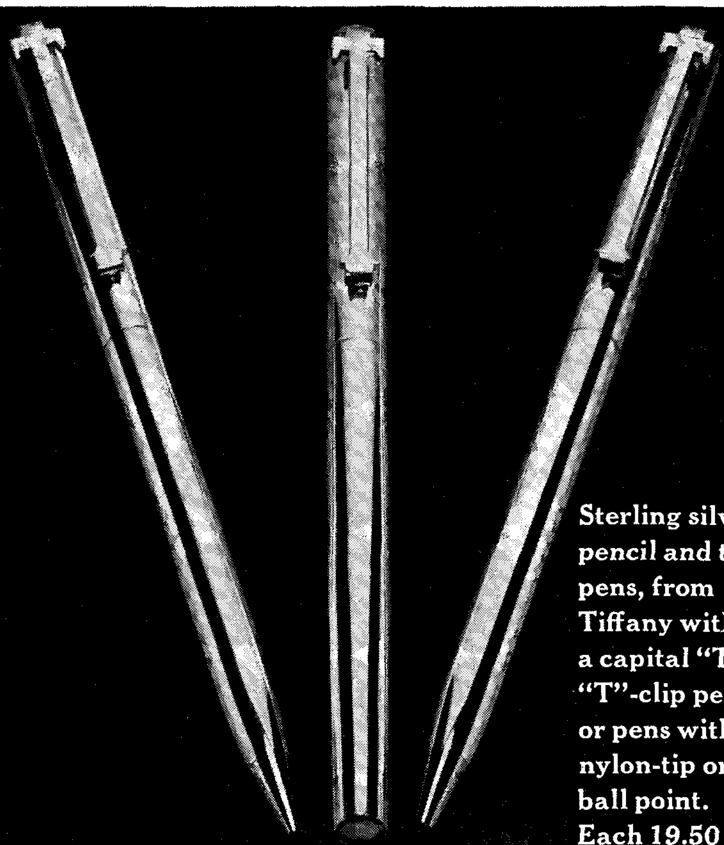
he help dig into the termite mound, flatly refused. He was very much afraid. Singh's party did not insist, but left Godamuri and moved on to another village, where nothing had been said of ghosts; they hired men there to dig out the mound, and brought them back without notifying the people of Godamuri. The digging was done on the morning of October 17th. As soon as it began, two of the wolves ran out of the mound and fled into the jungle. The third wolf, a female, did not run away but stayed on the spot to fight it out. Singh didn't intend to kill her; it seemed to him divine, he said, that she had kept the two children (though no doubt she had originally brought them back to the den as food for her cubs) and had brought them up. However, his helpers quickly dispatched her with arrows before he realized what they were doing, and that was that.

The diggers opened up the mound and found the human children and the cubs huddled together in what Singh called, vividly, a monkey-ball. First, a sheet was thrown over the lot of them, and then each animal or child was separated and swaddled in a separate covering. The cubs were given to the villagers to sell, and the human children—for they were merely children—were carried back to Godamuri. Singh put them in an enclosure in Chunarem's courtyard for the time being, with a pot of water and another of rice; he himself had to move on, to save souls elsewhere. Unfortunately, Chunarem and his family were so afraid of the creatures that soon after Singh disappeared they all ran away, leaving the children—who were both little girls—to starve. When the missionary came back after several days, the pair were nearly dead. He had to give them cloth soaked in hot tea to suck, for they wouldn't eat; soon they took milk, and he was able to put them in his bullock cart and take them back to Midnapore. After the children had been washed and their hair cut, they looked much better. The Singhs decided that the elder one, whom they named Kamala, was about eight years old, and the younger, Amala, a year and a half.

They were mute at first. The only sound that either one made was a peculiar cry, described by Mr. Singh as beginning with a hoarse voice and ending in a "thrilling shrill wailing, very loud and continuous": no doubt we would call it howling. Almost every night, they howled three times—at ten o'clock, at one, and again at three. Kamala's voice was stronger, Amala's



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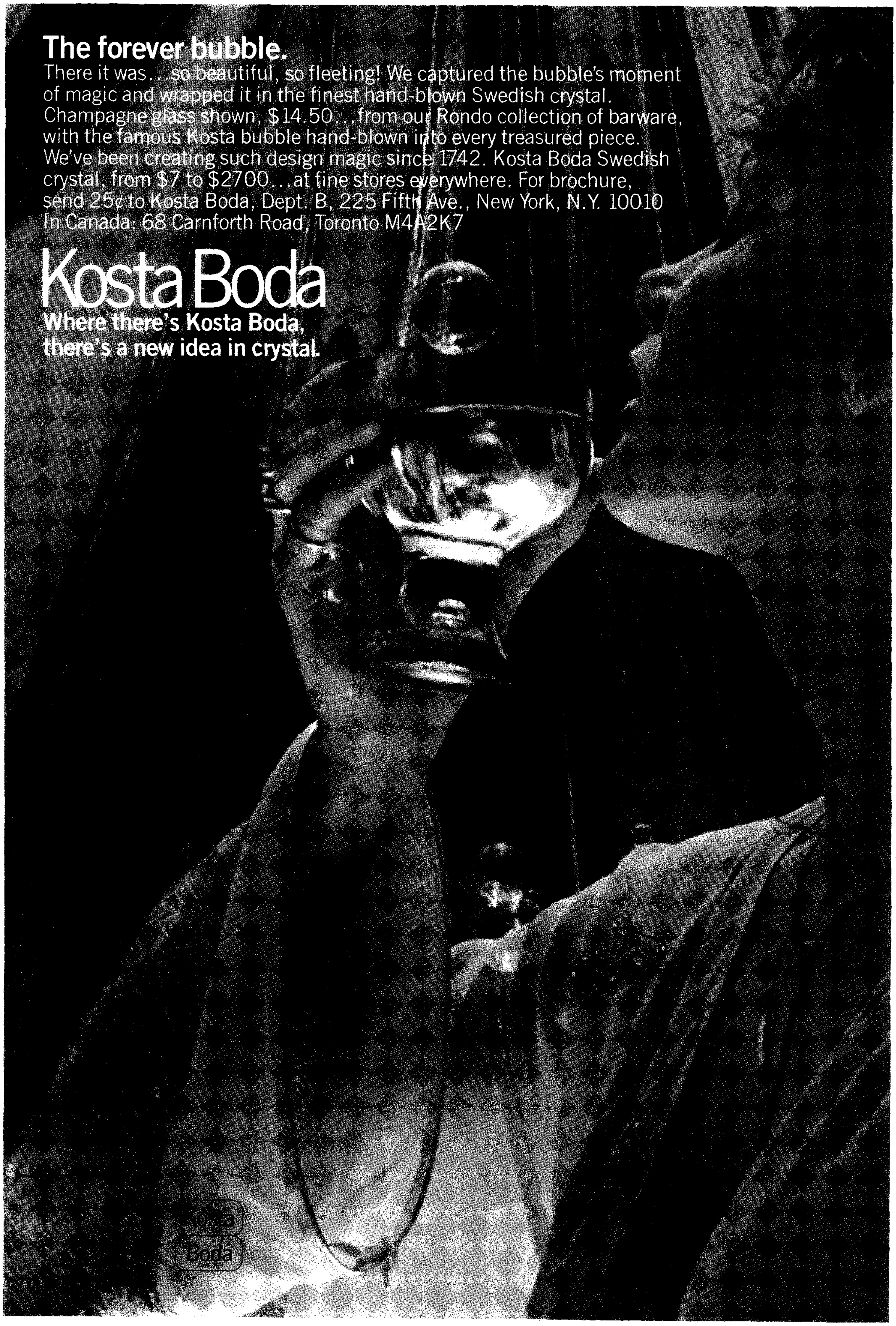

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For a short time, the new children showed more than a passing interest in just one of the other orphans, a little boy, and that, no doubt, was because he was too young to walk, and could only crawl, like them. However, they soon frightened him by getting angry and biting and scratching him, and he avoided them thereafter. They didn't even try to become friendly with the other children, but crouched together all day in a corner of the communal room and did nothing; Singh kindly described their activity as "musing." They were never left completely alone. But though the other children played and ran about and chattered, the wolf children did not attempt to make friends or join in.

"They were looking for the cubs and the wolves," Mr. Singh commented. If adults approached them, they sometimes showed their teeth. Three months after the capture, they frightened one of the children who had been guarding them by biting and scratching her, and slipped past her and got outside the compound, where they hid under some lantana bushes and made no sound while the Singhs and everyone else looked for them. At last, they were found and brought back, to resume their morose ways. This went on for weeks and months, with no improvement. Mr. Singh took notes from time to time on the pair's habits: how they could smell meat at a great distance, like animals, and how Kamala tracked down some raw meat where it was being prepared and tried to get hold of it, growling as she did so; how they could sit or squat on the ground but could not stand up straight. At first, they ate from plates on the floor, like dogs, never using their hands, and lapped milk or water from this position.

Soon they began to look for Mrs. Singh whenever they were hungry, going into the room where she was and hovering about until they got food and drink. Amala learned to make a sound when she wanted water or milk, saying "bhoo, bhoo," but Kamala only licked her lips with her tongue at such moments. At night, they slept huddled together like puppies—that is, when they slept. But they were restless and often got up to prowl in the dark. They tore off whatever clothes the Singhs put on them, giving in only to loincloths,

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which were fastened around them. They hated to be washed. With all this, it is surprising to read that the expressions on their faces were bright and pleasant. Indeed, Kamala was always smiling except when she was angry or afraid, and then she suddenly appeared ferocious. Neither child ever laughed outright. But sometimes when all the orphans were out-of-doors the two wolf children would play together, "running about, jumping on feet and hands, looking at one another in a different manner altogether."

The first hopeful sign that they might be socialized came in March, 1921, when a cow got loose in the garden. The other children ran in all directions, but the wolf children went straight to Mrs. Singh for safety. When they were ill, only she could feed them; they closed their eyes and ignored all other people who tried to help. She was attempting constantly to accustom them to the sound of speech, talking to them all the time, though they seemed only to be bothered by her conversation. She also took babies and played with them close by. Though the wolf children pretended to pay no attention, they sometimes looked sidewise at the infants. One day, Mrs. Singh distributed cookies to the babies and also offered some to Kamala and Amala. They would not take them from her hand, but she put the cookies down near them and then they took them. Eight months later, they were accepting such things directly from her. She also massaged them with oil for an hour every morning.

In September of 1921, the two wolf children fell ill with dysentery complicated by parasites. They were seriously ill, and Amala died on September 21st. Kamala tried, vainly, to wake the little girl up, and then, for the first time, she showed signs of emotion: two tears trickled down her cheeks. For six days after the younger child's body was buried, she sat in a corner, her face to the wall. Then, little by little, she began to show an interest in the outside world, leaving her corner to crawl over to some infant goats that were living in the house. Now and then, she took a couple of the kids in her lap, and after a while she actually tried to talk to them, making sounds like a baby just learning to prattle; she petted them affectionately.

When the kids outgrew the house, Kamala turned her attention to other living things—chickens, which did not return her affection, and a hyena cub that was around for a while. However, the cub died, and since there was no other animal for her to become friendly

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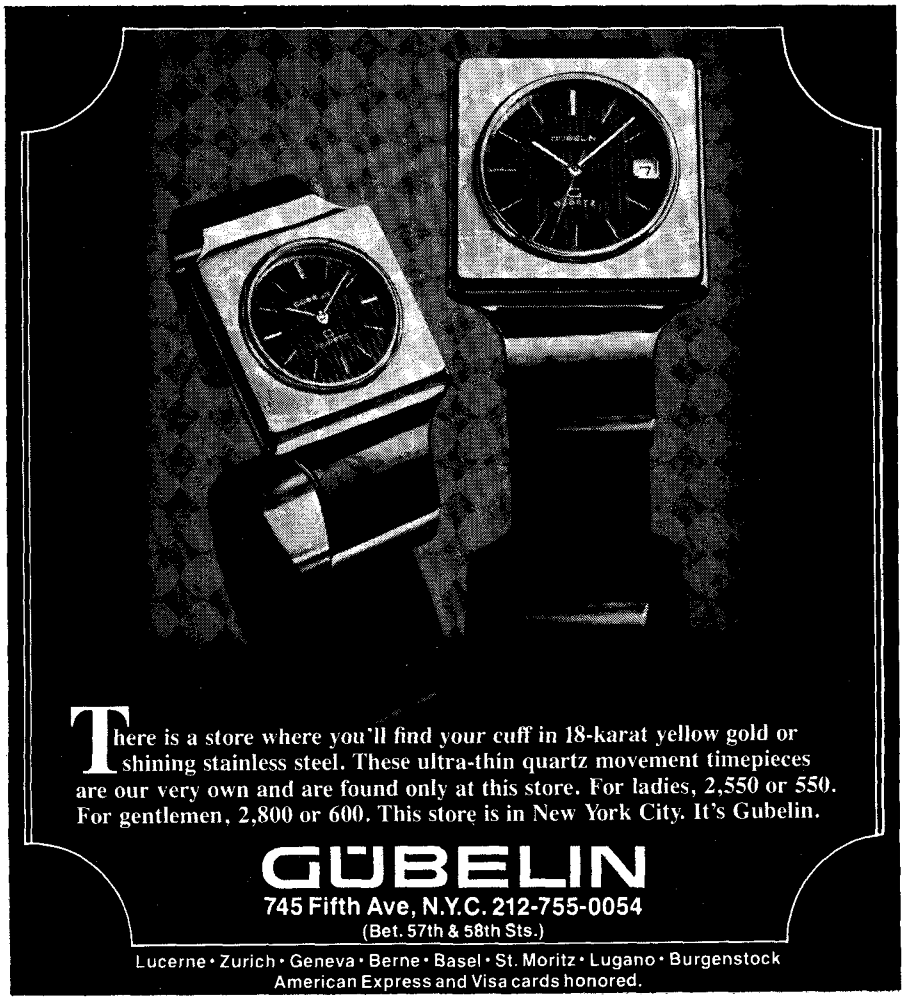
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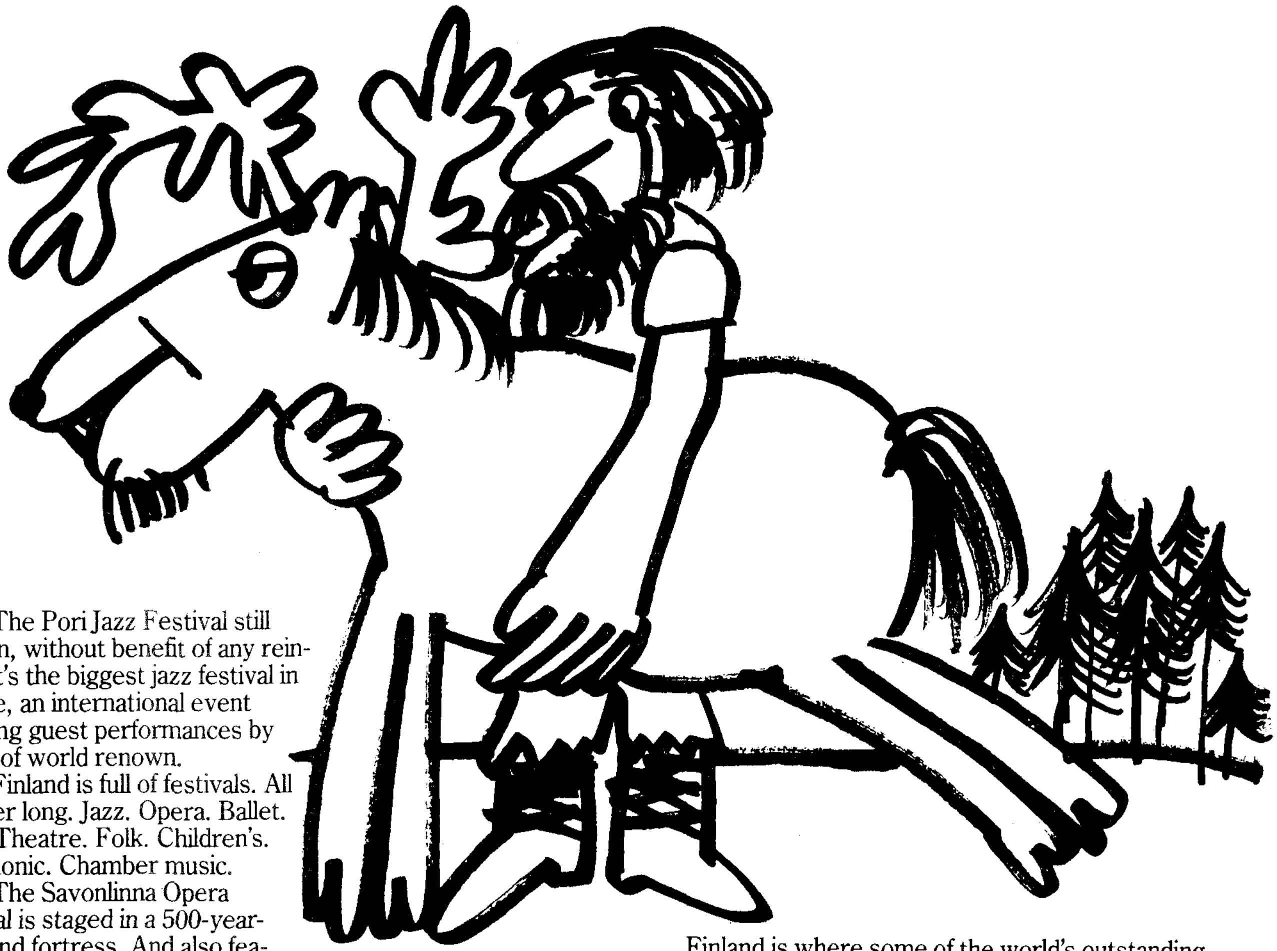

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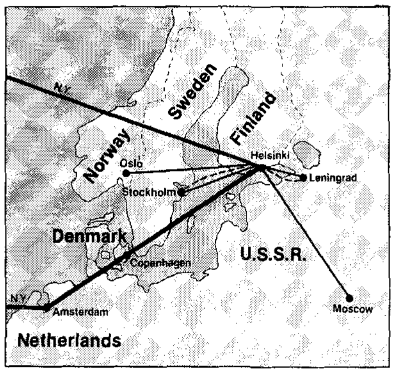

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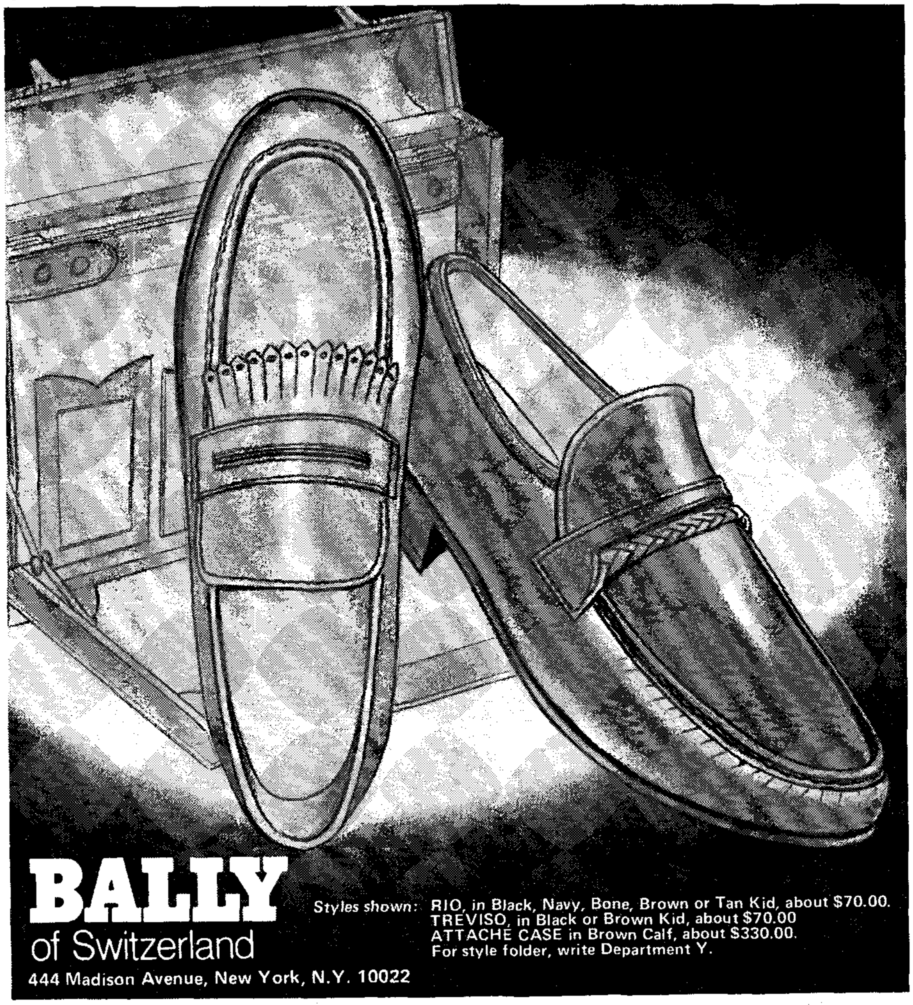

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with, she had to depend, in the end, on her fellow-beings. Mrs. Singh stepped up the massage, administering it in the morning and whenever else Kamala wanted it. This seems to have had a good effect on the child both physically and mentally. One day, as Kamala lay on her bed she made room for Mrs. Singh to sit down near her, took the woman's hand, and put it on her chest as if asking to be rubbed. This was toward the end of 1921. A few days later, Kamala began overtly watching Mrs. Singh play with the babies. When one of their toys rolled near her, she was likely to pick it up—especially if it happened to be red—and run away with it in her mouth, like a puppy frisking.

The Singhs began encouraging her to get up—or, at least, to kneel up. Food was served to her not on the floor but above her head on a stool, so that she had to kneel up to get it. They gave her a pillow to help support her waist and back. In a few months, she was walking a little way on her knees and no longer needed the pillow. Next, the Singhs arranged benches in a square around a table of the same height, on which they put a plate of tempting tidbits. Kamala watched the babies prop themselves against the benches to reach for the plate; it was too much of a reach and they failed, but Kamala waited until she thought no one was watching and then she, too, tried. She succeeded after straightening her legs for a moment. A few days later, the Singhs took her out into the garden with the cat, which often played with her. The cat climbed a tree, and Kamala attempted to do likewise. She didn't get very far, but she did straighten her legs to lean against a branch.

After another year, there was no danger that Kamala would run away; she became afraid of the dark, like the other children, and at night would stay close to the Singhs out-of-doors. Now it was taken for granted that she would go with the babies when they went for their outings. By this time, she could stand up, though she never learned to run bipedally. When she was in a hurry, she dropped to the old position, on all fours.

At the end of 1924, when she suffered another attack of dysentery and had to stay in bed for a few days, the wolf girl amazed everybody by suddenly beginning to pronounce many words. In all, her vocabulary amounted to more than forty-five words at the end of this time. To be sure, they were poorly pronounced, but she clearly knew what they represented. After that, she kept trying out new words, talking to herself as she played. Then she began singing, humming so intently that at times she did not respond when she was addressed. That year, Mrs. Singh went away to Calcutta for a few days, and Kamala moped until she came back. When Mrs. Singh returned, the girl ran joyfully to her on hands and feet, turned around and around and rubbed against her, then walked proudly back to the house with her adopted mother. She often depended on signs when words failed her. Once, when another child hurt herself in the garden, Kamala ran to fetch Mrs. Singh and managed to get the idea across without saying anything.

During the next few years, Kamala's progress was steady, if slow. Not only did her language ability improve but she was definitely one of the group of children at the orphanage, sharing their duties and their games. Her eating habits, too, became more human. Once, when they found a dead chicken, everyone expected her to pounce on it and eat it, but she didn't, and when she was asked if she wanted it she said, "No, no." When dogs barked at her, she seemed afraid, and went a long way around to avoid them—a great change on both sides, commented Mr. Singh. She developed and learned. But in September of 1929 she fell ill of an ailment that none of the local doctors could diagnose, and her illness made it impossible for the Singhs to accept an invitation from the Psychological Society of New York to bring the wolf girl to America and go on a lecture tour with her. Mr. Singh had long since given up trying to keep her concealed, and many papers had published reports about her; interest in her was high. Kamala died on November 14th, at the age, if Mr. Singh's estimate was correct, of between sixteen and seventeen.

This, the most detailed account in literature of wild, or feral, children, was studied, edited, and commented on by Dr. Robert M. Zingg, then an associate professor of anthropology at the University of Denver. Dr. Zingg included in his book a number of other cases of what he describes as "extreme isolation": Kaspar Hauser, the wild boy of Aveyron, the bear children of Lithuania, and many others. Some of the accounts are reasonably credible, but others are very doubtful. A few of these children may well have been idiots from the start of their lives, and may have been cast out on that account. Others, of course, were not necessarily retarded before they experi-

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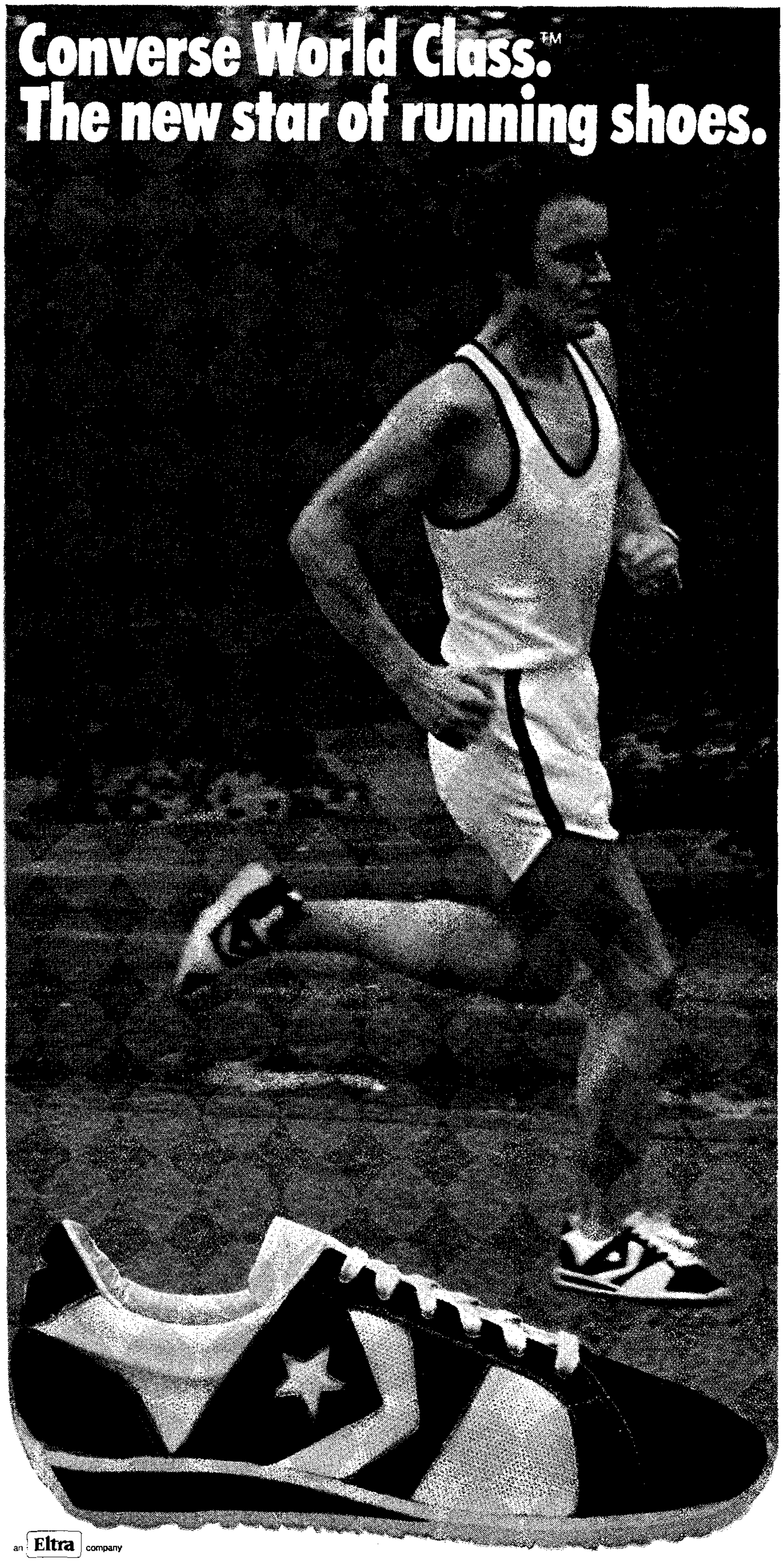

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enced enforced isolation from their kind.

Dr. Lenneberg dismissed the subject firmly: "The only safe conclusion to be drawn . . . is that life in dark closets, wolves' dens, forests, or sadistic parents' back yards is not conducive to good health and normal development."

This seems as appropriate a place as any to relate that on March 29, 1978, the London *Daily Telegraph* carried the following story from Reuters:

> GIRL, 3, SAVED BY WOLF
>
> A wolf saved a farm-worker's three-year-old daughter, lost overnight on a snow-covered hillside, by keeping her warm with its body, a Russian newspaper said yesterday. The incident happened in the Caucasian Republic of Azerbaijan.
>
> The girl told her mother: "There was a dog there with me. He licked my face." Villagers returned to the scene and found a full-grown wolf sitting nearby.

IN a collection of papers written by various experts in the field of what Professor Thomas A. Sebeok, of Indiana University, has called "zoosemiotics"—in other words, animal communication—each writer tries valiantly to define what he means by the term, and, if no two of them actually agree on a definition, at least they provide a most stimulating lot of theories. As Professor Sebeok himself tells us, "speech is the principal, but by no means the only, mechanism whereby communities are knit into social organizations via a systematic flow of messages exchanged over *interpersonal* communication channels." There are other mechanisms, he points out: such "sensory modalities" as auditory and visual signals, touch, smell, taste, even temperature signals. Gulls communicate with each other by means of postures and movements as well as calls. The male American alligator roars to attract the female, but she is also attracted by the fountain of water sent up by the roars, and by a musky smell from the glands in his mouth. The more I have read about the subject, the less I have felt I knew. In search of really practical ideas about animal communication, I have turned to zoos and the people who work in them.

At the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, in Tucson, which houses creatures indigenous to the region, I asked my questions of Charles L. Hanson, curator of birds and mammals. "There are lots of things we don't understand about animal signals," he admitted. We were sitting in a pleasant office surrounded by low-lying shrubs and here and there a tree. A pair of small ferrets were making free with the place, running about, wrestling with each other, and sometimes taking mock refuge in the bookcases. They emitted shrill, tiny squeaks, like rusty machinery, as they boxed and scampered. Facing Dr. Hanson across another desk sat the zoo's curator of education, Doris Ready. Every so often, she had to stop listening to the conversation to answer a telephoned inquiry about school visits or publications. "Why animals react as they sometimes do to strangers is a puzzle," said Hanson. "I know there are criticisms of observations made in a zoo, on the ground that the situation is so artificial that such observations have no validity. I don't think that's true. Even in an artificial situation, the animals still reflect intelligence levels, communication levels, and behavioral patterns that are characteristic and valid, and these should be given serious consideration, because, after all, they simply cannot be made in the wild. It's the only opportunity we have to document. I think most people are beginning more to accept such knowledge. When we see the relation between bobcat and human being here, for instance, there's no reason to suppose that it differs radically from communication between bobcat and bobcat in the wild. Certainly we shouldn't just ignore it, though the interpretation, of course, is always open to question. I must admit that here at the museum we are emotionally involved with our animals, and such involvement precludes objectivity. Even so, the observations themselves are valid. Interpretations by other people are quite all right as long as one doesn't throw out the material."

We talked for a while about relationships between animals in captivity—between animal and animal as well as between animal and man. Doris Ready told me that she had raised at her home a kit fox, one of the little animals that live in the western deserts. The fox, a female, has lived in the house ever since she was very small, and has made one or two strange friendships in the process, the most familiar one being with the Ready cat.

"An ordinary house cat?" I asked.

"Yes, just a cat. When the fox was only a few weeks old and the cat was about a year and a half, they met for the first time. I wasn't at all sure of the cat's reaction, so I held on to him while the fox investigated, and then I held the fox so the cat could relax, and after a while it seemed safe to let them both go. For a while—I forget how long, exactly—nothing happened, but one day when they were both out in the

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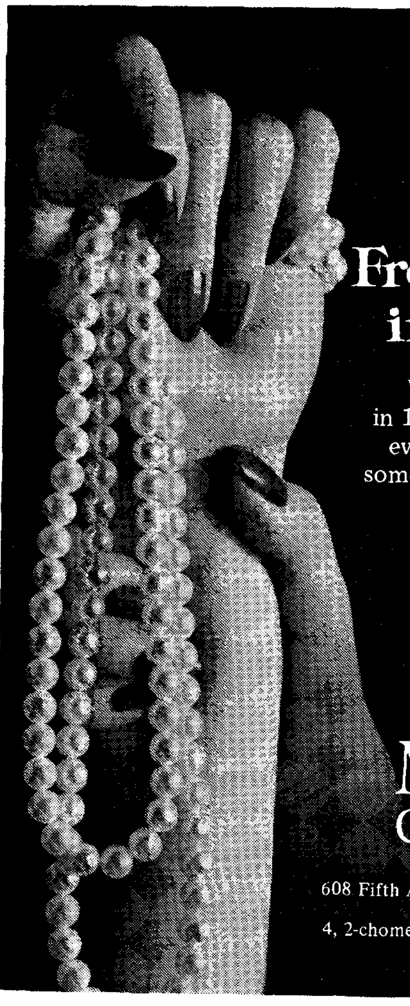

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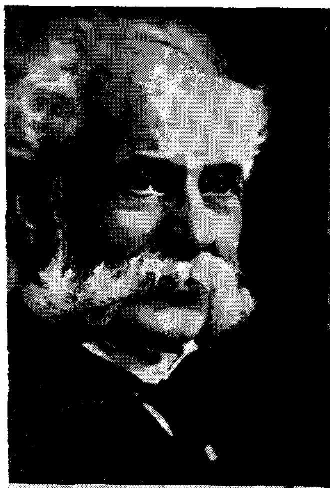

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ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
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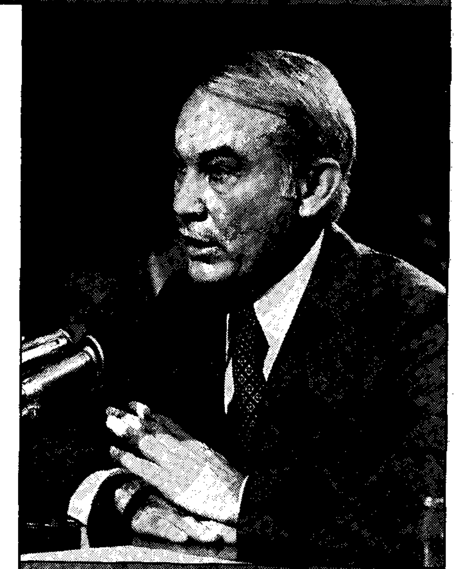

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yard, all of a sudden the fox began doing her thing behind a bush—dodging and posturing, ears laid back, making a kind of giggling sound. Then the cat jumped into the air and started playing like a kitten, chasing the fox, and that was just what the fox wanted. They played around like that all over the place. Sometimes they chased each other in the house, fox after cat. Then the fox finally began the grooming thing, starting to nibble, nibble, nibble on the cat, and the cat didn't care for it at all. He kept backing away."

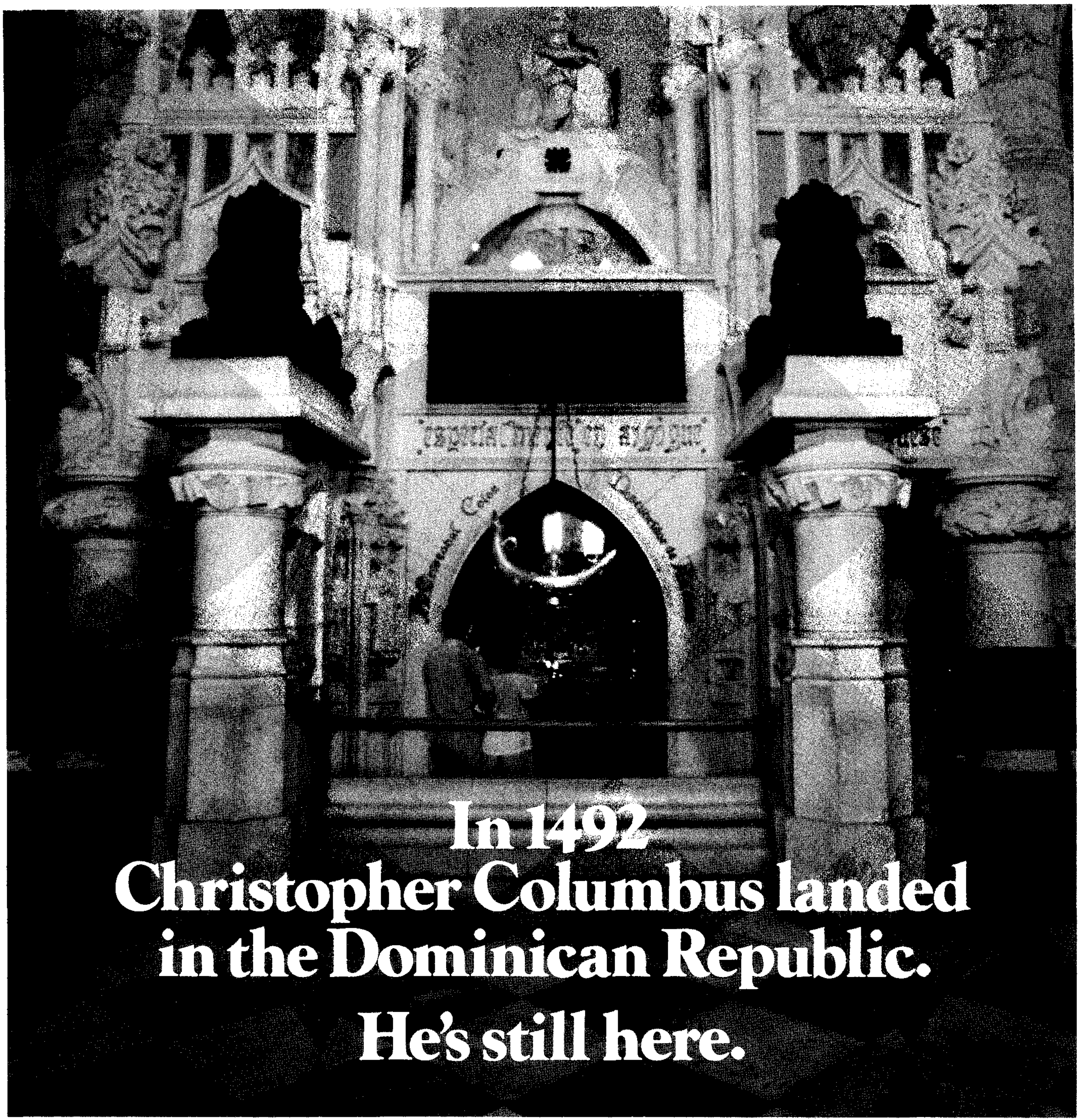
Hanson explained to me, "Kit foxes' teeth are admirably constructed for grooming. The muzzle is quite long, and at the tip are the small front teeth they use in the exercise. They love to groom each other."

Mrs. Ready took up her story. "Well, the fox kept doing it, and then one day—I don't remember just when it was—the cat started grooming the fox back. Nowadays when the cat doesn't feel like it he just walks off. Other times, they groom each other for as much as ten or fifteen minutes. Sometimes you have a wet fox and a wet cat. They take turns: after the fox has groomed for a while, she seems to feel it's her turn, and she stands there sort of leaning toward the cat with her eyes half closed."

"The only time the cat objects is when the fox starts grooming his ears," Hanson said. "But she can't be stopped. It's an important part of the kit fox's social behavior. I told Michael Fox about it. You know who he is, don't you? The man who studies canine-and-cat behavior. Well, I told him about this unusual intergeneric social behavior, and he was interested. It didn't really surprise him, though. He said a kit fox is so extroverted and so social that if you deprived it all other animal association it would even groom an elephant."

"We had another weird combination of friendships," Mrs. Ready said ruminatively. "We had a black vulture that we raised from an egg. When it was about half grown, I tried to introduce it to the cat, and the cat split. It wasn't seen again for the rest of the day. But the fox took to the vulture right away, and they would chase each other back and forth, back and forth. The fox always initiated the play, and I'm not sure if the vulture really enjoyed it. It's hard to tell. A vulture doesn't have quite as expressive a face as a fox has."

"A kit fox can relate to absolutely anything," declared Hanson. "For that reason, one subspecies, the San Joaquin



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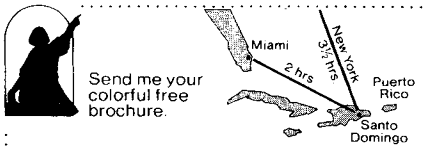

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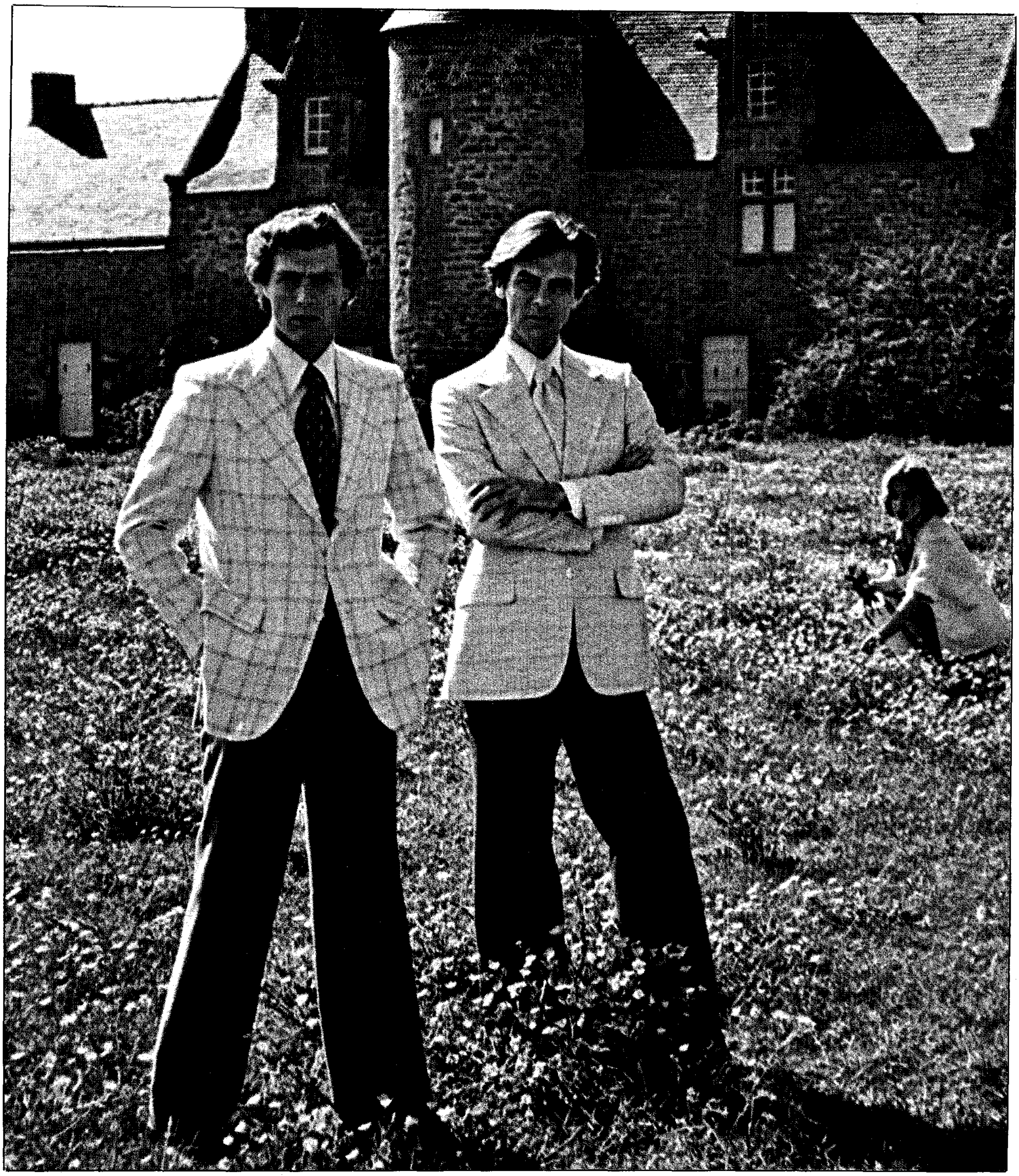

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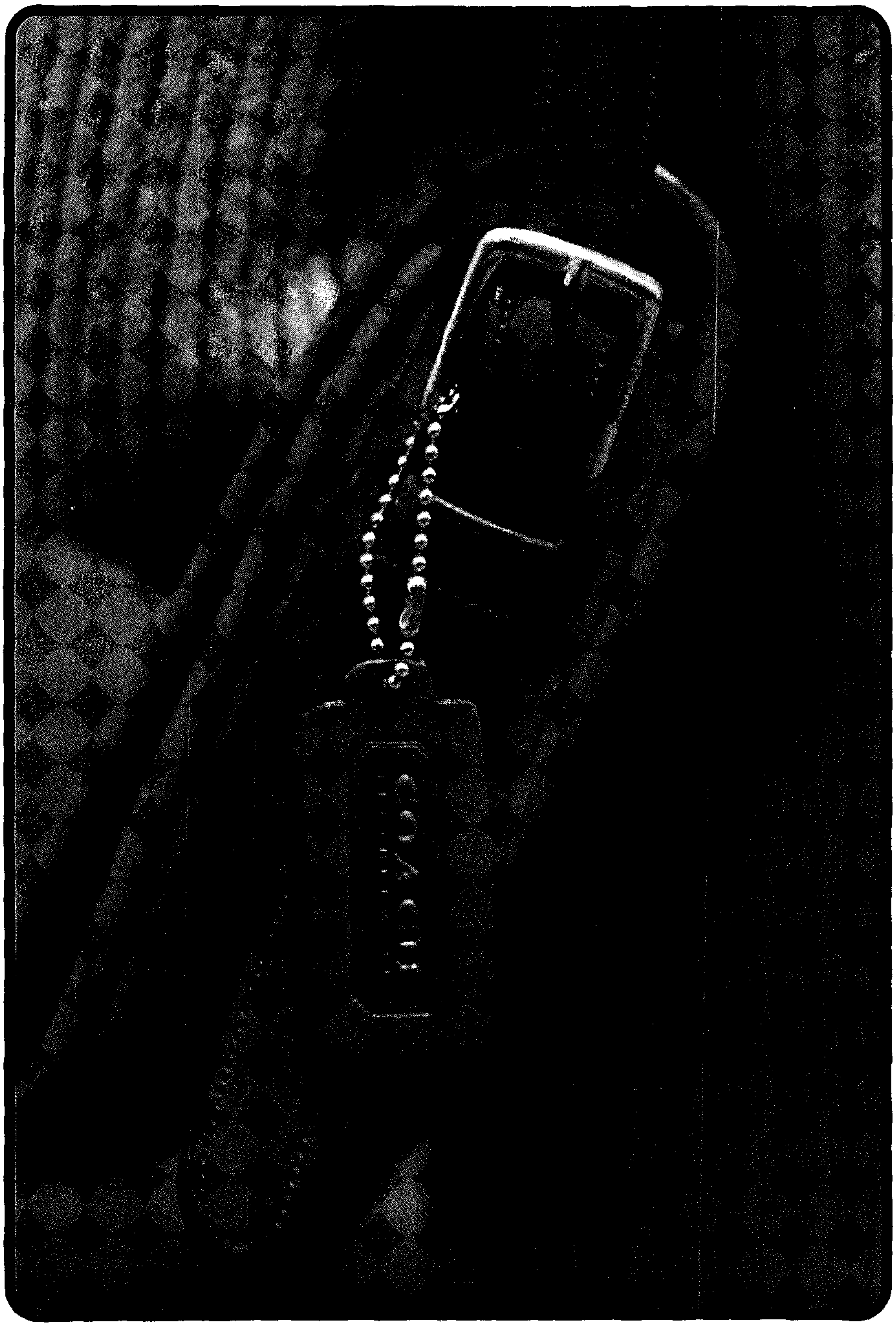

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Valley kit fox, is an endangered animal. It thinks the whole world is its friend.”

“Except one animal,” said Doris Ready. “I once brought home a skunk and put it on the floor, and the fox walked right by as if it weren’t there. All the animals ignored that skunk.”

“Sure,” said Hanson. “The skunk wears a flash pattern, black and white, that says ‘Avoid,’ and all other animals do avoid it—except the domestic dog. I guess that sort of caution has been bred out of dogs—which is inconvenient sometimes. Maybe you could cross kit foxes with cocker spaniels and come up with dogs that would avoid skunks. You haven’t seen Mike Fox’s project yet—the crosses he’s made between coyotes and beagles. They’ve produced some strange animals: some pups look like beagles and act like coyotes, and some look like coyotes and act like beagles. Some are beagles with ears that stand up, others are coyotes with drooping ears. He certainly got some bizarre-looking animals. Of course, he isn’t breeding them for looks but to study the genetics of behavior, behavioral anomalies, hybrid characteristics. Do you know that the coyote has been bred in captivity and is sometimes sold in pet shops? It happens, especially around here, which is too bad, as only an exceptional adult coyote can be handled by man. Among these crosses of Michael Fox’s, some are quite beagle-like in their relationships with man, but others develop coyote characteristics as they get older.”

Doris Ready brought the subject back to her kit fox, saying that, although it was indeed ordinarily very affectionate, it had different reactions to different people, and was well aware of the identity of various callers at the house. “She likes the human beings she’s known since she was a little bitty baby, but with new people it’s as if she makes up her mind on sight. She takes an instant dislike to some, who don’t seem to relate very well to animals. Sometimes she nips their ankles. But my mother, who, as a matter of fact, isn’t usually very good with animals, is a great favorite with her. You wonder what it is—how it is that animals happen to like certain people, don’t you?”

“It’s an interesting thing,” Hanson agreed. “What clues do the higher animals use to relate to a human being? As you say, Doris, it isn’t necessarily the person’s attitude. I’m convinced of that. It can’t be a matter of smell, either. It used to be thought that animals might be turned off by the adrenalin pumping in a frightened or worried human being, because it produced an olfactory

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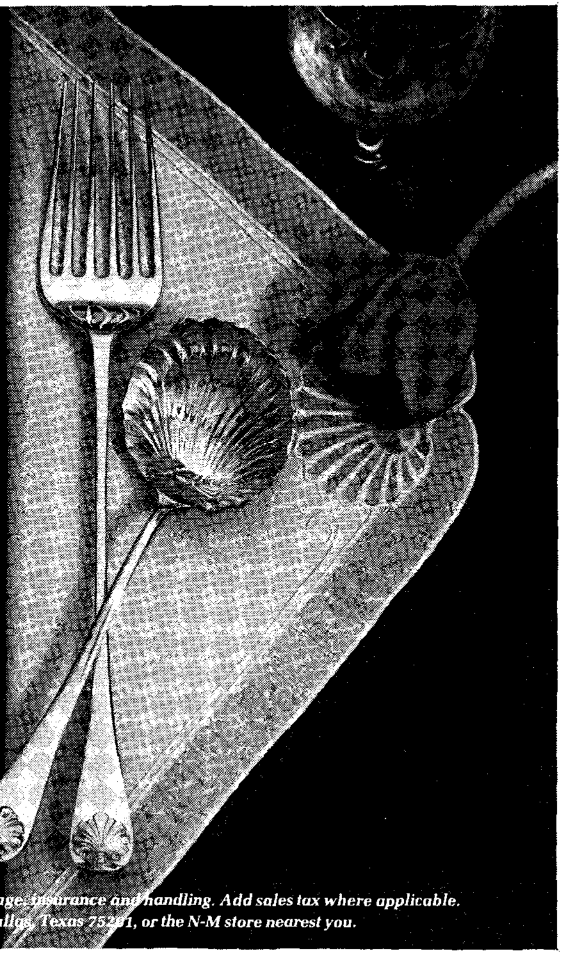

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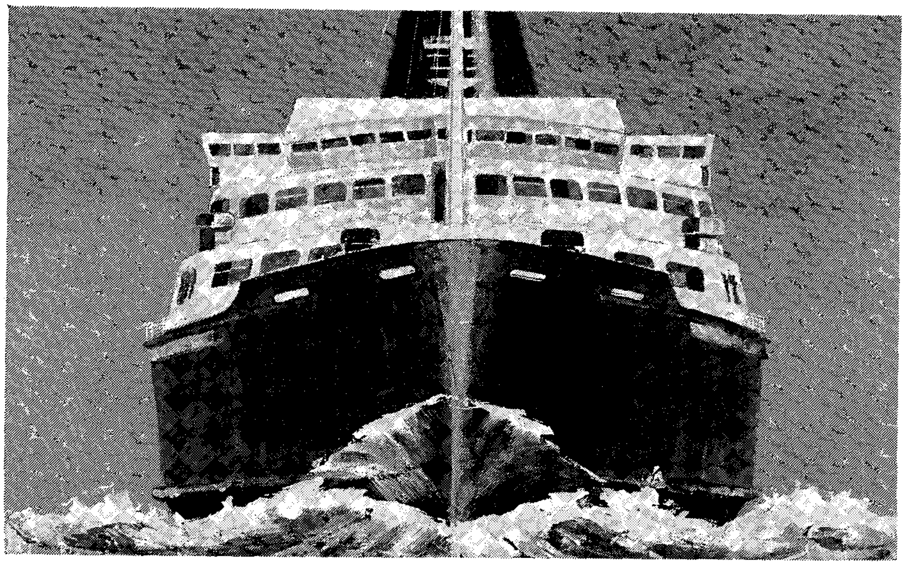

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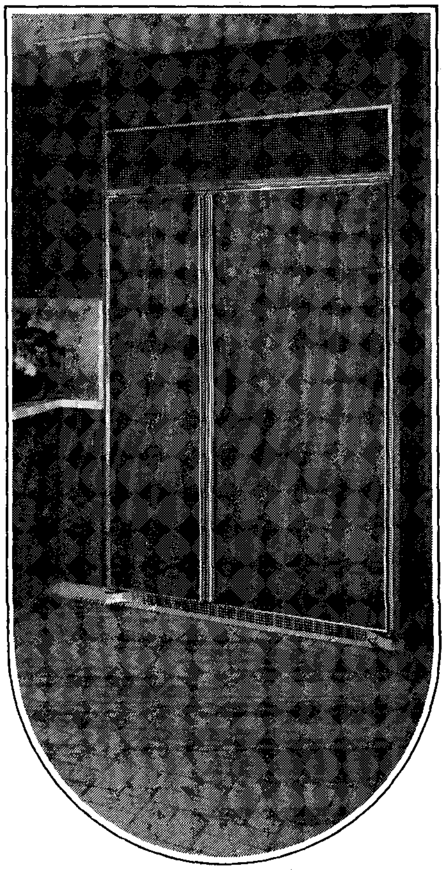

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clue that the animal might pick up and would interpret as a sign of anger or fear, but you sometimes see an animal take a great liking to somebody through a glass door or a window. One thing we know—the animal makes a decision very quickly. You can watch it happening. Doris can see it with her kit fox, and I can with a bobcat I keep as a pet. I can tell immediately what the bobcat thinks of a person—whether he thinks, You're O.K., I can relate to you, or You're somebody I really don't like, and if you come in here I'll show you how much I don't like you. It's absolutely incredible, and I don't know how it happens."

I told them about an experience of that sort which I had one day at the Whipsnade zoo, in England, when I was walking there with my husband. Whipsnade has large outdoor paddocks to accommodate the hoofed animals, and as we were walking past one of these, which was full of various placid grazing beasts, we saw one animal running toward us. It was a gnu, and its eyes were fixed on my husband, Charles. It ran straight into the fence, as if it were trying to attack him. It recoiled from the collision, but a moment later it was trying again with all its might to get at Charles. It followed us all the way along, inside the fence, until it could go no farther, showing every sign of enmity. "What do you suppose it was all about?" I asked now. "To my certain knowledge, Charles has never hurt a gnu in his life, and he hardly ever goes to zoos. Perhaps something about him reminded the animal of an old enemy. What do you think?"

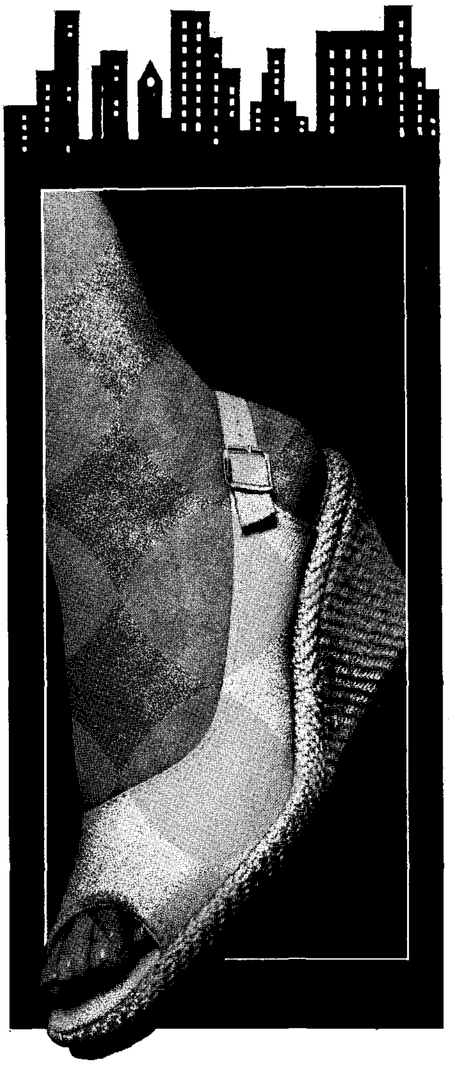
"No telling," said Hanson. "Take cats. Their etiquette is very interesting. If you want to get along with a cat, you have to know several basic things. Most people when they see a cat—that is, if they like cats—want to pet it and cuddle it. They may say something, too, like 'Hi there!' Now, that isn't the way. You want to look at the animal just for a minute, and after your eyes meet, you must turn your eyes away, to show the cat that you aren't being aggressive—because the aggressive posture of the cat is the locked-eye gaze and various other attitudes, depending on the subspecies, that mean, 'I am threatening you.' Cats will transfer this reaction to human beings, and when the stranger says 'Hi!' a cat will, according to its nature, back away or make a threatening gesture or merely ignore him. There are certain rigid rules of cat etiquette which you don't violate if you are really going to get acquainted with it. With some cats in captivity, this response is, in time, eroded away, and they become accepting, but some others never give it up."

I asked if he thought it was true that cats always know when they meet people who can't bear them.

Hanson said he didn't think so. He had taken such people in to see his bobcat, he said, and nothing happened, though on one occasion the bobcat sensed from the visitor's recoil how he felt, and gave him a little push. "It was a testing thing," he said. "He was trying to sense what the man would do. Distressing for the man, of course, but not important. The cat didn't bite or attack, or anything—just pushed, just tested. In other cases, he simply ignored the people. Yet I've seen times when people weren't quite sure they wanted to meet a bobcat, and he was charming. One would like to know just what is communicated. Often, I know I'm communicating with him but I don't know what I'm saying or how I'm saying it. There's no rule I can come up with." He paused, puffing at his pipe, and thought.

I CONCLUDED that if it was possible to collect so much esoteric information in the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, which is deliberately kept small and restricted, there must be a real wealth of knowledge to be garnered at a larger zoo, where exotic animals are kept. I decided to go to the Oklahoma City Zoo and talk with the people there. Dr. Lawrence Curtis, the director, made me welcome and suggested that we talk first of all with the superintendent, Nick Eberhardt, and Mr. Eberhardt met us in the boardroom behind the office. He is a tall, thin, graying man with a gentle Western voice. I admit that his first remark surprised me. When I broached the subject of communication between human beings and animals, he said simply, "Hoofed animals are the stupidest animals there are."

He didn't seem a censorious type, so I waited. I soon gathered that his object had not been to condemn; it was just that his attitude was rather like a cowboy's—critical but indulgent, even fond. He went on, "Probably because they're used to a wide range, they don't stabilize very fast in a pen. But I've learned that if you've got a lot of them penned up and just stroll among them you get them conditioned to you. You hum or whistle, and this quiets them, and they associate the feeling with you. When you've done that, you can wander around and make any inspection you like, even when they're spooky." He stopped and thought it over. "I



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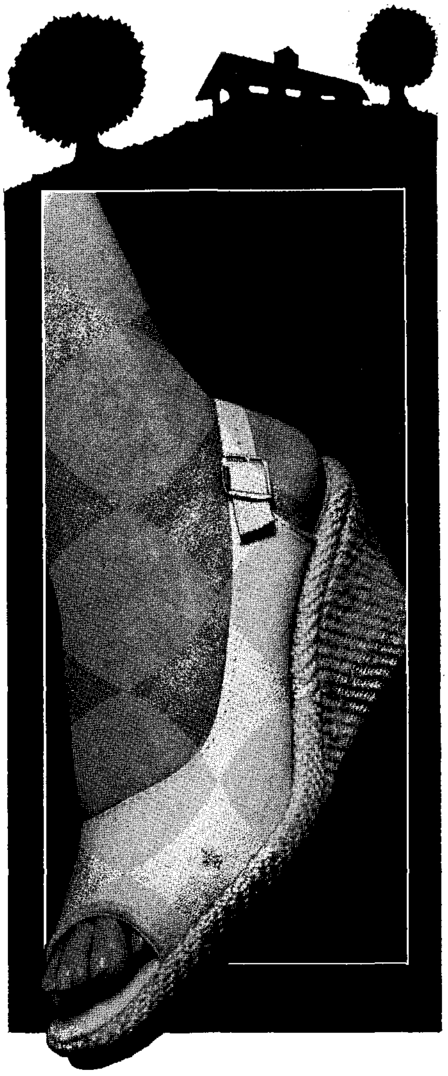

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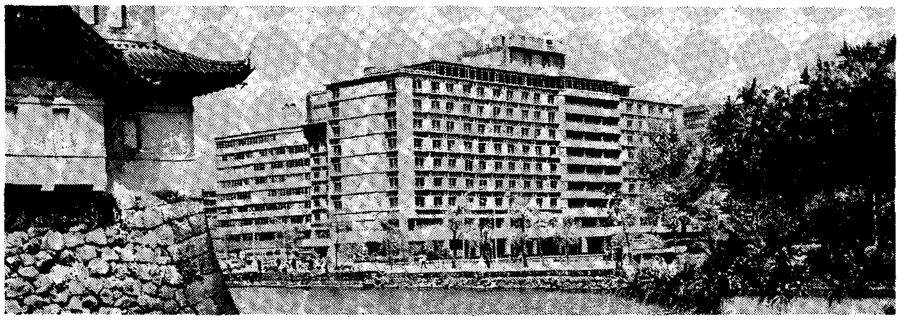

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think a man can have rapport with any type of animal. I know I can go in and feel perfectly at ease—there's no feeling on my part of fear, no feeling that they're going to hurt me. I just walk right through, paying no attention, and they stay calm. They can sense if a person's afraid—I don't know how."

Curtis egged him on. "Does it make a difference, Nick, if you're alone or if you have somebody with you?"

"Makes a great difference," said Eberhardt. "When I've got somebody with me, the animals become more alert. They prick up their ears, and their eyes flicker, and they move to a safe distance. It's a kind of tightening up. If you have to go in with somebody else—to administer a tranquillizer, for instance—even if the man with you is experienced, it's better for the two of you to enter one at a time. And if there's any cover, like a tree, one of you ought to climb it for a minute, until the other has gone in. Then it's all right. You can close in and tranquillize your animal, or whatever you're there for, with no trouble. Apparently, they can't count. But if you go in with a greenhorn you have to be careful, because nine times out of ten you can't convince him that he mustn't keep eying the animals."

When I asked Eberhardt if direct eye contact has an effect on an animal, he said that with some animals it does. "In a herd, if you stop short and look straight at one particular animal, for a minute its ears go up and it's alert, and then—it's gone. I can get a reaction from Judy, our elephant, that way, but she only hesitates in whatever she's doing. A direct stare at a gorilla will bother him, but he shows it in different ways. Most of them stare hard in another direction—over your shoulder, or something—and our big orang, if you look at him, looks away, too. Funny."

Curtis then said, "Of course, everybody who is connected with a zoo takes part in communication of one sort or another with animals, and that's why it's so important to find the right people—people with a brown thumb, as we call it here."

In the next few days, I met several such people.

I asked Shirley Keffer, an imposing, handsome young woman who manages the children's zoo and animal nursery, if she shared Eberhardt's opinion of hoofed animals. "Some hoofed stock you just can't tame down," she said. "But when they're newborn babies I take them into the kitchen, where I can be with them eight hours a day, and there I can teach them to get used

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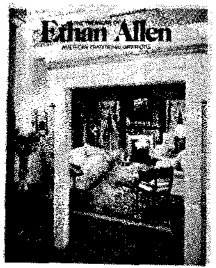

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to me and eat. Next I train them to come to me for the bottle, because you can't chase a hoofed animal all over the lot to feed it. Some of those little things get to be just like cows, coming for the bottle. They'll never tame down, but they'll come for their food—to me and sometimes to my assistant. But if a stranger goes in and one of us isn't there, you might just as well forget it. It's always seemed strange to me that a little thing that's never seen anybody but me since it was dropped wouldn't accept me outright as a substitute mother, but it won't. Any other kind of animal will. We've raised marmosets, orangs, all kinds of primates, cavies, kangaroos, bears—you name it."

Mrs. Keffer spoke feelingly of the difficulties involved in raising baby golden lion marmosets, of which the zoo can boast a unique record: she has successfully hand-raised two of this fragile, threatened species from South America. Syringe-feeding one of these tiny infants must be done every two hours, and she had to arrange a twenty-four-hour schedule to keep them alive. "But you get awfully attached to something like that," she said. "Afterward, when you're successful, you feel you've *got* something. Things that are easy you don't remember so well, but when I've got something really sick or in intensive care—well, the memory stays with you. We've still got the first marmoset of the colony here in the zoo. Lawrence has promised we'll always keep him. I go to see him occasionally. Marmosets we don't have a very good record with generally, the reason being that most of them don't come to us until they're three-quarters dead—when the mother's rejected them and they're found on the floor, something like that. But we have raised a few, and it's very rewarding.

"I used to be a private secretary. Then I came out here, and I wouldn't trade it for the world. When I first came out, it was kind of an experiment. The only females the zoo had working for it were in the nursery, but they put me part-time in the children's zoo, as an assistant keeper, and then part-time in the nursery, the isolation area, and the hospital, and I got to be able to work with adult animals. I dearly loved that. If any of them here or there got sick, I looked after them, and finally, when the supervisor of the nursery left, they put me in charge, and here I am. The only trouble with nursery work is that it plays havoc with your family life. I have two children. I take home everything that's born, with the exception of the hoofed stock, and I've taught the children not to touch, but it means

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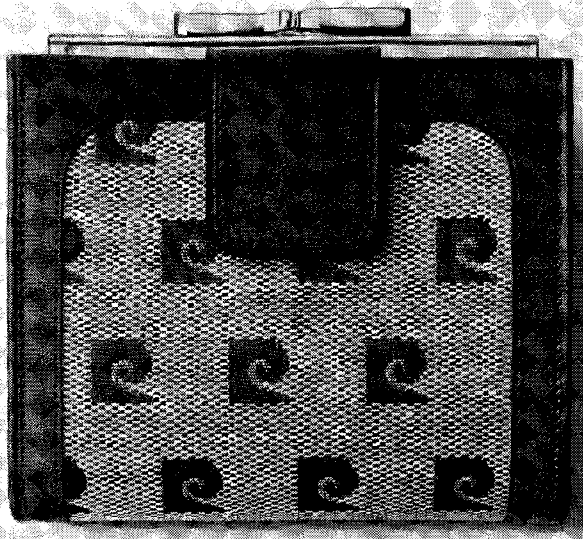

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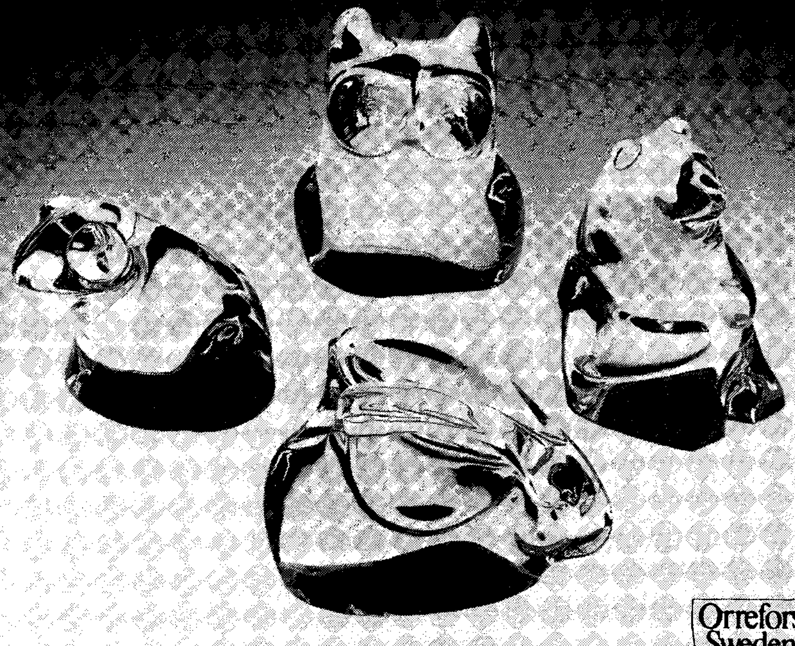

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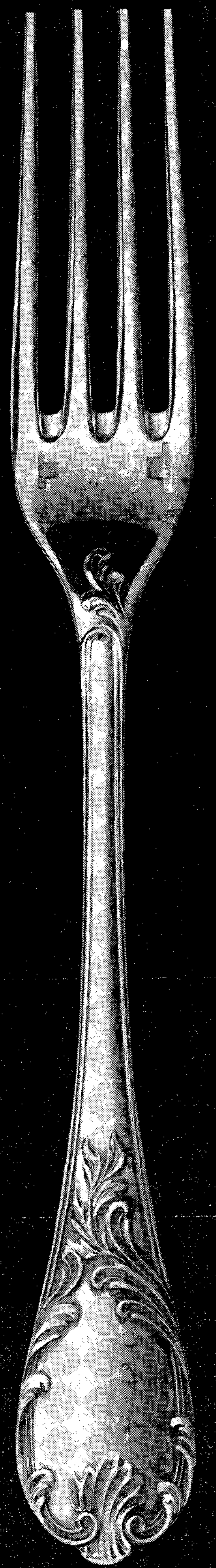

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we have to cancel so many things at the last minute. With the cats, I've got my husband to help with the feeding. When you feed a tiger, you get interested in spite of yourself, and now that he's involved he's a real help."

I asked Mrs. Keffer if she thought the tone of her voice was important in her relations with the animals, and she said yes, but added that she thought it was, more important, smell that most affected them. A hoofed animal usually lifts its upper lip to sniff the air at the approach of a human being, and that, she believes, is how it detects strangers. "I know they recognize my voice, too," she went on. "But, in any case, they can definitely tell a stranger every time. There's another funny thing. Once in a while, an animal takes a dislike to a person when there's absolutely no reason that we can see. I remember an addax—African antelope—that hated me. He wouldn't take food from me, though I never did anything to make him mad, and I worked and worked to make it up with him. I think, too, he was one animal who knew me by sight, not smell. And there's a black leopard here who can pick me out of a crowd at any distance within sight of the cage, and I can talk to her and she'll jump up and climb the tree there and roll over like a baby, the way she always did when I was bringing her up. I know that that animal remembers, and it isn't a question of smell in her case, either; it has to be sight. They do remember. We have holding pens here, on the other side of the zoo, and when my animals are big enough to be moved out they're taken there for a while. Sometimes it's as much as three or four months after they've been moved that I go over there—I usually go along with any animals that are being moved, because it keeps them from being too upset—and the ones already there know me, and come crowding up to suck my fingers. They really have memory. They go on being babies."

We discussed the well-known opinion of one seasoned animal keeper who maintains that all captive animals are, in a sense, in a state of perpetual immaturity, because they are protected and fed and are never in danger. Mrs. Keffer disagreed. "In some cases, anyway, that's not true," she said. "There's an aardwolf I've kept for a little more than a year now, and some time ago he started charging the keepers. He didn't attack me, but he attacked everybody else. It got so that on my days off nobody could get in to clean his cage. Then, just a couple of weeks ago, he charged me, too, and

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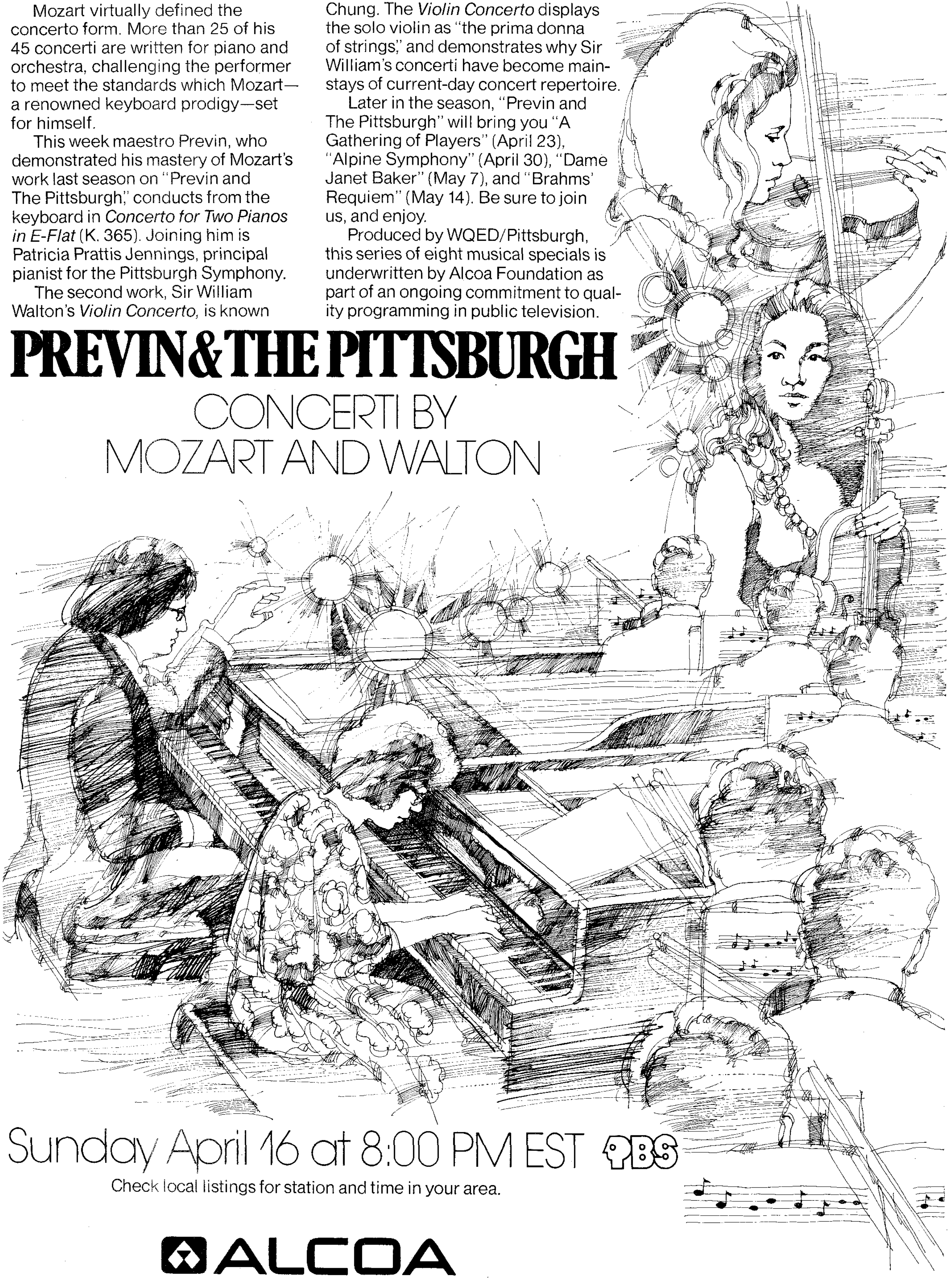

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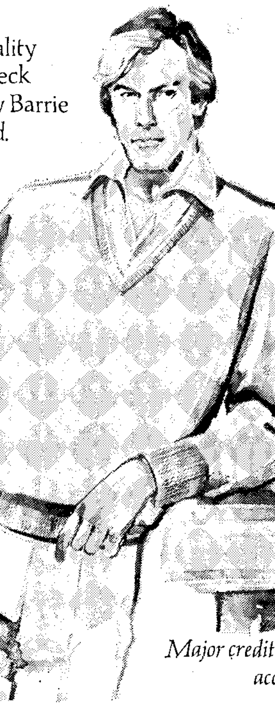

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we're having to move him out. That animal hasn't stayed immature."

One of the keepers, Wes Allen, was introduced by Mrs. Keffer as the best of all when it came to prophesying births. He was nearly always right, she said, and often he brought a baby to the nursery at the expected time. Of course, it is best if the mother rears the infant herself, but in zoos this sometimes doesn't happen; she rejects it, and then it's the nursery's job to bring it up.

"Do you greet your tigers?" I asked Allen. I was speaking of a special noise, a kind of sneeze, that most tigers recognize.

"Yes, I do," he said. "We call that a pouf. They almost always react and do it back to me."

I said, "I thought so. I tried it on a Bengal this morning, and she knew all about it."

"That female's real nice," he said. "The male, though—he just tolerates you, mostly. I don't think he likes anybody."

Mrs. Keffer said, "It's interesting about tigers and communication. In the nursery, if I'm in the kitchen and hear the noise they make, I can tell what's happening. They have one call when they're hungry and a different one if they're caught in the bars, or something, and when a couple of them are fighting it's a different call again. When you hear that tone, you'd better go and investigate."

I asked Allen about elephants.

"We've got one Indian and two African, and they have different ways of showing anger or fear," he said. "The Africans will run up and down sometimes, screaming. Not trumpeting—that's a different noise. Most generally, though, if they're angry they give a low gurgling sound—a slow gurgle, like. The Indian elephant, when she gets mad, just stands perfectly still. The noises she makes are pretty close to the Africans', but you can distinguish them. You can get used to the signs and tell when something's bothering the elephants. The Africans are a little more bullheaded. We've been working with them, and you can tell, as the day goes on, that they get more and more stubborn. They never quite run at you, but they're harder to work."

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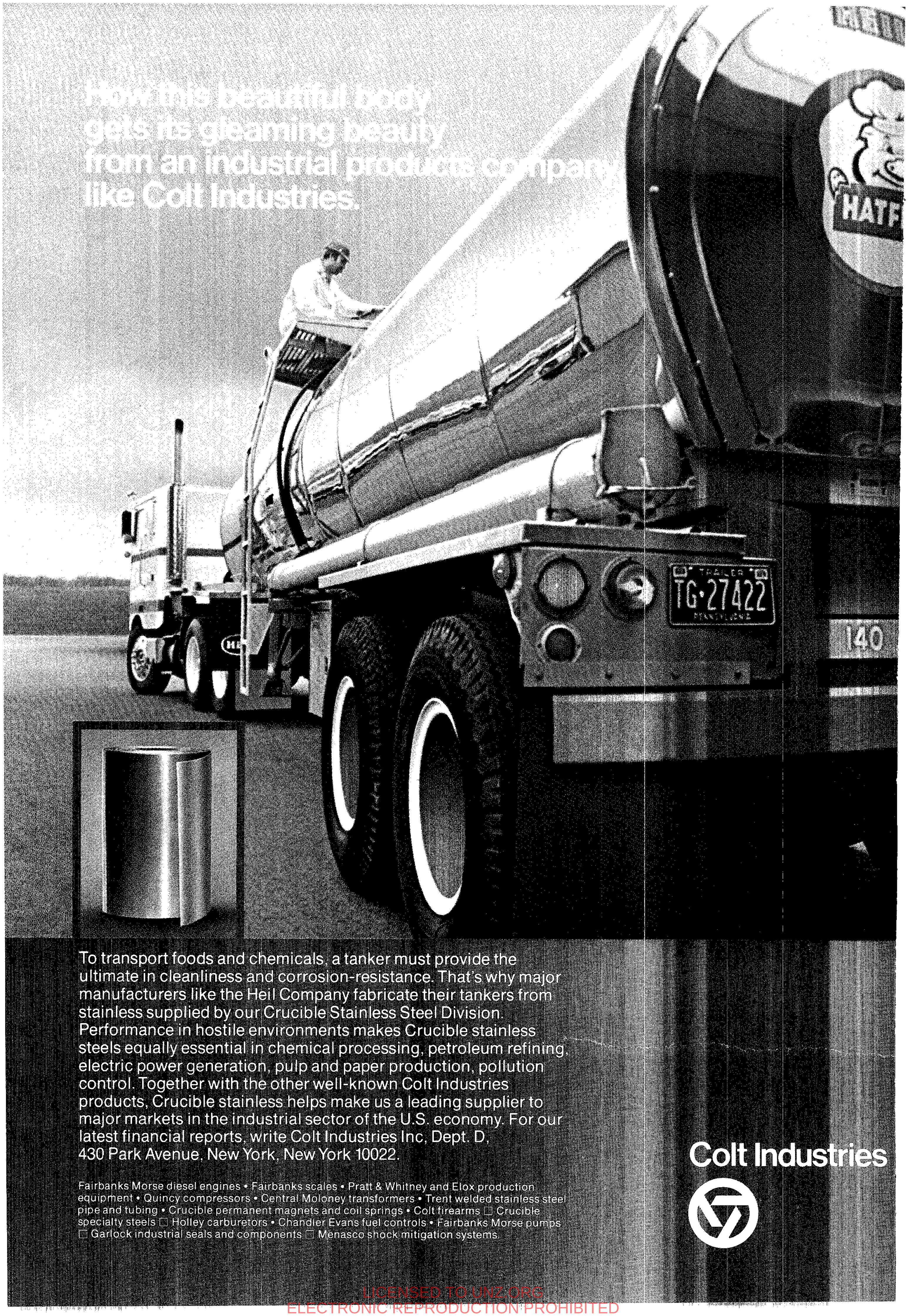

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or the other will be severely injured, but the zoo man doesn't interfere. You have to sweat it out, Allen told me. And the ritual is repeated with every breeding season.

"You mean you have to go through this all over again?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "You have to. It's always good, of course, to give the animals plenty of room for maneuver. And, even apart from breeding fights, you must keep careful watch of animals together in order to guard against quarrels. Cheetahs, now—they tame quickly. Our female—I lead her around on a leash and she's real nice; you can do anything with her. Elephants aren't always predictable. Judy, the Indian, takes likes and dislikes. Some people have been down there feeding her goodies, and all that, and she pays no attention—won't have anything to do with them. Others can do whatever they like with her. She's just that way. The Africans—anybody can go in with them and they pay no attention. But Judy, if a stranger goes in— We keep her chained, of course, but she'll raise her trunk and go at him and slam him against the wall. Last year, she did that—pinned a new man against the wall—and we had a job getting her off him. And yet another new man walked right along with her and she was good as gold."

"Wes knows a lot about communication," Mrs. Keffer said. "We've had animals born on his day off, and nobody could get the babies out, so they had to call him in. He never has any trouble." She looked at him proudly.

I asked him, "How do you do that? Is it because they know you?"

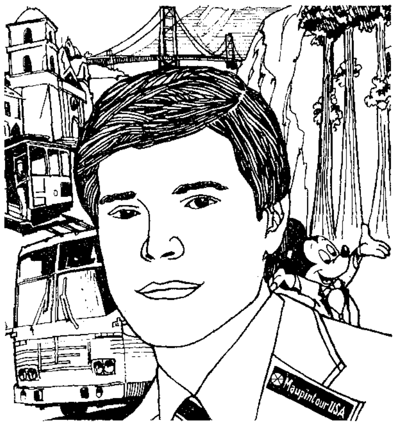
"Yes, I guess," he said. "Some of them will do things for me they won't for anybody else. The tigers, they'll shift when I tell them to, even if maybe they won't for anybody else. Some animals have nice dispositions and some haven't. I know if I take a stranger down with me the animals absolutely ignore me and try to get at him. I don't know just why."

"I think it's mutual respect," said Mrs. Keffer.

Allen agreed. "The rhinos are the same way," he went on. "If you treat them easily and talk gently with them, you'll get along better than if you act real rough. If you're rough, they just back up and you can't get any more out of them. You might as well walk away."

Allen also agreed that the sound of a voice is important.

Mrs. Keffer said, "There's two theories on the right way to work with



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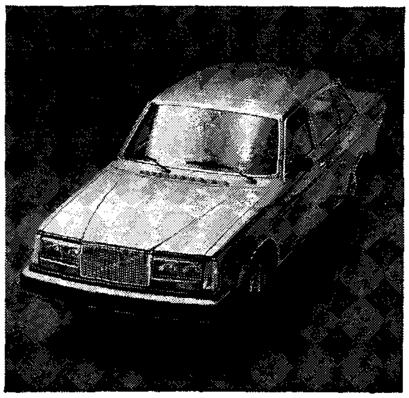

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animals. One is that you should let them know by the sound of your voice that you mean it when you give a command—not rough, you know, but firm. That's Wes's way. The other is to be gentle all the time. We used to have a primate keeper who was like that—Tommy, his name was—and all the primates just loved Tommy. It was nice to watch them—but, of course, primates are different anyway. I think you simply have to go with your individual methods."

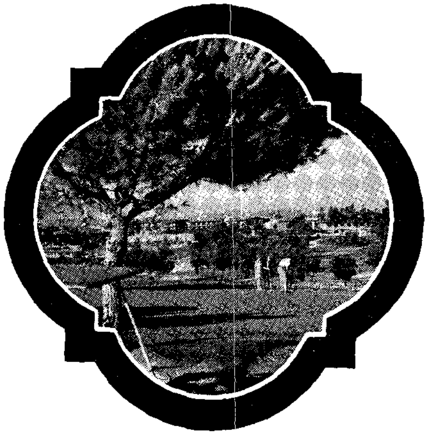
How do the zoo animals always know their feeding times? According to Lawrence Curtis, the director, they live by a twenty-four-hour clock; they are expectant even on the two fast days that are observed during the week at the Oklahoma City Zoo. "They get the feeding time right on the dot," he said. "And they come to recognize the footsteps of the man who's bringing the food. I've seen an animal sitting there waiting, and another guy can go by and the animal won't turn a hair or flicker his eyes, but the minute he hears the meal coming he's all over the place."

"I know an example—it's the goslings," said another keeper who had joined the discussion. "I can drive up to their place in a yellow truck and they don't make much fuss—a little noise, nothing much. But when they spot the white truck that brings the food they just explode."

"But is it sight or time sense, do you think?" I asked.

"Both, but time the most, I think," said Curtis. "You can take the same truck over to the Cape Hunting dogs in the morning, when they're never fed, and they will sit up and take notice a little, but nothing like what they do when it comes by between three-thirty and four-thirty. That's feeding time, and they know it. When I was at Fort Worth, we had an octopus that was fed every day by a woman. As soon as the octopus heard her footsteps, it would start changing color and shape. You know, they can be smooth one minute and have warts all over the next. But what was really remarkable was the color change. The way the octopus was placed, it could see Alice coming a long time before she arrived. Sometimes we'd get someone else to come around the corner while Alice waited, and the minute the octopus saw that it wasn't Alice it would sink to the bottom of the tank again, but it would come up again when it finally saw Alice. It would stretch out its tentacles. Octopuses are very intelligent animals."

Speaking generally, the keepers agreed that respect between animal and man was apt to bring dividends. "If



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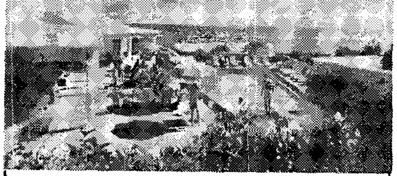

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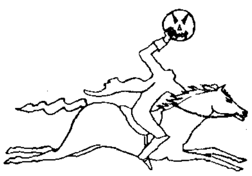

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you've been teasing and mistreating an animal and then you've got to get into the cage with him, he's probably going to treat you rough in exchange," said one. "On the other hand, if you're on good terms with an animal and you suddenly have to get in with him, I won't say he's bound to leave you alone, but the chances are he will. Look at the time M'kubwa, the mountain gorilla, wandered out of his cage. When Tommy came and gave him a banana, he followed Tommy right back into the cage, as peaceful as you please."

It was felt, however, that one can overdo making pets of animals. Such a transformation can lead to suffering. "If you baby them too much, it hurts them," said Shirley Keffer. "There was a Kodiak bear, not ours, that was babied so much that when he was taken elsewhere he just moped until he died, and I had a similar experience. I was taking care of a newborn slow loris—that's a small, slow-moving primate from Asia—who wouldn't eat for anybody but me. I had a vacation coming up, and I worked with one of the assistants until we finally got the loris so he would eat for her, too. Then I went home and started my vacation, and on the fourth day she telephoned and said, 'You'd better come back. The slow loris won't eat.' I said I would, but a few hours later she phoned again and said he'd just died. He simply stopped breathing and died. He was grieving, you see. He was too young to be left."

"I'VE been reading this book," I said to Rosemary Pacis, the senior keeper of birds at the Oklahoma City Zoo. "The author says something interesting about the way insects—ants, say—can tell what time of day it is even when they're locked in a box and can't see the sun. He says that very likely the explanation is that the ants have a faculty we haven't, and can interpret different polarizations of such light as they can get. This theory doesn't necessarily apply to birds, I should think—or maybe it does. What do you think?"

Miss Pacis replied, "I don't necessarily feel that we *have* to find an explanation. I guess I'm lazy, up to a point, about what birds are doing, and all that. When it comes to the hatching of an egg, though, I find it exciting, that's all. I know what we have to do with it when it's being incubated—turn it over every week, and so on—but it's the waiting I enjoy. Our condor has laid two eggs—"

"Yes," I interrupted, "and I've been

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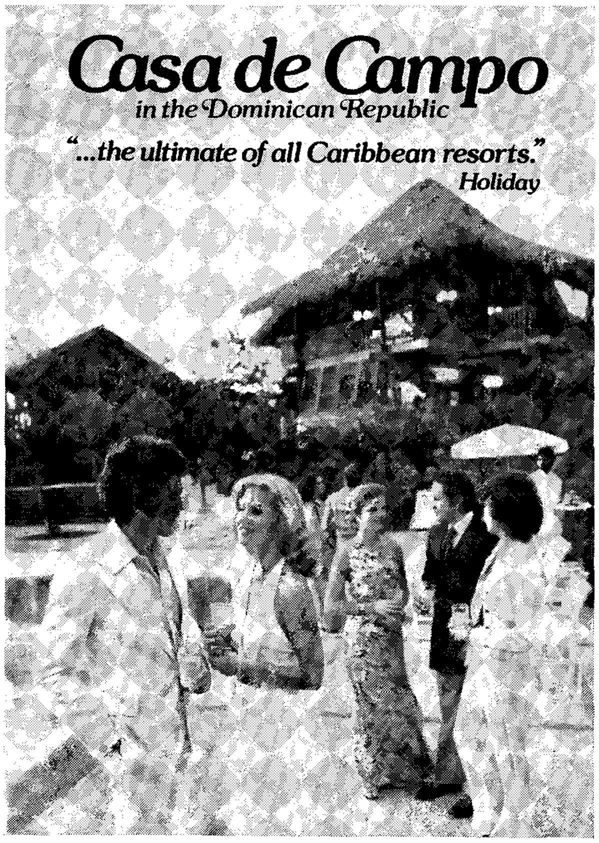
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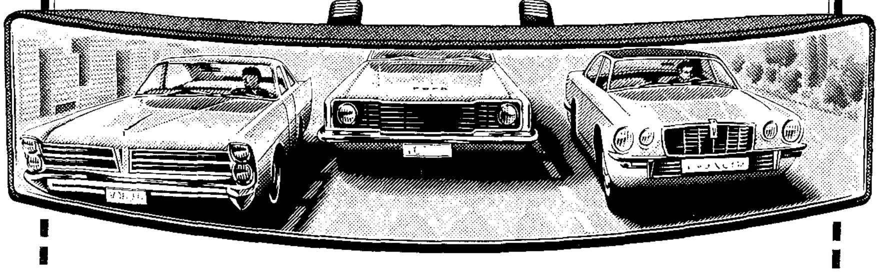

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told that you knew in advance that she was going to lay eggs. How did you know?"

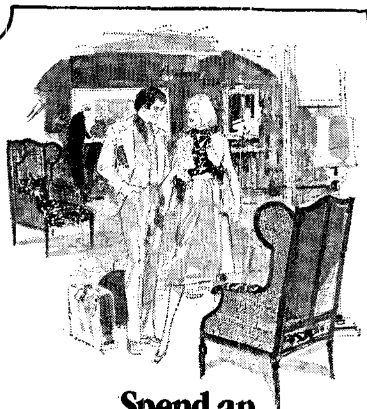
She thought for a few moments. "I don't know how," she said. "I guess it was a combination of signs. The male spent more time away from the nest—that was one thing. And the way she was sitting—you just sensed it. You develop a sixth sense. I don't see how any person can spend working day after *working day with animals without* learning to enjoy it and understand them."

After a minute, she continued, "We have a breeding pair of seriemas—South American birds related to cranes—and they're really characters. They have funny habits. For one thing, they like to take sunbaths, preferably in the middle of the footpath. Last summer, at least ten times a day somebody would come to tell me that a big bird was lying dead on the path, and when I got there it was a seriema, which just reared up and flew away. They're marvellous, totally acclimated. The male seriema feeds his female, bringing her the choicest morsels and helping her to find food, and last year he began to include me in this feeding process. Every now and then, I was given this delectable worm or something, and I've never yet brought myself to take it in my mouth—"

"Does he try to put it in your mouth?"

"He certainly does, but I never let him. I get it in my hand, and drop it to the ground when he isn't looking. Recently, I reversed the process. I found an insect and gave it to his mate, and he immediately took it away and killed it and gave it to me. So I gave it back to her, and she killed it all over again and ran away to find him so she could give it to him. And yet, with all his attempts at infidelity, they're able to breed and continue their normal reproductive behavior. She laid an egg last summer. Unfortunately, it was taken by some member of the public. Now they've made their nest farther away, and we're hoping for better luck. It's so unusual to have that relationship with a bird and yet have him carry on with his normal living pattern. You feel that the bird is proud of what he's doing, and very anxious to show it to you. I've had the male come to me on sundry occasions when there was something he was anxious to show me. He'd peck and fly to something in the corner and look back for me to follow. I think that's very unusual."

Miss Pacis has not always been a specialist. She started work at the Central Park Children's Zoo in her native



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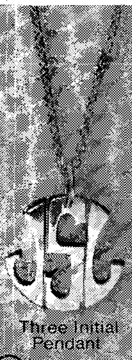

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city, New York, more or less by chance, and her feeling for birds, which had been dormant until then, developed rapidly. She decided that working with them was what she wanted to do more than anything else. Coming to Oklahoma, she got her chance. "I was thrilled when I saw the birth of No. 1, and now, when I see, say, the thousand-and-sixth bird hatching, it's still the same. It's just great. I try to instill my appreciation and awe in other people who are watching."

I said, "How do you know when an egg's going to hatch?"

"When you've dealt with eggs a long time, you have a feeling. It's probably something about the balance of the egg. It's in your hand, and even when you can't tell if it's supposed to hatch in twenty-three or twenty-four days, you can feel it, and you know after a while whether you're going to have a successful hatching or not."

She paused, then held up her hands, cupped so that I could almost see what she was thinking of. "Just to feel an egg getting ready to hatch," she said. "It's—it's neat." Miss Pacis is a reserved young woman, but her face was suddenly brilliant with a smile.

I mentioned the hatching-out noise with which new birds are said to signal to their nestmates that it's time to be born. "Yes," said Miss Pacis, "I meant to talk about that. I really think that this year I've developed the skill to do that, and can save a lot more young birds. Some come out fine, but some have a hard time, and usually they're weak. Well, I've found that if I poke the shell with my finger and whistle to them it helps—just whistling. It's really fantastic. Now, I know this sort of thing goes on in nature. When there is a heap of ostrich eggs, for instance, the babies signal to each other, and the mother's there, too. But here usually I have just one egg, and I've found that it works to whistle. In fact, you really *have* to whistle to them to get them out of the shell. When it's over, you feel you've helped."

—EMILY HAHN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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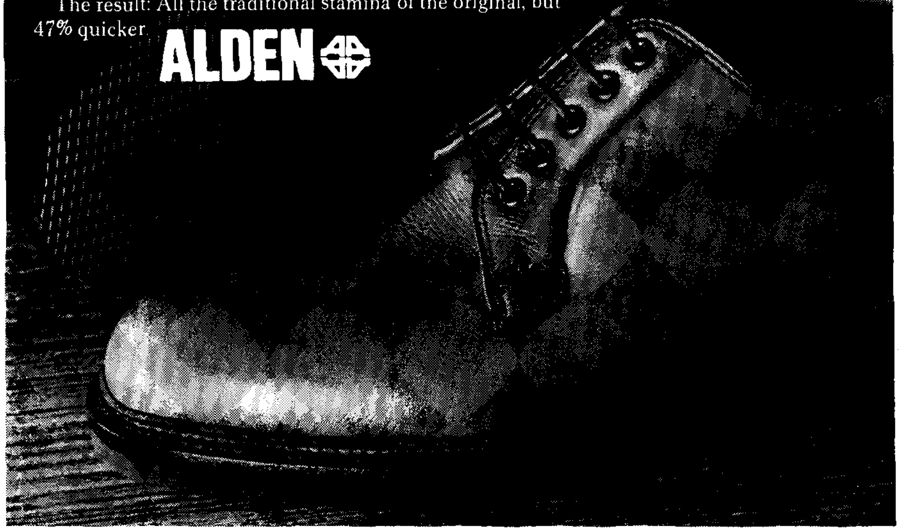

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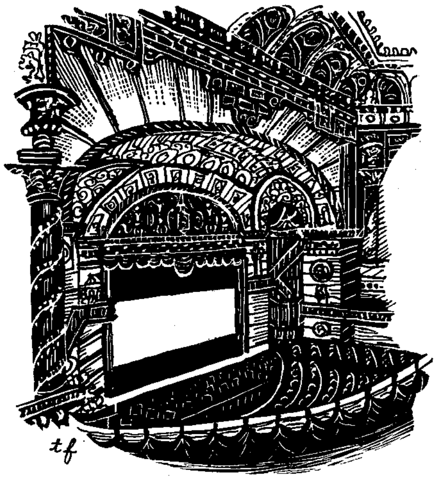
## OFF BROADWAY

THE Acting Company—a group of Juilliard graduates that has been in existence, and touring the country, for six years—opened its New York season (at the American Place, through April 23rd) with an accomplished and most creditable production of Brecht's "Mother Courage and Her Children," under Alan Schneider's direction. The play is there, the points are made, and the style and the momentum are always maintained. Mother Courage (if anyone needs reminding) pulls a canteen wagon around the battlefields of Europe during the Thirty Years' War, at first with her two sons and her mute daughter, and finally alone, after her children have been killed and the Army chaplain and the Army cook, who joined her for a while, have left. We last see her, in harness, dragging the cart round and round the stage. Her one object is survival for herself and her family, and her business depends on war; indeed, the play could be considered, among other things, an anthology of anti-heroic, anti-sentimental aphorisms. When she overhears her older son, who has been recruited as a soldier, being commended for bravery, she slaps his face and tells him he should have surrendered; when she finds out that her younger son, an Army paymaster, has thrown the cashbox into a river, she realizes that he is going to be shot, and this realization is the occasion for the renowned "silent scream." Yet every time we start to sympathize, Mother, as proxy for this particular dramatist, puts us in our place. The emotion is there, though, and—for me, at any rate—the most emotional moment of the play comes when the cook, trying to persuade her to abandon the wagon and her badly maimed daughter and become a tavern-keeper with him, calls her by her real name, Anna. Brecht's attitudes, and even his aphorisms, in this script are familiar (not to say annoying) by now; in fact, so much has been written about "Mother Courage," and so many references have been made to it, that it takes nerve to put it on at all. The preservative is the poetic, dramatic invention that is made manifest in scene after scene. The songs (music and lyrics) that Paul Dessau wrote for the show are integral to it, and they are sung here with the right corrosive power.

The performance, as I say, goes well. Mary Lou Rosato, who plays Mother with considerable strength and depth, has gained in assurance and presence over the past six years, and David Schramm, who plays the cook Mother Courage falls in love with, is a positively arresting actor, as he has been from the beginning. As Mother Courage's children, each one felled by misguided heroism, Frances Conroy, Kevin Conroy, and Jeffrey Hayenga do very good work, as do Anderson Matthews as the chaplain and Patricia Hodges as a camp follower. What is important, though, is that the performance is all of a piece; the Acting Company is a company indeed, and a commendable one at that. Ralph Manheim's translation of the script is, as could be expected, a model of clarity and understanding. Good, spare settings by Ming Cho Lee, costumes by Jeanne Button, lighting by David F. Segal.

THE New York Actors' Theatre, which is not yet quite a company but is on its way, makes a promising start with its production of Brecht's "Life of Galileo," in Havemeyer Hall at Columbia, using the hall with a resourcefulness that this most didactic of dramatists might admire. The programs are bluebooks; the seats, rising tier upon tier, have armrests for note-taking; and the blackboards are used for marvellously witty chalk-talk cartoons by Bob Gale, which precede each scene. It is almost impossible to see this play about the great mathematician and astronomer, who recanted his own discoveries under pressure from the Inquisition because he feared physical pain, as anything but a close self-portrait of the dramatist—unscrupulous when he chose to be; surprisingly frank, yet subtle in both the pejorative and the descriptive sense; clever in both the British and the American sense; intellectually always one step ahead of his detractors; and a man of infinite imagination and talent. Laurence Luckinbill plays Galileo (or did on opening night) with more open emotion and passion than we are used to in Brecht, but he is very good all the same. The robing scene, in which Pope Urban VIII (Peter White), as he puts on his gorgeous creamy and gold vestments, one by one, is slowly persuaded by a Cardinal Inquisitor (Gil Rogers) to take a stand against Galileo, is as mesmerizing as it is meant to be. (I could scarcely hear the words for looking at the clothes—costumes by Ursula Belden and Elizabeth P. Palmer.) Considerable excitement is generated onstage by the scientific discoveries, and Mr. Luckinbill, on the whole, is well supported by the other members of the cast—notably by Jack Magee as Galileo's devoted apprentice, Francesca James as his put-upon daughter, and, best of all, Rudy Caringi, the director of the play, as a "little monk" (Brecht's unspeakable designation, not mine) who is enthralled by mathematics and the great mathematician. Sets and lights by James Tilton; music composed and performed by Howard Harris. The fine translation is by Ralph Manheim and Wolfgang Sauerlander.

That should be enough Brecht for a while, I think.
—EDITH OLIVER



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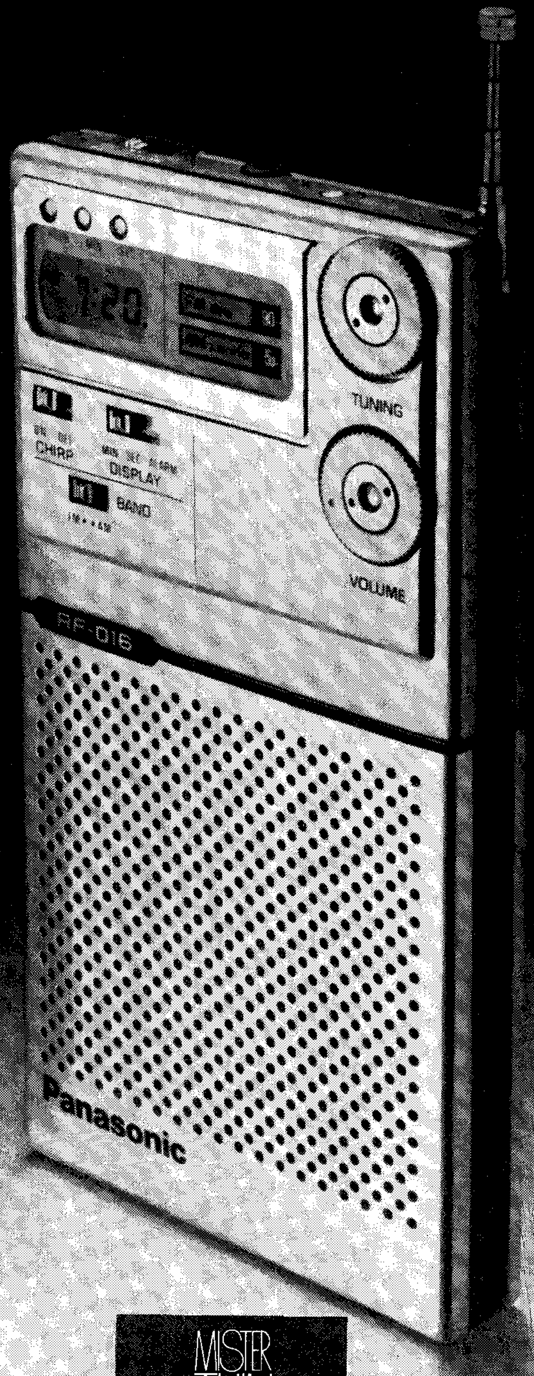

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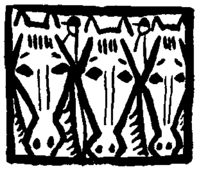
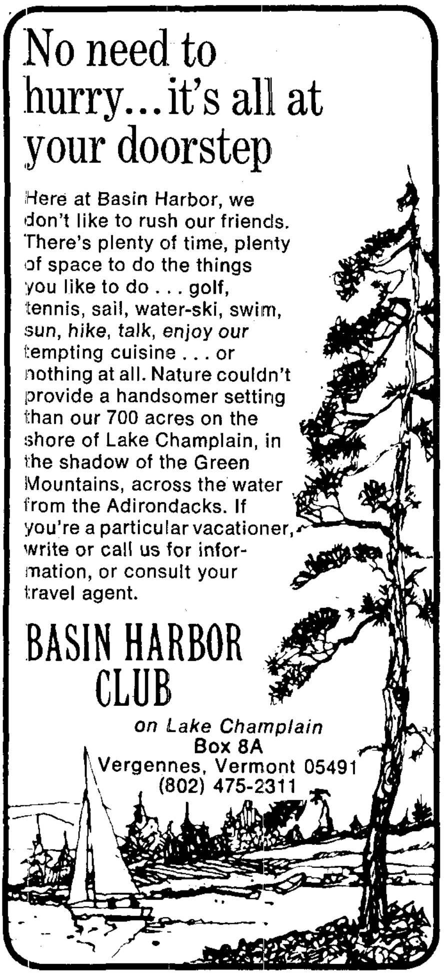


THE Gotham Stakes, for three-year-olds, is not a particularly big step on the road to the Kentucky Derby, but the twenty-sixth running of the race at Aqueduct last Saturday scrambled the calculations of horseplayers as J. Frankel's Slap Jack, under a surprisingly confident ride by Velasquez, swept past Quadratic, the front-running 3–5 favorite, at the head of the stretch and went on to win by a length. Shelter Half was third. Nine ran. Slap Jack covered the mile in 1:38⅗, and paid a $13.60 mutuel. Cordero, who flew from Santa Anita to ride Quadratic, said before the race that he was looking for a mount in the Kentucky Derby. After the race, he had no comment. Slap Jack is a stablemate of Esops Foibles, the winner of the Louisiana and Arkansas Derbies. By the way, he was 50–1 in the Caliente Future Book on the Derby, but I doubt if you can get that price now. There are twenty-eight or twenty-nine horses pointing for the Run for the Roses at Churchill Downs on May 6th. The management hopes it will not have starting-gate trouble.

SALLY GIBSON'S Caesar's Wish, the champion Maryland-bred filly, returned to the races last weekend at Pimlico and won the Hilltop Stakes—Hilltop being a nickname for old Pimlico. She won as she pleased from Silver Ice. Gregg McCarron, who rode her, said she just toyed with her field.

NELSON BUNKER HUNT'S Exceller, ridden by Shoemaker, won the $200,000 San Juan Capistrano Handicap, which closed the Santa Anita season last Sunday. Exceller, who ran fourth in the San Luis Rey Stakes, took the mile-and-three-quarter race over the turf course by a neck from Noble Dancer II, the winner of the San Luis Rey. Incidentally, it was the seventh time that Charlie Whittingham had trained the winner of this event, and his hundredth victory in stakes races at Santa Anita.

THIS department regrets to report the death of Preston M. Burch, one of the country's great trainers of thoroughbreds, in a nursing



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home in Middleburg, Virginia, last Tuesday. He was one of the last of a group of famous horsemen which also included Jimmy Rowe, Sam Hildreth, and Jack Joyner. Burch was ninety-three years old, and had been on the turf for more than half a century. He saddled his first winner at Gravesend, a track on Long Island of which no trace remains, while working for his father, William Preston Burch, who was also a noted horseman. The family tradition continues: Burch's son Elliott at present has the horses of C. V. Whitney. The story goes that Burch bought George Smith, who won the Kentucky Derby for John Sanford in 1916, after seeing him work out one morning in 1915. Burch was standing at the rail with Sanford, and when George Smith went by, Burch told Sanford that the colt would be the best three-year-old in the country the following year. Sanford told Burch to buy him, no matter what the price, and some time later George Smith was racing in Sanford's colors. Curiously, although Burch had a remarkable memory, he could never recall the name of the man from whom he had bought the colt. After the Derby, George Smith raced in handicaps. The animal went lame while getting ready for the Brooklyn, whereupon Burch took him to Sam Hildreth's blacksmith, whom Hildreth paid a retainer of five thousand dollars a year. George Smith never again took a lame step, and won his full share of races. Burch also trained for Admiral Cary T. Grayson, for Charles Fisher's Dixiana, for William M. du Pont and his sister Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, and for Harry La Montagne, who had successes racing abroad. In 1953, Burch, in collaboration with the late Alex Bower, the managing editor of *The Blood Horse*, wrote a book called "Training Thoroughbred Horses," which is still regarded as the authoritative work on the subject. He retired from racing several years later, and lived in Middleburg for the remainder of his life. —AUDAX MINOR

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# U.S. JOURNAL: SOUTH LOUISIANA

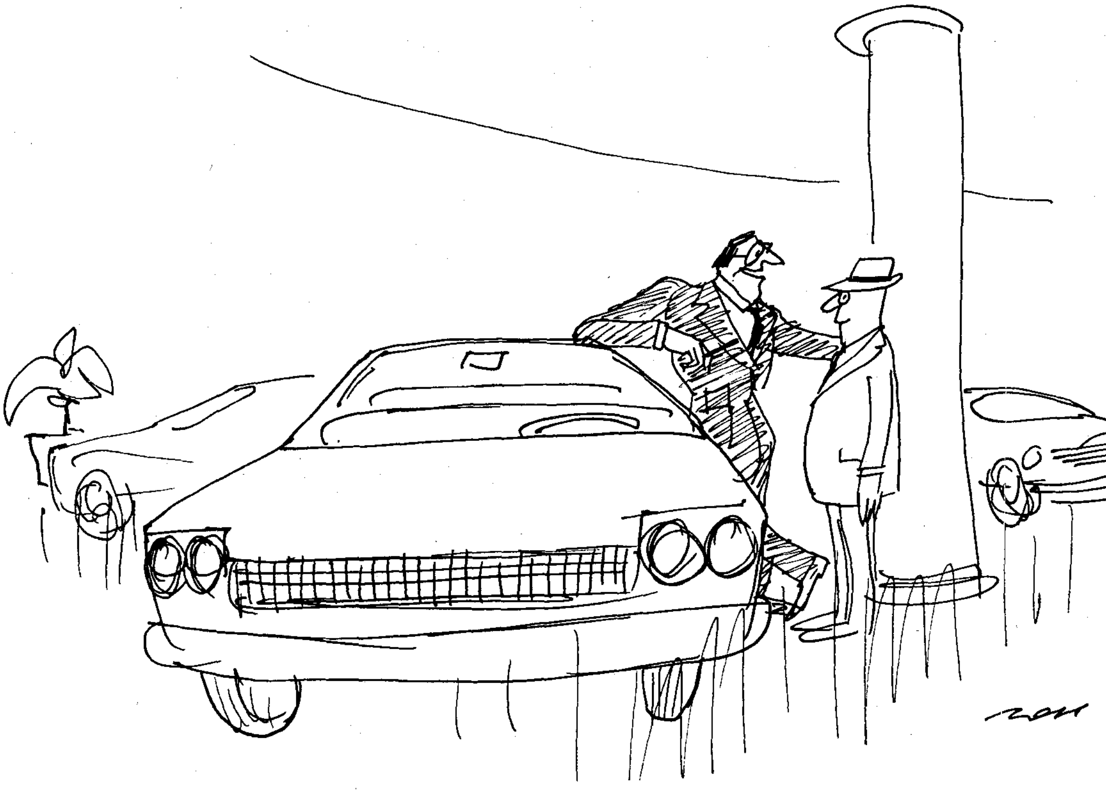
## THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY OF DIDEE'S RESTAURANT, SO FAR

I ARRIVED in Louisiana determined to write the definitive history of Didee's restaurant, or to eat an awful lot of baked duck and dirty rice trying. The historical event that had attracted my attention obviously qualified as what historians are always calling The End of an Era—the perfect moment to slip in with a definitive history. The proprietor of a tiny, family-run restaurant in a nearly abandoned section of Baton Rouge's black commercial district—Didee's, a name that has represented stupefying baked duck in Louisiana for this entire century—had sold name, duck recipe, and franchise rights to a go-go New York mini-conglomerate that talked about making him "the Colonel Sanders of the duck business." All this may strike historians as a simple enough tale of American commerce, but I knew there were complications. For instance, I knew that Didee's restaurant had been founded in Opelousas rather than Baton Rouge, and that the Opelousas duck restaurant recommended to me by some serious Louisiana eaters in 1971, when I realized that I was going to be passing within thirty or forty miles of the town, was called not Didee's but Dee Dee's. Also, once I had arrived at Didee's in Baton Rouge and begun my research—interviewing the proprietor, Herman Perrodin, while downing a bowl of his seafood gumbo and contemplating the fact that most historians do not have to face the hazard of trying to question a source with their mouths full—I realized that no tale involving Herman Perrodin was likely to be a simple tale. Although Perrodin, a tall man in his fifties with a sort of lubricated manner of talking, is, simply enough, the grandson of Charles Adrian (Didee) Lastrapes, he does not fit snugly into the role of an unspoiled folk chef nurturing an old family recipe. He occasionally describes himself as "a poor little old dumb boy born in a sweet-potato patch in Opelousas, Louisiana," but he often describes himself as being a better chef than Paul Bocuse. "La Nouvelle Cuisine!" he said to me, drawing out the last word in astonishment at the sort of thing dumb folks will believe. "Don't tell *me* about la Nouvelle Cuisine! I've been doing la Nouvelle Cuisine all my goddam life!"

The early history of Didee's restaurant, Perrodin told me, is not at all complicated. Around the turn of the century, Didee Lastrapes started serving baked duck and baked chicken and Creole gumbos while running what newspaper features about Didee's usually refer to as a coffee shop and what Perrodin figures for a gambling den or a bootlegging operation. Soon Lastrapes was presiding over a small restaurant just off the courthouse square of Opelousas. In those days—right up until the sixties, in fact—the main highway between New Orleans and Houston ran straight through the courthouse square, and serious Louisiana eaters who weren't going to either of those places found some other excuse to get to Didee's. Opelousas is about sixty miles west of Baton Rouge, in the section of Louisiana long dominated by the French—an area where a special dish is always worth a trip, and where a lot of black and white people seem to have the same last names as well as approximately the same complexions, and where attitudes toward the more enjoyable of the Seven Deadly Sins are the sort of stuff sermons are made of in Shreveport. Didee's was always a restaurant for white people, although the Lastrapes were what are sometimes called "people of color," or Creoles. There are those in Louisiana who object to the word "Creole" being used to designate people of mixed race rather than the white descendants of the Colonial French, and there are those in Louisiana who believe that people who served the sort of baked duck that Didee Lastrapes and his second wife, Miz Anna, put out for so many years in Opelousas can call themselves anything they please.

"This is edible gumbo," I said, while Perrodin paused between stories of a childhood in Didee's kitchen and stories of his wanderings around the country after he left Opelousas as a teen-ager. ("I'm the travelling, adventurous, aggressive black sheep of the family.") He agreed that the gumbo was at least superb. In South Louisiana, it is customary for a serious cook to assume the preëminence of his version of anything. Perrodin's son Charles, who struck me as relatively reserved, said to me later that day, "You ever taste our shrimp *étouffée*? You taste our *étouffée*, you'll throw rocks at other people's *étouffée*."

Didee Lastrapes died in the mid-forties, Perrodin said, but Miz Anna continued to run the restaurant until 1970, when she died and Didee's closed. A Didee's still existed,



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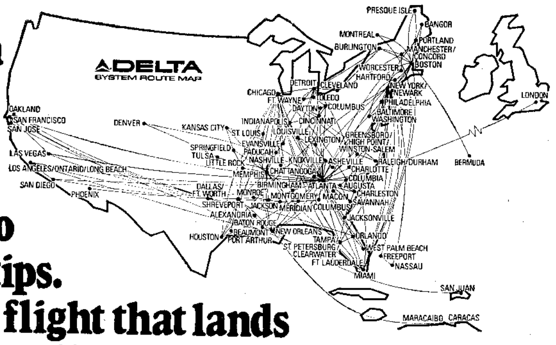
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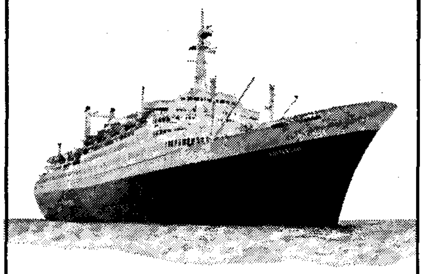

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though, because in 1952 a separate restaurant had been opened in Baton Rouge by one of Didee Lastrapes' daughters, Clara, who had run a night club called the Arlington Casino in Opelousas for some years, and her husband, a master brickmason named Arlington Perrodin. Soon there was not just a Didee's but a Dee Dee's. A few months after Miz Anna's death, Thomas and Tony Blouin, who had worked in the Opelousas restaurant for years, reopened it, choosing the name Dee Dee's for reasons Thomas Blouin once summarized pithily for a travelling reporter: "So people would know it's the same but different."

"Did you think the food was any good at Dee Dee's?" I asked Perrodin.

He dismissed Dee Dee's with a wave of the hand. "A lot of people can do things and a lot of people have to be directed," he said. "It went kerplop, and now they're cooking on the offshore oil rigs or something."

For most of the history we had been discussing, Perrodin was not what the historians call a primary source. The wanderings he had begun as a teen-ager kept him out of Louisiana until he came to Baton Rouge for a few years in the late fifties to help out his father as a sort of catering manager. Perrodin said that the jobs he held around the country as a waiter or bartender or cook or manager would take four years to list. He can present a ten-minute declamation on what he learned along the way about which tastes are received where in what he calls "the sculpture of the mouth" or on what he learned about herbs alone ("I'm like a perfumer. I mean it. I'm telling you. I studied the herbs for five years. I could tell you more about herbs than the man that wrote the book"). He can also present a declamation on the high life, and on the personal lesson he learned when he was sent to prison in Texas in 1970 as a heroin user. Perrodin talks about his drug habit the way he talks about his gumbo. One minute, while mentioning the last spice in a recipe that gives it "that zing—'*respect*,' I call it," he'll slam his hand on the table and say, "*Voilà!* Now I got your whole mouth lit up!" A few minutes later, he'll fling both hands toward the ceiling and say, "A quarter of a million dollars flowed through these arms!"

Arlington Perrodin died in 1976, a few years after Herman had come home for good. Didee's was not far from kerplop itself. It had been mentioned in national magazines; movie stars had written raves in its guestbook; the Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs (Le Chapitre de Nouvelle-

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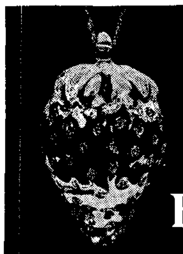

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Orléans) had included on one of its formal menus "Canard à la Didee, Rize au Fave, Les 'Mustard Greens.'" But not many Baton Rouge people came in to eat. "We have more Texans here than people from Baton Rouge," Perrodin told me. "We have never had the support of the community." The neighborhood was evaporating around Didee's—the most violent racial incident in recent Baton Rouge history, a Black Muslim shootout with the police that left two dead, had taken place just around the corner—and Herman Perrodin could not seem to raise the capital to move or even to advertise. ("You can't do anything without money," Perrodin says. "Cash money. No checks.") In 1974, a review by Richard Collin in the New Orleans *States-Item* suggesting that Didee's move to New Orleans, where there were thousands of serious eaters to appreciate it, had resulted in a number of proposals. Every one of them had fallen through. During the last year of Arlington Perrodin's life, Herman took a fling at a scheme by some young Baton Rouge entrepreneurs to feature Didee's cooking at a restaurant in Aspen—a flop from which he acquired nothing but an interest in skiing to add to his taste for the high life. There were other offers, but Perrodin now dismisses them as schemes in which he might do a lot of work without seeing any money. "I'm not waitin' for no net," he explained to me. "You can have all the net you want. Give me the gross."

After three-quarters of a century of his family's building the reputation of Didee's, the way Perrodin analyzed it, he had found himself in the position of an unappreciated and—even worse—undercompensated genius. There was Paul Bocuse, according to Perrodin's calculations, making fifteen thousand dollars for catering a meal, and there was Herman Perrodin doing all of his own cooking and ordering and bill paying and, sometimes, sweeping up—and still never taking in more than a few hundred dollars on a good day. "I got obligations and I got a life style," Perrodin told me. "I'm not satisfied with the way I'm living. I'm not satisfied with the home I live in. I'm not satisfied with the car I drive."

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I HAD lunch at Didee's with Herb Turner, who moved to Baton Rouge from Fort Lauderdale a couple of years ago to run Omni Capital's operations in Louisiana. Turner struck

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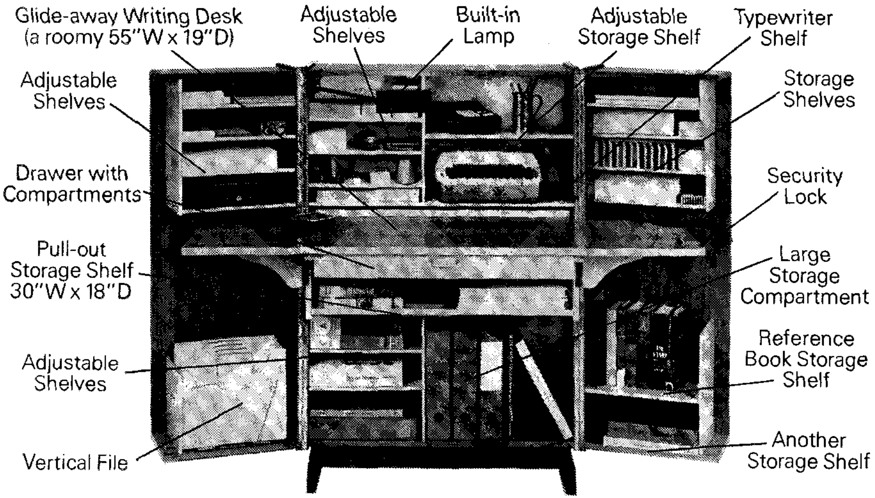

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me as very go-go himself. He said he had been so busy lately that he hadn't had time to get rid of his second Cadillac before buying his third. The past few days had been particularly hectic, he said, because he had a guest in town—a very close personal friend who happened to be Frank Sinatra's bodyguard.

I knew I was digressing from the history of Didee's, but I couldn't resist the obvious question: "Who's watching Frank?"

"Frank's O.K.," Turner said, digressing himself into show business for some encouraging stories about Eddie Fisher's comeback. As it happens, Fisher once ate at Didee's, and left a rude remark about Elizabeth Taylor in the guestbook. Arlington Perrodin had covered that page with clear plastic for protection.

Omni Capital, Turner told me, had been founded in New York as a tax-shelter consulting business by one investment banker who was also a C.P.A. and another who was also a Hollywood booking agent. In describing its history, he and another Omni executive who had joined us for lunch used the word "roll" a lot. They talked about rolling out of tax shelters into film distribution, and rolling out of timberland into housing developments.

What Omni was planning, Turner said, was to build a prototype Didee's near the Baton Rouge Country Club—a Garden Room that could be adapted for private parties, an Acadian Room with beams of distressed wood, a good bar. If the prototype succeeded, Didee's Famous Restaurant, Inc., the corporation formed for the occasion, would start franchising. Turner said Omni planned to send out Didee credit cards, carrying preferential reservation privileges, to five thousand business contacts in the state. "That'll take care of that," he said. "I can't imagine the general public getting a shot at that restaurant."

"The duck is delicious," I said to Perrodin. It was by far the best thing on the plate—moist on the inside and crisp on the outside, with no fat in sight. I suppose I may have found the duck particularly satisfying because I realized that, as a member of the general public, I might be having my last shot at it.

Turner agreed that Perrodin was a master of the duck. Turner has had some experience in the restaurant business himself. He once owned part of a Miami Beach place called the Grate Steak House, and Omni not long ago rolled into a small fried-chicken chain in South Louisiana. Turner's contribu-

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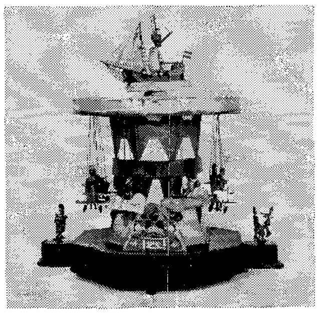

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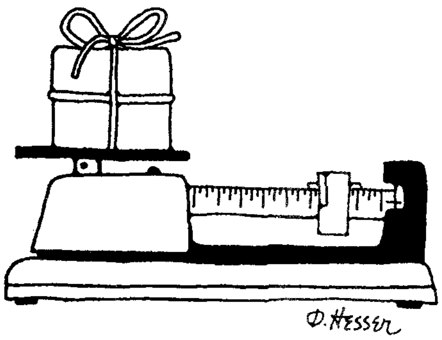
tion to the proposed menu of the prototype Didee's is a combination plate of baked duck and Canadian baby backribs. He said it was a very popular combination at the Embers in Miami Beach.

As soon as I arrived in Opelousas, I was assured that the New York mini-conglomerate had signed the wrong man. "They didn't do enough research before they closed the deal," one of the breakfast regulars at the Palace Cafe, on the courthouse square, later explained to me. In Opelousas, the Perrodins' version of Didee's is barely acknowledged ("I think they started some sort of catering service over in Baton Rouge"). From the way Baton Rouge was discussed at the Palace, I assume that anybody in Opelousas who has business in the capital waits until he gets back home to eat. Baton Rouge is seen as a place where the state government and the petrochemical industry have drawn in so many people from places like North Louisiana or even Mississippi that there might not be a tableful of eaters in the entire city who know the difference between splendidly prepared duck and the sort of stuff Baptists eat. The people in Opelousas who have long memories of Didee's—memories of picking up a pot full of gumbo from Anna Lastrapes on the way home from work, memories of oyster loaves made by replacing the bread scooped out of a French loaf with succulent fried oysters—figure that Didee's could not possibly exist properly in a place like Baton Rouge. Herman Perrodin could hardly have learned the secrets of baked-duck cooking from Didee as a boy, I was told by a man who had delivered milk to the restaurant for many years, since Didee was accustomed to sitting out on the sidewalk whittling while his wife did the cooking. The dairyman said Herman would not have been around the restaurant much anyway; even as a boy, he was apparently what people in Opelousas call "kinda sporty."

As if that were not complication enough, some lawyers in Opelousas



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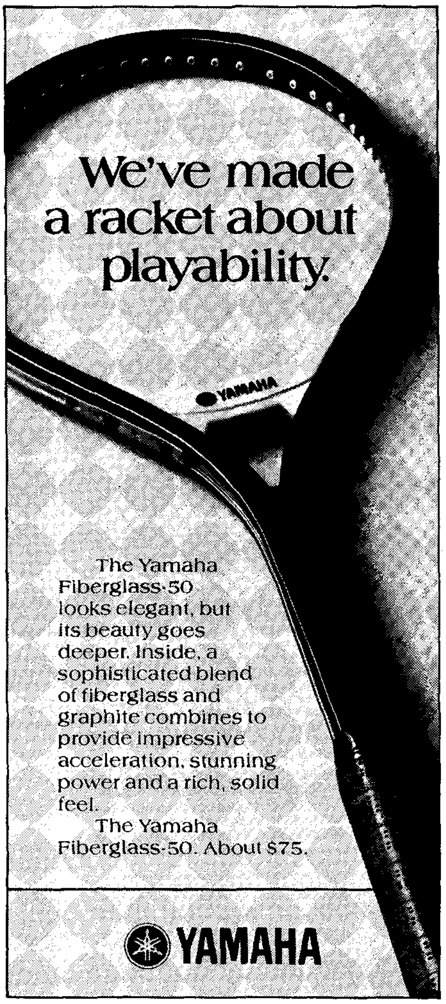

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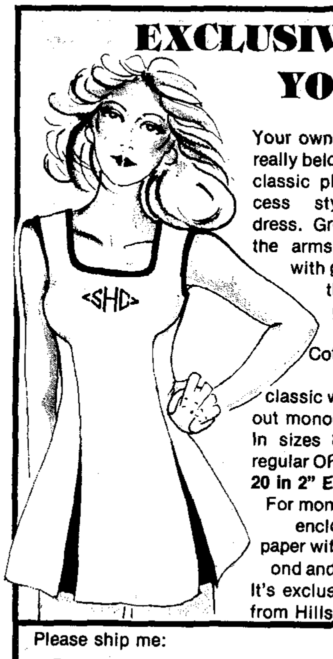

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who once had some business with Thomas Blouin, the proprietor of Dee Dee's while it lasted, informed me that Blouin had recently come off the oil rigs to take a job cooking at a restaurant between Opelousas and Lafayette, where he was prepared to cook a baked-duck dinner for me and most of the firm of Sandoz, Sandoz & Schiff. At the restaurant, a place called Carroll's, near Evangeline Downs race track, Blouin came out from the kitchen to sit down with us for a while before putting the finishing touches on the meal. He turned out to be a rather modest man, as South Louisiana cooks go, although he did admit later in the evening that he could prepare wild duck, a notoriously difficult fowl to cook, so well that it tasted like lemon pie.

As Blouin told me about his training under Miz Anna, first as a waiter and then as a cook, the lawyers said "See!" and "Listen to that!" and "He knows his onions." When I asked who had the real Didee recipe for duck, Blouin said, "You're fixin' to eat the recipe." The duck was delicious, if not quite as crisp as Herman Perrodin's. The dirty rice—a sort of rice dressing made with chicken liver and chicken gizzard and onion and bell pepper and celery and garlic and spices and oil—was staggering, although I speak as someone who had to go to a franchise fried-chicken joint to find a dirty rice he didn't like. When I accepted Blouin's kind offer of another bowl of rice, there were cheers at the table, and a couple of lawyers clapped Blouin on the back. "They signed the wrong man," one of them said. "What'd I tell you!"

THE next morning, I visited Clara Perrodin, Herman's mother, who lives in Opelousas. She told me that Thomas Blouin was a waiter rather than a cook while Miz Anna ran Didee's. "Tommy never did cook," she said. "Oh, maybe he'd toast bread." I also consulted John R. Thistlethwaite, the former editor of the Opelousas *Daily World*, who told me a story I later found in a column he wrote around the time of Anna Lastrapes' death. A woman in Dallas had phoned some years before, he had written, to ask if there was a way to obtain the recipe for Didee's chicken, which was only marginally less renowned than Didee's duck. "I strolled over to Didee's and made inquiry of Anna," Thistlethwaite wrote. "She threw back her head and laughed and laughed, sitting at the service counter in the kitchen, in front of the big black stoves and ovens. 'Lord, there ain't no recipe for

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Didee's chicken,' she said. 'I'm all the recipe there is.' She paused a moment and added, 'When I die, Didee's chicken will go, too. I reckon that will be the end of Didee's.' "

"WHY, I bet he learned more about cooking on the oil rigs than he knew when Miz Anna died," Perrodin said when I reported the Opelousas theory about who knew how to cook Didee's duck. I had arrived back in Baton Rouge in time for a late lunch. Perrodin tossed off a few more disparaging remarks about Blouin, and then sat down to tell me how *maquechou*, a sort of stewed-corn dish the Omni executives and I had been served at Didee's with lunch, was prepared by a cook who really knew how to get your whole mouth lit up.

"But will they be able to do that sort of thing at a Didee's franchise in Alexandria or Shreveport?" I asked after Perrodin had finished a five-minute speech that included pulling his tongue out now and then to show me which part of the mouth was affected by which flavor. "Aren't you afraid they'll take shortcuts with preparation and ingredients?"

Perrodin leaned way back in his chair and stared at me, as if to make certain I had not disappeared from dumbness. "That was *canned* corn you had in the *maquechou*," he said. "What I was just explaining to you was the authentic way to do it. Who the hell's got time to do that?"

Thinking back on the meal, I remembered that when one of the Omni executives mentioned his company's roll into real estate, it had occurred to me that Perrodin's dinner rolls had the look of hamburger buns about them. "But how about the duck?" I asked. "Doesn't that take a lot of care and experience—all that time in your grandfather's kitchen learning the secrets?"

"There are no secrets," he said. "Any idiot could do it. Why, I could stay home and tell you how to do it over the phone, and I bet *dollars* it would come out the same."

He took a fork and poked around at the duck I was eating. "Shortcuts!" he said. "This duck was cooked last night. I reconstituted it by putting it back in natural sauce just to get it warmed through. When somebody orders it, I take it out of its natural gravy and put it under the salamander and let this overhead broiler heat come down on it, and it brings it back just like I took it out of the oven."

As Perrodin expanded on the subject, shortcuts began to sound as dramatic as spectacular gumbo or a serious heroin habit. "Why, I can take almost any kind of canned vegetable and I'll defy you to tell me if it's fresh," he said. "Shortcuts! I'm the *master* of the shortcut! I mean to tell you!"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

• •

## GETTING OUT

That year we hardly slept, waking like inmates
who beat the walls. Every night
another refusal, the silent work
of tightening the heart.
Exhausted, we gave up, escaped
to the apartment pool, swimming those laps
until the first light relieved us.

Days were different: FM and full-blast
blues, hours of guitar—"you gonna miss me
when I'm gone." Think how you tried
to pack up and go, for weeks stumbling
over piles of clothing, the unstrung tennis rackets.
Finally locked into blame, we paced
that short hall, heaving words like furniture.

I have the last unshredded pictures
of our matching eyes and hair. We've kept
to separate sides of the map,
still I'm startled by men who look like you.
And in the yearly letter you're sure to say
you're happy now. Yet I think of the lawyers' bewilderment
when we cried, the last day. Taking hands
we walked apart until our arms stretched
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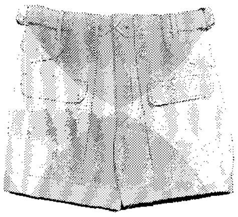

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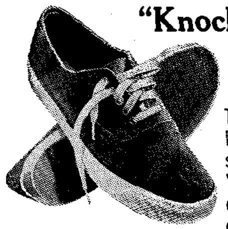

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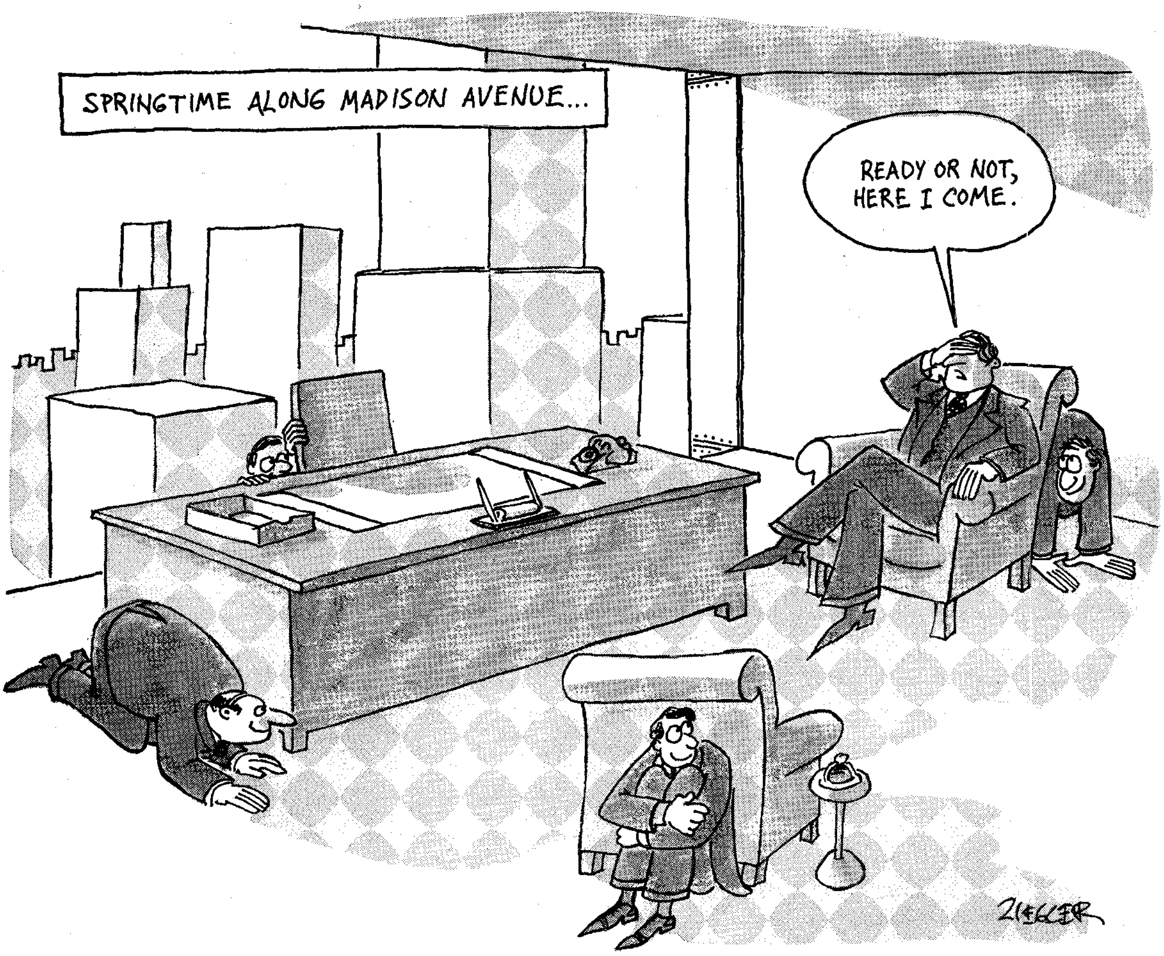
## *A Chaplin Restored to Us*

JUST as the hosts in a visited country will so regularly greet a foreign traveller with the question "When are you going back?," meaning no harm in the world but succeeding in making the guest feel thoroughly unwelcome to stay a day more, people are quick to turn on anyone who has made them laugh and has then committed the sin of doing something else. They want to know when he is going back, this spoiler of the fun. "A Woman of Paris"—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him in 1922 and 1923—provoked just that response. The public expected horselaughs, and was furious about being robbed, furious about being given instead a sophisticated social tale (which was greatly to influence Lubitsch, for one). Audiences wanted back Chaplin's baggy trousers and clownish trudge. They paid hardly any attention to a film that forgot the little tramp. In the late twenties, Chaplin withdrew the picture from circulation. The self-imposed ban lasted nearly fifty years. Then, in 1976, he wrote a musical score for it and consented to its theatrical redistribution. The film, which was long thought lost, has been transferred from nitrate to glittering thirty-five-millimetre safety stock. In content, it amounts to a king's ransom dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. It has all of Chaplin's wit and none of his whimsy. Strange, lively, reviving, to see evidence of the innovative mind of the figure so familiar to us in the guise of the little man.

This is a film with a sense of comedy which is debonair and elegant and bitterly close to the bone. The woman of Paris is acted by Edna Purviance, fulfilling a promise of Chaplin's that in their long career together he would one day write a dramatic part for her. As the subtitles announce, the Marie St. Clair she plays is the key figure in "a drama of fate." We are in a small village "somewhere in France." Parted by disapproving parents from her love, who is a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure called Jean Millet (Carl Miller), she goes to Paris alone on the train on which she was to have eloped with him. She meets, and gets involved with, a handsome dandy called Pierre Revel, played with a benign wink at craftiness by Adolphe Menjou. The characterization of the figure makes it seem as though Chaplin toyed with—perhaps feared—the idea that he himself was this dandy.

In the cutting of one of the picture's many restaurant scenes, there is a mettlesome juxtaposition of gossip. Revel is called the richest bachelor in Paris by a woman at a far table. Immediately afterward, Revel, smoking rapidly, remarks out of her hearing that she is one of the richest old maids in Paris. We see him making a study of eating as he makes a study of everything, this scholar and taster of the good things of life. He goes into the expensive restaurant's kitchen to inspect the cooking. The scene is a Chaplin melee of tired and overworked servants observed by an alert and underworked bigwig. His office is his plumply pillowed bedroom, and for doing a rich man's office chores he wears embroidered pajamas. He gets engaged to an heiress but laughs gaily at the idea that this should in any way perturb his setup with Marie. "A Woman of Paris" is a film of ironic social acuity, full of women trailing long skirts that they kick aside in pretended irritation with expense, and of *luxe et volupté* that lack any kindness or exhilaration except for what is imparted by the character of the movie itself. Marie's friends have pinchbeck souls, and Chaplin shows the fact. These are people who thrive in margins. They chat indestructibly through everything. They allow the passing of time to make strangers of intimates, and they allow politesse to black out sensibility. Marie is caught up by the charade. Marie is trapped by Revel's fury about her when she says, with all too much credibility, that she's so depressed she doesn't want to go out. Marie is trapped by the Latin Quarter parties at which girls are hoisted like hooked fish to float among balloons. Marie is trapped by the party sight of a striptease done by a girl bandaged like a mummy, who slowly lets go the bandage—which is rewound about the stomach of a fat man in evening clothes—and who goes out of the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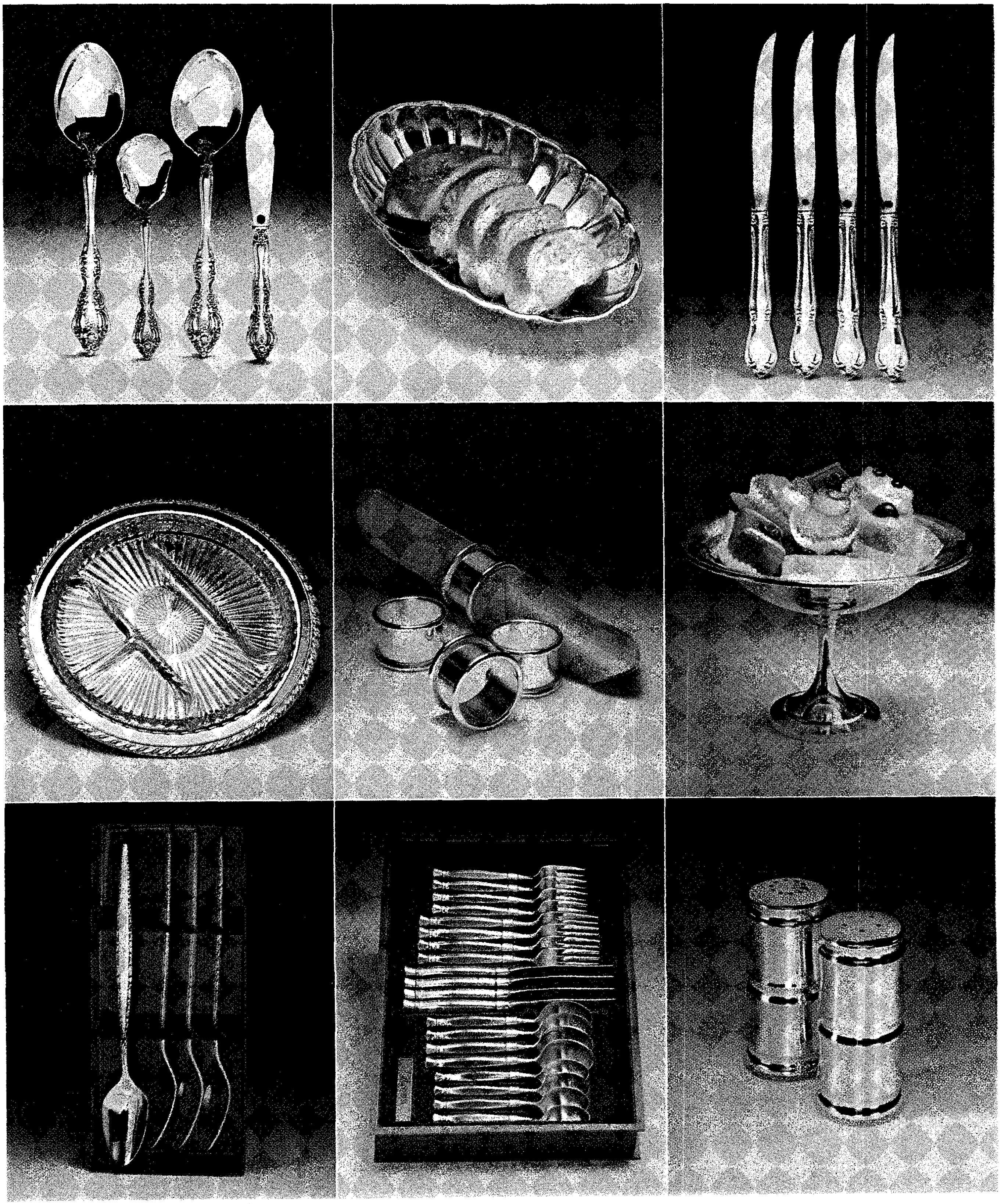

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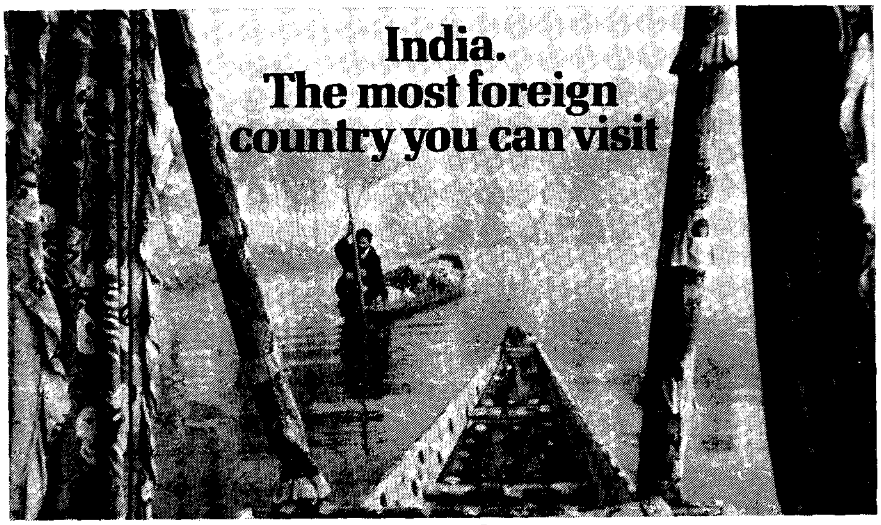
scene, to poke her head around at us with nothing of her nakedness showing but a gleaming bare arm and a merry head with a finger held to the lips. Marie is trapped by the rich society that, by the duplicity of its kind, encourages her to lead a double moral life so well that she doesn't even notice that her maid has spilled out of her tallboy a man's telltale stiff collar in front of her badly-off Millet. He has followed her to Paris and become a painter, anxiously trying to mend things at least to the extent of painting her portrait. At a fine moment when she is standing for the portrait, she yawns in a pause when he is busy painting her, out of her sight behind the canvas; and, by some flight of E.S.P., infects him with the yawn. It is a scene of emotion made strict, of yearning not allowed: Millet has made her promise not to look at the canvas, because it presents the girl she once was, and not the counterfeit she has come to be.

There is no lack of wit or fault of sentiment in this film. Marie, in a tantrum with Revel, tears off her pearl necklace and throws it into the street, and then breaks a shoe heel when she has had second thoughts about the necklace and gone after it. Revel laughs at her greed. He consoles himself with a so-called friend of Marie's. Then follows the massage scene, so often described by film lovers: The heroine is invisibly massaged by an inattentive, angry woman. Only the masseuse's irate hands show in the frame, apart from Marie's flashing hand now and then. They are intercut with shots of another friend, who is bringing Marie cruel gossip and flicking cigarette ashes into a saxophone idly left in a chair. In a last and marvellous celebrated sequence, after Marie has found her self-willed fate, two vehicles meet and pass: Revel's splendid car, and Marie on a farm wagon with a child. Neither principal has seen the other. This is a beautifully put moral tale about matters of innocence and ignorance.

SO is the Maysles brothers' "Running Fence," made in collaboration with Charlotte Zwerin, about the endeavor of the Christo Running Fence art project. The object of the film is to foster the metaphoric substance of the story of the artist called Christo and his enterprise in trying—and succeeding, in the end—to erect a twenty-four-and-a-half-mile-long, eighteen-foot-high fence of white nylon fabric in coastal California. The tale is of an individual fighting a bureaucracy by means of a fence more eloquent than most. It has a specified brief lifetime,



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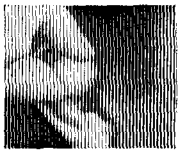

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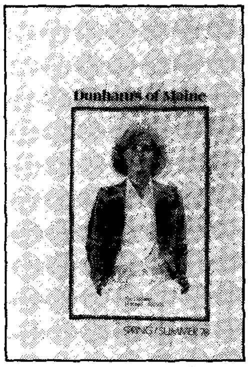

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and would do no one any harm whatever. (One thinks of tobacco smoke, of mercury in the tuna fish, of carcinogenic substances in low-calorie drinks.) All the same, the case aroused rage among the California citizenry. A local artist testified about the mouthed-of magic ribbon at a public hearing and said that it wasn't art—"It's not art if it's twenty-four miles long."

Given that the fence is to come down in a fortnight anyway, the film offers an idiosyncratic but shapely plea for the uses of temporal art. A housewife at the public hearing makes an apt analogy with cooking: "Some of the meals I prepare aren't much. . . . But sometimes I go to a lot of work to prepare a meal that I think is art. It's a masterpiece. And what happens? It gets eaten up and disappears." No one can understand the fact that this man Christo is eagerly investing three million dollars in a project only to see it vanish. The entire film is a meditation on the nature and worth of the transient. It is put together with impeccable honesty of moral intent, whatever one thinks of the value of Christo's work, which may be less than the value of the Maysles films. This kind of awkward paradox occurs in a lot of good reporting, but the sound of Christo's nylon flapping and the unfaltering purpose of the Maysles brothers make the picture command attention.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

AT & T said in some cases lines were temporarily overloaded in the Northeast so that recordings came on telling the caller to try again in a few months.—*Jersey Journal.*

Or in case of fire next week.

•

Not only did Alzado play enormous football at Yankton, he began showing signs of wanting to be a nice guy out in public. He won a pie-eating contest at a local fair, gobbling 17 chocolate creams at one sitting. He matured in many ways.—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

Can you imagine him *really* grown up?

•

Van Alen recommends buying the stock on a short-range basis because of present "weakness," but said there was a possibility of further decline because the arbitrage process has probably not been completed. "Therefore, the stock may waver for a bit," he said. bit," he said. bit," he said. bit," he said. bit," he said. bit," he said.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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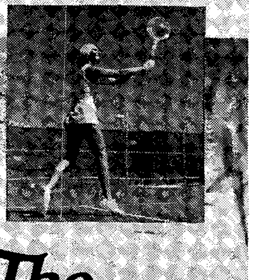

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Damnation and Deliverance*

GOUNOD'S "Faust" is Goethe become a pretty love story. Hearing Boito's "Mefistofele" is like hearing a high-minded person talk about the play with intense feeling for it but in tones untouched by poetry—except at one or two moments of lyric inspiration. Listening to Schumann's setting is like picking up the well-loved volume to read, savor, and ponder some favorite passages. And hearing Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" is—to adapt Coleridge's phrase for Kean's acting of Shakespeare—like reading Goethe by flashes of lightning. As the pages fall open, a line or two may be misread; the imagination invents new details; and, through the eyes and mind of an eccentric genius, "Faust" is perceived with sudden new excitement.

Upon his first, tremendous discovery of "Faust" Part I, Berlioz set to music the songs, the Easter hymn, and the choruses—the passages to be sung even in a spoken performance of the play—and published them as his Opus 1. Then, still under Faustian influence, he embarked on the Fantastic Symphony. Seventeen years later, he returned to "Faust," and amplified the earlier score as his *légende dramatique* "La Damnation de Faust." It was composed in a series of "flashes," on a journey through Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and Silesia. Bowling along in a coach, Berlioz began by writing the lines for Faust's invocation of "*Nature immense*" ("seeking," he says in his memoirs, "neither to translate nor yet to imitate Goethe's original but simply to take my inspiration from it and extract the musical essence it contained"). Lost in Pesth one evening, he set down the refrain of the peasants' dance by the light of a shop's gas flare. In Prague, he jumped up in the middle of the night to note the melody of Margaret's apotheosis, lest it be forgotten by morning. Ideas "presented themselves in the most unpredictable order." Back in Paris, he shaped his twenty scenes into four parts, each continuous and linked by recitative.

Part I shows Faust against military and pastoral backgrounds. Part II, closer to Goethe, contains the study scene, the Easter hymn, and Mephisto's entry; then, in Auerbach's cellar, the Rat and Flea songs; and, finally, a vision of Margaret. In Part III, set in Margaret's bedroom, Faust and Margaret meet. Part IV begins with the sad, lovely song of the deserted Margaret; Faust, in a craggy landscape, calls upon Nature, and then he and Mephisto mount black steeds "swifter than thought" for the wild ride that leads to the abyss. The gates of Hell slam behind them, and in three apocalyptic choruses there is infernal triumph in Pandæmonium, shocked horror on earth, and tender rejoicing in Heaven as the soul of the redeemed Margaret is welcomed there. I set out the scheme because, although "La Damnation" does not have the completeness of a fully developed drama—Berlioz seized only on those parts of Goethe which lend themselves to musical realization—it is a well-shaped work, with its own kind of completeness. If anything seems an intrusion, it is the cellar scene, where Goethe is most nearly followed. For the rest, it is a searching picture of the questing hero, of his evil genius, and of the pure but passionate heroine—three figures vivid against a deep background of Life and Nature. Their portraits are achieved in a series of intense short numbers marked by the "passionate expression" that Berlioz considered a prevailing characteristic of his music. ("I mean an expression determined on enforcing the inner meaning of its subject, even when the feeling to be expressed is gentle and tender.") Not only Margaret's lament and Faust's invocation but also Mephisto's serenade, the dance of the sylphs, and the serene finale are in this sense "passionate."

"La Damnation" can be enjoyed on many levels. Beecham, who mounted it at Covent Garden in 1933, called it "a bunch of the loveliest tunes in existence." A nineteenth-century English critic wrote:

> There is lovelier music in "Romeo and Juliet;" there are greater aims and larger effects in the Requiem; there is nobler drama in the "Troyens" . . . but in variety and completeness, in movement and romance, in life and colour and charm, the "Damnation" is unrivalled, not only among the works of Berlioz himself, but, as it seems to us, by anything produced by the masters of symphony since Beethoven.

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a "dramatic legend" related in a manner of Berlioz's own invention, kin to that of his *symphonie dramatique* "Roméo et Juliette." In a libretto, localities are indicated, but only as settings in a theatre of the mind. The scenes shift "magically," in the space of a measure. The listener is moved "swifter than thought" from the plains of Hungary to Faust's German study; he is at once inside Margaret's room with the lovers and outside it with the mocking neighbors; he rides high over the earth on daemon steeds. "La Damnation" is a dramatic experience realized in purely musical terms; the drama comes from the score, and not from the story. The piece was not meant for the stage. Yet it has been the most frequently staged of all Berlioz's works.

Raoul Gunsbourg was the first to mount it, in Monte Carlo in 1893, with Rose Caron (and later Melba, Calvé, and Farrar), Jean de Reszke, and Maurice Renaud, and it remained a staple of his repertory. In 1894, it was staged in Liverpool and New Orleans. In 1906, it reached the Met; in 1910, the Paris Opéra. In that theatre, a new production, by Pierre Chereau, held the boards from 1933 to 1959; then, in 1964, Maurice Béjart produced it there. The latest in a very long list of stagings is Sarah Caldwell's for the Opera Company of Boston. Ambitious directors evidently find the work irresistible. In every production I have seen, there have been exciting, rewarding, and affecting moments, but in the end the very graphicness of Berlioz's score has defeated all attempts to find a visual accompaniment for it and has fettered the lightning-flash movements of his mind and his music. As Richard Capell remarked after Beecham's Covent Garden version, the transfer must always involve mutilations and utterly needless visual effects—and, moreover, leave the spectator of them disappointed. But people go on trying.

Berlioz himself planned an operatic conversion of the work, to open the second season of the Grand English Opera company that Louis Jullien had formed at Drury Lane in 1847. Its productions were sung in English, but it was no narrowly nationalist enterprise: Julie Dorus-Gras, once prima donna of the Opéra, came out of retirement to lead the troupe; the first season's repertory was "Lucia," "Linda di Chamounix," "Figaro," and Balfe's "The Maid of Honour;" and Berlioz was the conductor. In 1847, Her Majesty's and the newly established

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Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden were already in cutthroat rivalry; the former offered Jenny Lind and Verdi, the other the greatest Italian singers of the day. Jullien's enterprise failed, he went bankrupt, and nothing came of Berlioz's intended "Mephistopheles." What it might have been we must deduce from the composer's letters to Scribe, which were published in a 1917 issue of the *Revue Bleue*. Scribe had been entrusted with the dramatization. The garden scene, the church scene, and the death of Valentine were possible additions. Berlioz also wanted an assembly of the Princes of Darkness to determine, by lot drawing from an urn, which of them should seduce Faust; and his request for it suggests that the "color" of the music, if not its actual notes, had already formed in his mind:

> *Je voudrais ici un enfer très sombre, ténébreux et silencieux, pour contraster avec le Pandæmonium de la fin. A la proclamation du nom de Méphistophélès, il y aura seulement une sorte d'illumination subite et brève comme un éclair et un cri terrible de joie infernale.*

There could be spoken dialogue, except for Mephisto; he was to be played by the Bohemian baritone Johann Pischek, who could sing in English but could not speak it well. Pischek should have a grand aria, an *andante tendre et douloureux* of three strophes in which the devil regrets that he cannot love, weep, or die, followed by an *allegro furieux* to the effect that "since love, tears, death itself are denied me, let an immortality of hate, vengeance, and rage be my portion." The ride to the abyss, Berlioz said, was well within the capacities of English stage machinery. (James Planché, the librettist of Weber's "Oberon," was both house poet and "superintendent of the decorative departments.") For Pandæmonium and Heaven, Jullien intended "to reproduce the effects of the marvellous pictures of the apocalyptic English painter Martin."

Berlioz's "Mephistopheles" remains a might-have-been, but in a staging of "La Damnation" Mad Martin would still be a good visual model for the final scenes. Miss Caldwell staged them as a laser-beam light show, an extravaganza of flash and glitter, part disco, part *palais de danse* in effect. It seemed uncontrolled, imprecise, and irrelevant. The evening began with Berlioz in London at one side of an empty stage, penning his letters to Scribe, pondering how his score might be turned into an opera, and Miss Caldwell and her team at the other side, pondering the same

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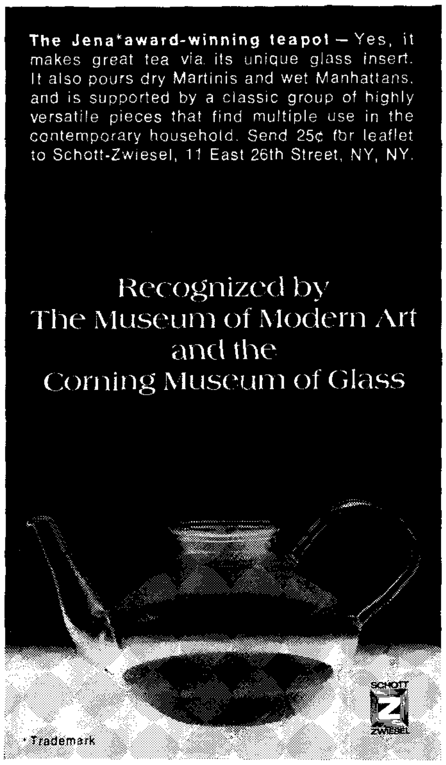
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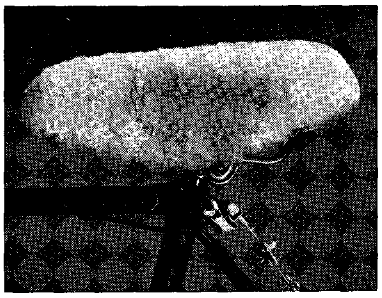

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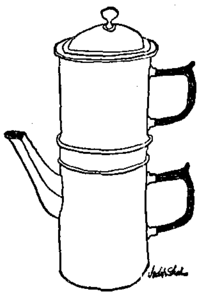
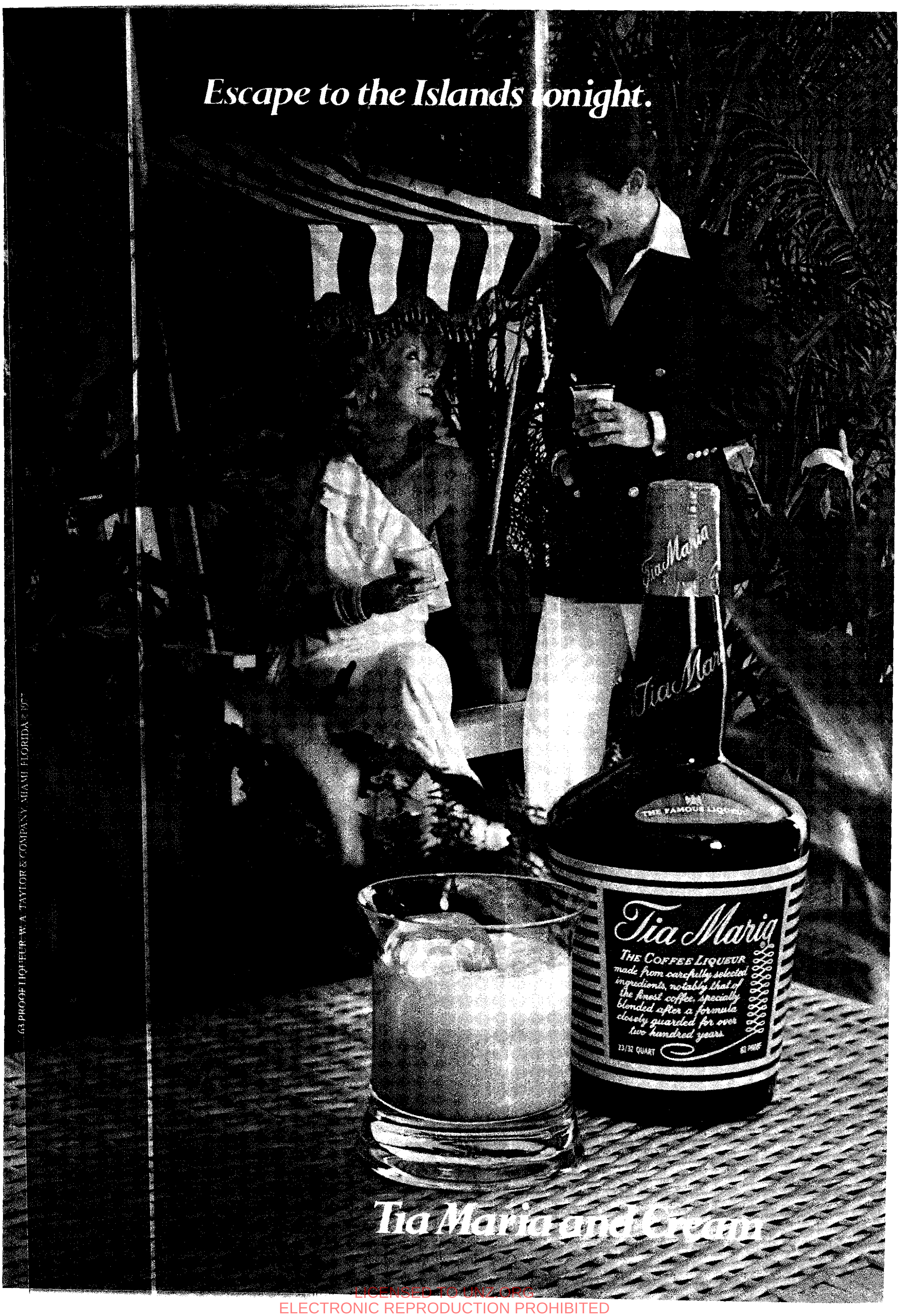
thing. As if in a rehearsal directed now by Berlioz, now by Miss Caldwell, now by the ballet mistress, the opening scenes took shape. We moved back and forth between, as it were, conception and execution. The prima donna received "D'amour l'ardente flamme" from Berlioz, began to sing it for him, and then, at the reprise, moved into a set to finish the air in character. It was a high-spirited and ingenious production deployed through the whole of the theatre—stage, arena, and balconies—to achieve effects of perspective; the Rákóczi march (in which Miss Caldwell joined, and was cheered) and the students-and-soldiers chorus came off particularly well. But along the way the work itself got lost. This was a theatrical enactment of "Some Ideas About Possible Ways of Staging 'La Damnation,' " and, as such, a stimulating, lively, and entertaining demonstration. Someday, Miss Caldwell might put the ideas into practice and stage "La Damnation."



There was a good orchestra and a good chorus, and Robert Shaw conducted a strong, sensitive account of the score. Margaret was Evelyn Lear; she sang with feeling and color, but sometimes her tone was edgy. Faust was Alberto Remedios, intense if somewhat metallic in timbre; he seemed to have forgotten the legato that distinguishes his Wagnerian performances, and broke what should be smooth lines into disjunct notes. Mephisto was Donald Gramm, precise, pointed, and witty but not, in his final scene, terrible. The work was sung in English translations—a mixture of Geoffrey Dunn's, as used at the English National Opera, and Mr. Shaw's. Eugene Lee's scenery deftly and attractively combined the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, Berlioz and Miss Caldwell, theatrical illusion and theatre reality.

THE third presentation of the Sacred Music Society, which began work in 1976 with Massenet's "Marie-Magdeleine" and last year did Refice's "Cecilia," was a concert performance, in Avery Fisher Hall last week, of Rossini's *azione tragico-sacra* "Mosè in Egitto," an opera unheard in New York, it seems, since Lorenzo da Ponte (Mozart's librettist turned impresario) presented it here in 1835, and probably unheard anywhere else since about 1855. What *has* been heard is "Moïse et Pharaon," Rossini's expansion, reordering, and recomposition for the Opéra of his earlier piece. In Paris, where Rossini had financial security, a stable company, a good orchestra, and plenty of rehearsal time, he was able to work out fully ideas and ideals that had been compromised in the haste and hurly-burly of Italian operatic life. "Moïse" (1827) is a clarification of "Mosè" (1818 and 1819). The two dramatic themes—Moses as leader of his people, and Elcia torn, like many an operatic heroine before and after her, between love and national loyalty—are more strongly presented. Musical practices pioneered in Naples—large-scale tonal organization, motivic dramaturgy, and adventurous orchestral writing—are carried out with determination and consistency. When fashioning "Moïse," Rossini removed three "Mosè" arias, a brief conventional chorus, and two conventional concerted strettos; he added an overture, three extended ensemble scenes, dances, and a dramatic, unconventional aria. But since he had been a "reformer" from the first, many of the great things in "Moïse" were already present in "Mosè." In his day, he was chided for giving the orchestra too much to do, for being too "learned," too musically elaborate—in a word, too German. Behind "Mosè" one hears Gluck and, again and again, the Mozart of "Don Giovanni." Before it lie Verdi (whose "Nabucco" is demonstrably modelled after the 1827 score), Meyerbeer, and Wagner (whose orchestral perorations to "Das Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung" are descendants of those in "Mosè," "Le Siège de Corinthe," and "Guillaume Tell"). "Mosè" was an influential work. It proved well worth hearing in its own right, not merely for its high historical importance. Balzac, who devoted the greater part of his story "Massimilla Doni" to an account of the opera, described it as an "*immense poème musical.*" It is a progression from C minor to C major—from darkness to light, from captivity in Egypt to freedom in the Sinai Peninsula—richly conceived and richly executed on a very grand scale.

The richness and grandeur were revealed in a performance that should stand as a landmark in Rossini revival. So far as I know, there has been no comparable twentieth-century attempt to perform a Rossini opera with the sounds that the composer intended. The score was newly edited—from the autograph and from the Naples con-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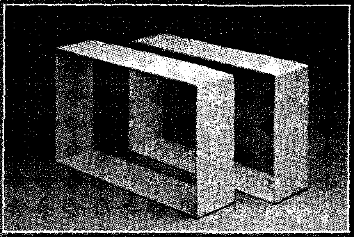

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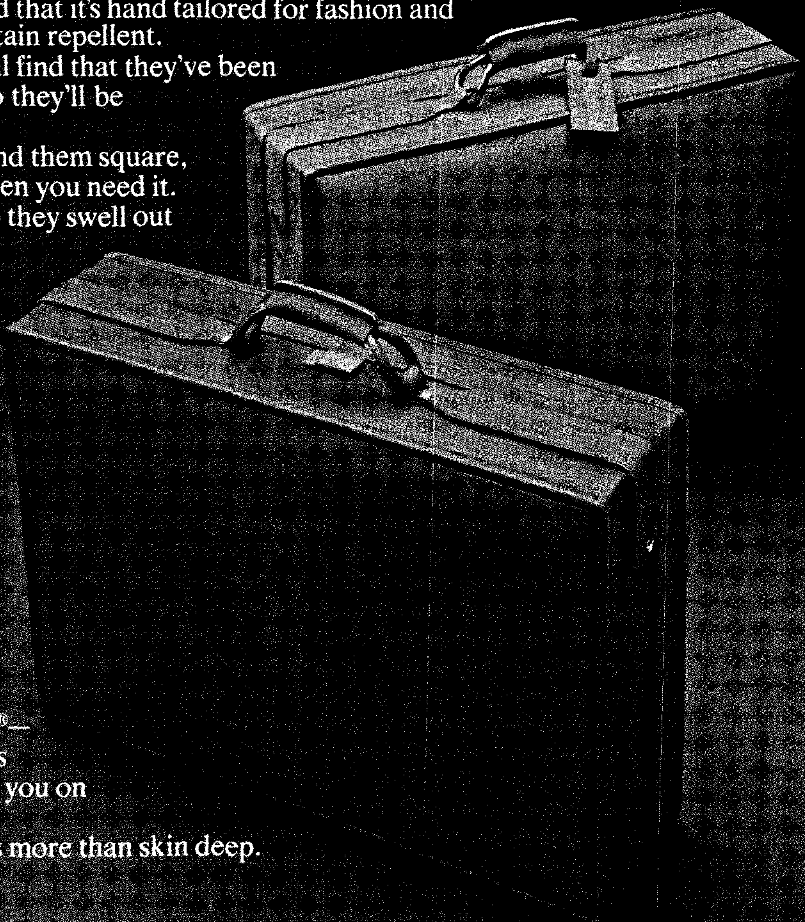

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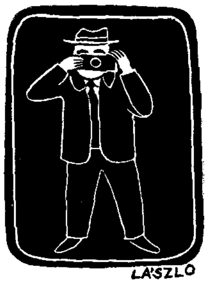
ducting copy—by Christie Tolstoy and Randolph Mickelson. The audience was supplied with a facsimile of the 1819 libretto, interleaved with a King's Theatre 1832 English translation, clearly printed in a well-chosen type. The orchestral and choral dispositions of Rossini's day were followed, providing strongly bassed, massive tuttis, as opposed to the top-heavy imbalance of modern choruses and orchestras. The military band was present and correct. The Jingling Johnny, or Turkish crescent, that Rossini called for had been found. So had a serpentone, which he specified to underpin Moses's tremendous brass-accompanied recitative "Eterno! immenso! incomprensibil Dio!" (But, in the event, it was replaced by the steadier and still appropriate sound of a cimbasso.) There were some ragged entries, but Angelo Campori's command of pace and balance was sure.



A similar care for the right sort of sound marked the casting. In the roles of Moses and Pharaoh, the heavy grandeur of a *basso profondo* and the brilliance and agility of a *basso cantante* were contrasted. Dimitri Kavrakos and Justino Díaz were both very impressive. The two soprano roles, Elcia and Amaltea, brought the contrast of a full, heavy, richly colored voice in the first (composed for Isabella Colbran) and a fleet, shining coloratura in the second. The Rumanian soprano Gabriela Cegolèa, making her American début, as Elcia, produced lustrous and beautiful sound; she should become an important singer. But her control of the splendid voice was uneven, and some of the passages were smudged. Marilyn Brustadt, as Amaltea, was quick, confident, and precise. She ran up to a sustained Queen of Night F. (The cabaletta of Amaltea's aria is the one Beverly Sills inserted into the Met "Siège de Corinthe.") The two tenors, again, were strongly contrasted. Osiris, Pharaoh's son, was composed for Andrea Nozzari, a *tenore serio*, who seems to have been something like a modern dramatic baritone with the added abilities to reach down to a forceful G at the bottom of the bass staff and to sing brilliant coloratura up to high C. Impossible assignment today! The engagement of a heldentenor, James McCray, a Rienzi and a Siegfried, suggested something of what was required. Plainly, Mr. McCray found the coloratura a strain, though he struggled with it manfully. He did give the role the force and weight it needs, as a *tenore di grazia*, readier to cope with the fiendishly florid writing, would not be able to. Stephen Algie, as Aaron, provided the foil of a quick, keen, light, but incisive tenor. (In Rossini's "Otello," the protagonist—another Nozzari role—and Rodrigo are a similarly contrasted pair.) Rossini's "scoring" for these very different kinds of voice—in duets, in canons, in the great prayer where three soloists sing the same melody in turn—was revealed in all its variety.

That prayer, "Dal tuo stellato soglio," did not form part of the original 1818 score; Rossini added it in 1819, and it became a hit number. "We seem to be watching the liberation of Italy," said Balzac. And, after hearing it at a Rossini centenary concert at the Crystal Palace, in 1892, Shaw confessed that "I so wanted to hear it again that after a careful look round to see that none of my brother-critics were watching me I wore away about an eighth of an inch from the ferrule of my umbrella in abetting an encore." Why does it make so tremendous an effect? Partly, I think, because it sounds in definitive form, at last, a basic motif of the opera: a melody ascending by step from the first to the fifth degree of the scale, including an urgent stress on a sharpened fourth. It was an idea Rossini had used before: in a duet of "Tancredi," and in the famous gondolier's song, "Nessun maggior dolore," in "Otello," which floats up from the canal to chime with Desdemona's sad mood. In "Mosè," it becomes a functional motif: adumbrated in the first duet for Elcia and Osiris, and alluded to in the orchestral parts of their second; heard in the duet for Pharaoh and Osiris; fully stated in the prayer; then referred to "in shorthand" (a simple, unison A sharp-B in E major) at the moment the Red Sea divides. The sharpened fourth is no more than a chromatic appoggiatura, sometimes harmonically amplified to force a transient dominant modulation. Its repeated employment in "Mosè" (and again in the aria that Rossini composed for "Moïse") may not have been conscious, but it seems to be more than coincidental. Perhaps it reached Rossini as what Schoenberg calls "a subconsciously received gift from the Supreme Commander." In the prayer, it subconsciously fulfills a listener's long-aroused expectations, and seems to bring a closer gleam of

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the Promised Land. Harmonically, the prayer's minor-to-major structure is the simplest, grandest statement of the opera's basic progression.

It is tempting to embark on a long number-by-number description of this score, from the bold, "Zauberflöte"-inspired start and the tenebrous, winding theme, stated in C minor and then led through key after key, that depicts at once the dismay of a sun-bathed people plunged suddenly into darkness and the inexorable will to which they must eventually bow, right through to the radiant coda. Orchestration, harmony, form, colors, melodic invention, the fine control of textures, the contrast of mass and of solos, the "lighting effects" made manifest in the music—all deserve comment. But to do that would be merely to repeat what Balzac has so eloquently done. Enough, then, to praise a performance marked by seriousness, devotion, and a determination to discover and reveal what the composer intended (qualities sadly absent from the Met's trumpery account of "Le Siège de Corinthe")—a performance to make it clear why the serious Rossini once had the world at his feet. —ANDREW PORTER

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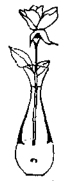

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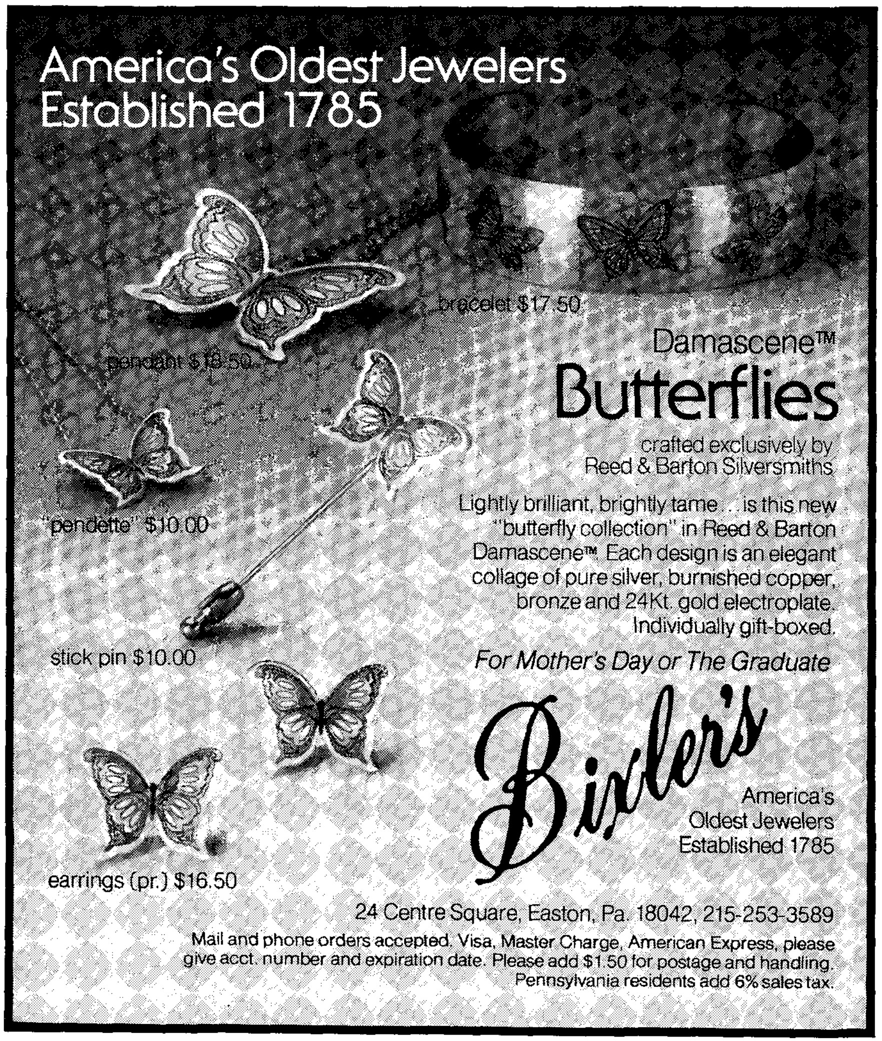
JANÁČEK's opera "Katya Kabanova" has received an excellent recording by an outstanding cast, including Elisabeth Söderström, Peter Dvorsky, and Naděžda Kniplova, with the Vienna Philharmonic and the Chorus of the Vienna State Opera, under Charles Mackerras (London OSA 12109; four sides). It is sung in the original Czech, as it should be, because Janáček's use of musical phrases is closely related to that language. The plot, involving adultery, suicide, and remorse, is intensely dramatic, and the performance does it full justice.

Verdi's "La Traviata" has been recorded yet again—this time with what is probably the most outstanding cast available today (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 103; four sides). The principals are Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes, with Carlos Kleiber conducting the Bavarian State Orchestra and Chorus. The results are, as might be expected, brilliant and searching, and the album is a welcome addition to the long list of recordings of this masterpiece.

Verdi's "I Due Foscari," a product of his early years, has received its first complete stereo recording, from Philips (6700.105; four sides). The performers are Piero Cappuccilli, José Carreras, Katia Ricciarelli, Samuel Ramey, Vincenzo Bello, and Elizabeth Connell, along with the ORF Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Lamberto Gardelli conducting. This is the latest addition to Philips' continuing series of early-Verdi-opera recordings. "I Due Foscari" contains some of Verdi's most robust melodic writing, and the performance is superb.

Mozart's late opera "La Clemenza di Tito," written while he was mortally ill and could do only the arias and ensembles (the secco recitatives were filled in by his pupil Süssmayer), is a curious reversion to the opera-seria style of fifty years before his time. Though its action is comparatively static, its melodies are among the best Mozart ever wrote. It has been recorded previously by István Kertész and the Vienna State Opera, but a new recording has just been issued by Philips, with Janet Baker, Yvonne Minton, Lucia Popp, Frederica von Stade, Stuart Burrows, and Robert Lloyd, accompanied by the Orchestra and Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, under Colin Davis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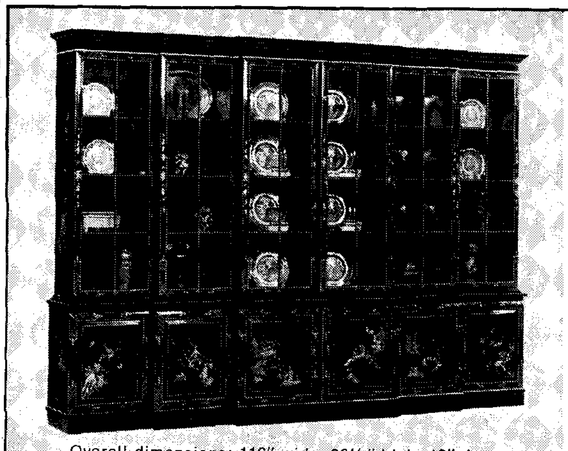
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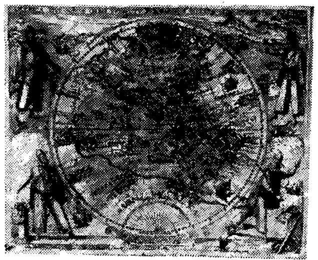
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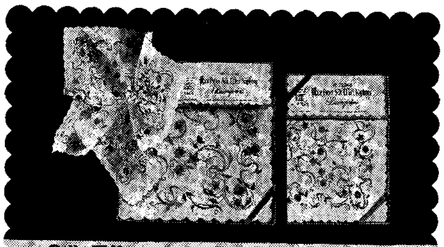
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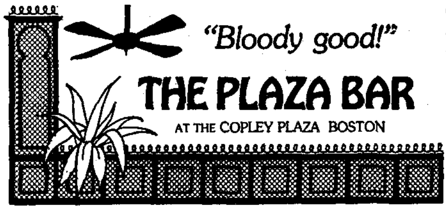
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(6703.079; six sides). The work is splendidly sung.

Puccini's "Il Trittico" appears in a reissue of a recording involving Tito Gobbi, Margaret Mas, Giacinto Prandelli, Victoria De Los Angeles, Fedora Barbieri, Carlo del Monte, and others, with the Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera, under three different conductors—Vincenzo Belleza, Tullio Serafin, and Gabriele Santini (Angel SX-3849E; six sides, mono). The singers are some of the finest from a generation ago, and the album is a worthy addition to the recorded repertory. Gobbi, in particular, is inimitable as Schicchi.

Ernesto Badini, Tito Schipa, Adelaide Saraceni, Afro Poli, and Giordano Callegari combine their talents in a recording of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," with the Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala, Carlo Sabajno conducting (Seraphim IC 6084; six sides, mono). This is also, of course, an old recording newly reissued—the revival of a historic album remarkable for the singing of Schipa. (The other singers are very fine, too.) The album lacks a libretto, but this lack is attributed by Seraphim to a desire to keep the price low.

"La Divina: Maria Callas in Her Greatest Recordings 1953-64" is the title of an anthology of arias sung by Miss Callas from various operas, mostly Italian and French, with Gluck's "Alceste" representing Austria (Angel SB 3841; four sides). It is a pity that this formidable singer lost her voice in her later years. Her interpretations, as everybody knows, were marvellously dramatic as well as musically sensitive, and these records recall the time when her singing was at its peak. The album is a fitting memorial to a most brilliant and influential singer. —Winthrop Sargeant

•

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[*From the Tacoma (Wash.) News Tribune & Sunday Ledger*]

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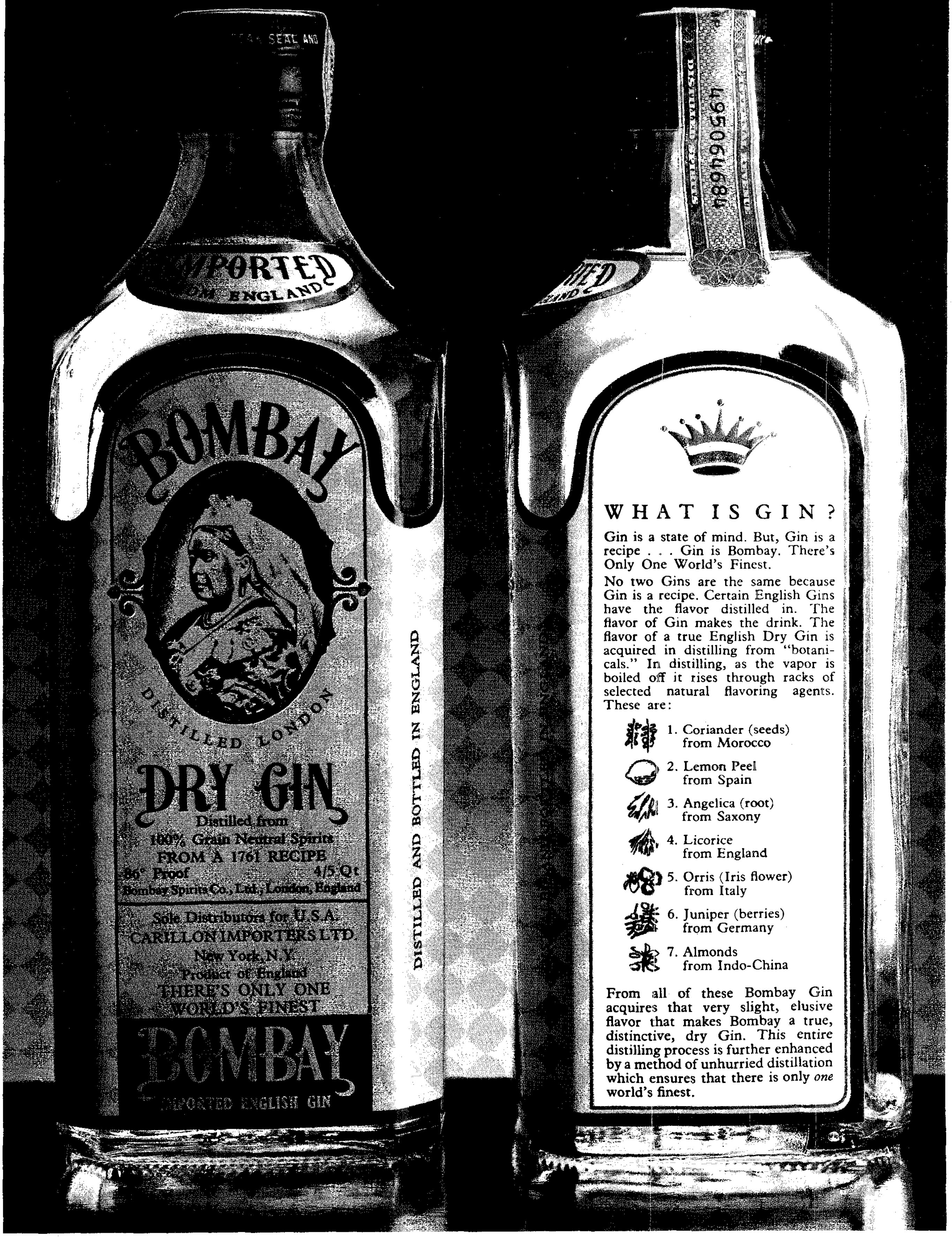
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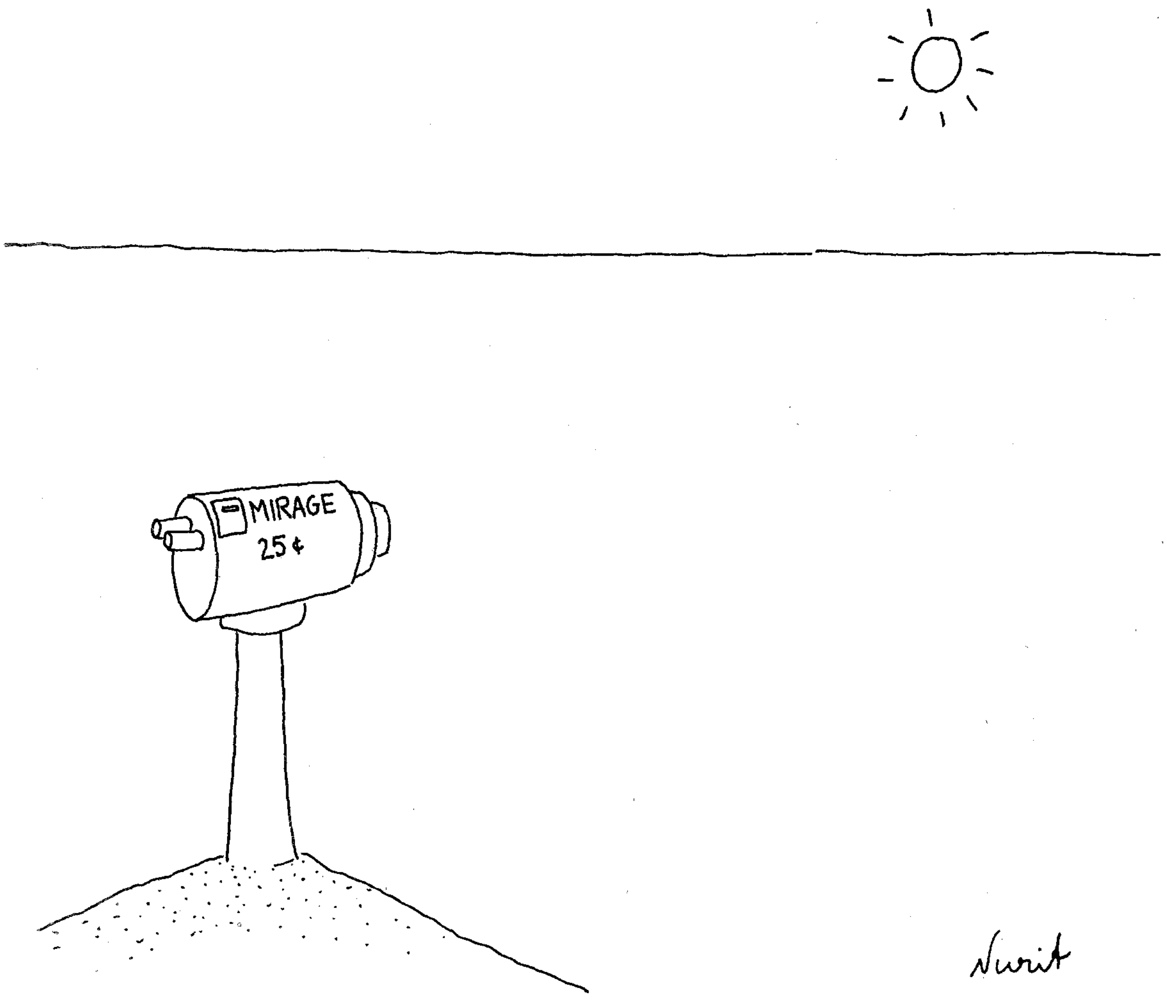
# BOOKS

## *The Philosopher's Child*

"ELEANOR MARX," by Yvonne Kapp (Pantheon; $27.95), is a sympathetic biography, in two volumes, of the youngest daughter of Karl Marx and his wife, Jenny. Eleanor was born in London, in 1855, and died there, by her own hand, in 1898. Her short life was active and varied: she made the first translation of "Madame Bovary" published in England; she organized a reading that Shaw, who took part in it, recalled as the first performance in England of "A Doll's House;" and she founded the first women's branch of the National Union of Gasworkers and General Labourers of Great Britain and Ireland. Mrs. Kapp's style is personal, inclusive, and enchantingly digressive. Her frequent summaries of wages, prices, and comparative incomes help us grasp the not quite genteel poverty in which Eleanor grew up, and the interpolated stories about people Eleanor knew (or sometimes only met) help us understand the radical milieu in which she spent her life. Mrs. Kapp keeps in touch, as Karl and Eleanor did, with dispersed Marx relatives: with cousins who founded the Dutch multinational company N. V. Philips, of Eindhoven; with a South African nephew who was knighted. In daily life, Eleanor was close to Engels—her genial uncle by adoption, the family's firmest financial support, and, I think, the most attractive personality in her life—and, of course, to her parents and her older sisters, Jenny (b. 1844) and Laura (b. 1845). Like other Victorian parents, the Marxes lost several children, and, like many another Victorian master, Marx had an illegitimate son—Freddy—by the family housekeeper. Freddy, who was four years older than Eleanor, was raised by foster parents and was passed off as Engels' child. Eleanor was heartsick when Engels, on his deathbed in 1895, admitted the truth. She had never understood why Freddy had been so shabbily treated by his father, and found it unbearable that the shabbiness had been her father's. From 1895 on, her liking and pity for her half brother were transmuted into intimacy and dependence: to him alone she wrote of her growing despair in the months before her suicide. However, for most of her life she believed that she was the baby of three children, and her father's favorite.

Marx was a damaging parent, and not merely because he could not support his family. Mrs. Kapp, who reveres him as if she were his daughter, regrets only that none of the Marx girls was given systematic training to support herself. Yet, apart from teaching—and Jenny and Eleanor sometimes did teach—there was not much paid work for which they could be trained when they were girls. (Eleanor took acting lessons until her teacher told her she lacked the makings of a professional.) Marx did not separate his family from his work but, rather, drew them into it. He probably did not recognize that his daughters—and Eleanor most of all—were raised to be handmaids. This might have constituted systematic training for Victorian wifehood if the Marxes had not raised their girls at odds with other Victorian ideals. Mrs. Marx belatedly glimpsed that fact. In a letter, she wrote, "I often think that if one cannot offer one's children riches nor complete independence of others, it is hardly the right thing to bring them up in harsh disagreement with society." But she had begun to fall apart in her late forties, while her husband, meditating upon the larger aspects of society, seems to have been naïve about the small ones: he wrote a stiff Victorian-father letter to Laura's suitor Paul Lafargue, and then, possibly bemused by reports of the Lafargue family's wealth, caved in and let him marry Laura, without reflecting that really rich French families were rarely enthusiastic about dowerless daughters-in-law. Mrs. Kapp never says what became of the alleged fortune but records that the Lafargues dipped into Engels' pocket ever after. Marx allowed Jenny, too, to marry the French radical of her choice, but he forbade Eleanor to



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marry *hers*, a hero of the Commune named Lissagaray, who was a more forceful, masculine personality than Marx's sons-in-law. No more than the others did he have a steady income, but he had written a book Marx admired. Lissagaray, however, was seventeen years older than the seventeen-year-old Eleanor when he came courting. Was Marx jealous or overpossessive? Or did he know something we do not? Eleanor tried the tactics available to Victorian daughters: she pleaded and she got sick—she had two attacks of anorexia nervosa. But her father was obdurate, and she did not rebel. I found myself hoping for a real-life approximation of the affectionate, if unglamorous, Professor Bhaer, the husband that Louisa May Alcott found for Jo March, but none turned up. Like the Alcott girls (who believed the improvident Bronson Alcott to be a great philosopher), the Marx daughters did not regard their father as a failure. Both men failed in the patriarchal duty to provide, but their families allowed them to retain the patriarchal right to command. (By contrast, the English novelist Dorothy Richardson, who was a generation younger than Eleanor, was able—both in life and in her autobiographical novel series "Pilgrimage"—to rebel and maintain her independence, primarily, I believe, because she did not think her father amounted to much.) Mrs. Kapp emphasizes the limitations upon Eleanor Marx as a nineteenth-century woman, but I am not sure that those are at the heart of her story. I think Eleanor's biography is essentially about the defenselessness of any child before an adult who does not know that his love is overpowering—the victim may be a boy as often as a girl.

Eleanor's mother died in 1881, her father in 1883, and in 1884 she began to live with Edward Aveling, a former scientist who was separated but not divorced from his wife. Thereafter, Eleanor's existence was admirable and pathetic; what was admirable was her doing and what was pathetic was his. Aveling was good-looking, charming, intelligent though not creative, with a low standard of personal conduct (he was a womanizer and a sponger) and a professed attachment to such high ideals as liberty, justice, and Socialism. Shaw thought Aveling sincere in his beliefs; Mrs. Kapp thinks him merely "rebellious," and suggests that his "anarchic individualism and egotism" fastened upon atheism and Socialism because in his era they were the most upsetting causes he could find. He was the son of a noted Congregationalist minister; since many of the harshest

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recollections of Aveling come from his own family, he evidently succeeded in upsetting them. He also upset others—especially anyone or any group (including Socialist organizations) that let him near the cashbox—and such imbroglios embarrassed Eleanor. She supported herself—and often, it seems, Aveling—by tutoring, translating, typing, and what the English call "devilling": odd jobs of research, editing, and ghostwriting. Despite her interest in literature, she seems not to have thought of attempting fiction, poetry, or drama but, having paid the bills by hacking, devoted herself to carrying on her father's mission. She helped Engels sort Marx's papers. She wrote and lectured about Socialism, and was constantly involved with the doings of international Socialism and the intellectual and personal feuds of Socialist sects. Above all, she tirelessly worked for the English trade unions, and was probably best known in her native land and in her own time as a labor leader. Her success at union organizing was all her own; manual workers were not familiar with her father's theories. What Mrs. Kapp calls "that warmth Eleanor never failed to kindle" reflected her capacity for loving understanding, and laboring men and women responded to it, and liked and trusted her. Following Eleanor on her exhausting rounds, Mrs. Kapp frequently mentions which of Eleanor's doings were firsts for women. Certainly it seems astonishing that in 1892, when German workers in the Ayrshire mines were scabbing and undercutting wages, she, rather than a man, was asked to run up to Scotland and set the miners straight. Eleanor was a feminist, but she did not work as one; she simply helped those who needed her, and, ironically, became a pioneer among women by the exercise of old-fashioned womanly qualities such as sweetness, concern for others, and self-sacrifice.

On March 31, 1898, Eleanor took poison, after, it is believed, a spat with Aveling. There was an inquest, but even so—as in practically every other matter in which that unfathomable cad was concerned—mysteries remain. The couple's relationship had been unusually difficult during the preceding year, and Aveling had been seriously ill. (He died, of natural causes, four months after Eleanor.) His first wife had died in 1892, but we cannot be certain that Eleanor ever discovered that in June, 1897, he had married (under a pseudonym) a young woman in Chelsea, about whom Mrs. Kapp knows little. So many people, for reasons justified and unjustified, disliked

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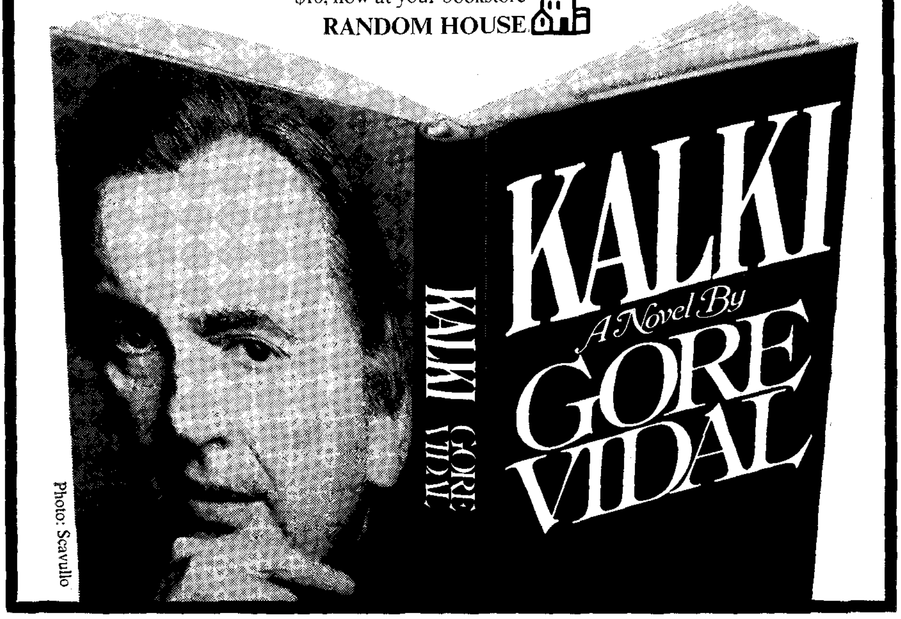

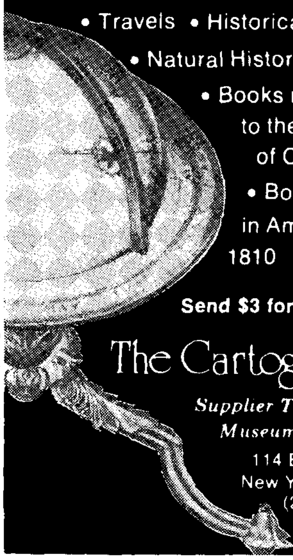
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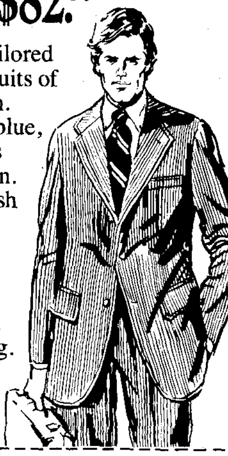

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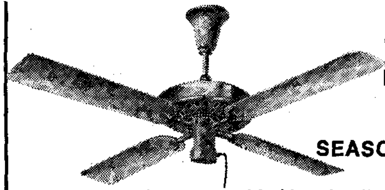

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Aveling that he was held to be morally responsible for Eleanor's death. Mrs. Kapp sees a more complex tragedy. Aveling played a part, but so, the author thinks, did Eleanor, in her conviction that she had failed her father and Engels because the English working-class movement was not turning to Marxism. She could not, apparently, appreciate her own substantial achievements, nor could she recognize that, whatever she did, she managed to illumine the life of nearly everyone she touched. Mrs. Kapp remarks how alive Eleanor's writing seems, and, indeed, in every letter that the author quotes we hear Eleanor's voice. Like the "virtuous woman" of Proverbs, "in her tongue is the law of kindness."

—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A FAMILY TRUST, by Ward Just (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $8.95). A slow-moving but eloquent book about a Midwestern family, the Risings, and their feelings for and connections with the small Republican town whose newspaper they run. In describing the lives of several generations of newspapermen and their families from the nineteen-thirties to almost the present, Mr. Just really gives us a subtle mid-century profile of the Midwest (where he grew up). From the family patriarch, Amos Rising, whose shadow dogs his three sons even after his death, to the independent-minded, freedom-loving daughter of the newspaper's last family editor and publisher, all the Risings are touching in their struggle to come to terms with their region's "landlocked sense of inferiority and rejection coupled with an equally strong sense of virtue and destiny." Mr. Just's prose, like the people he writes about, is plain, controlled, and brimming with energy, and it is no small mark of his skill that he constantly elicits strong sympathy from the reader for even the most hidebound of the cramped, rigid, conservative characters with whom his book overflows.

KALKI, by Gore Vidal (Random House; $10). Usually, the tone of a popular novel is not all that important—it's the zippy action and zippier story that keep things boiling—but Mr. Vidal's writings in this genre (particularly "Myra Breckinridge" and the present volume) have a tone that is unignorable, because it is so jarring. Mr. Vidal puts all

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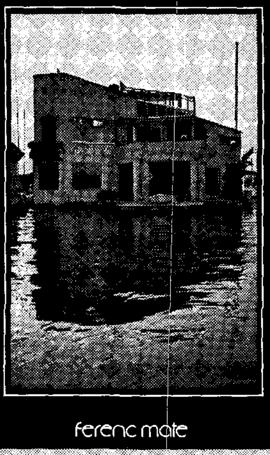

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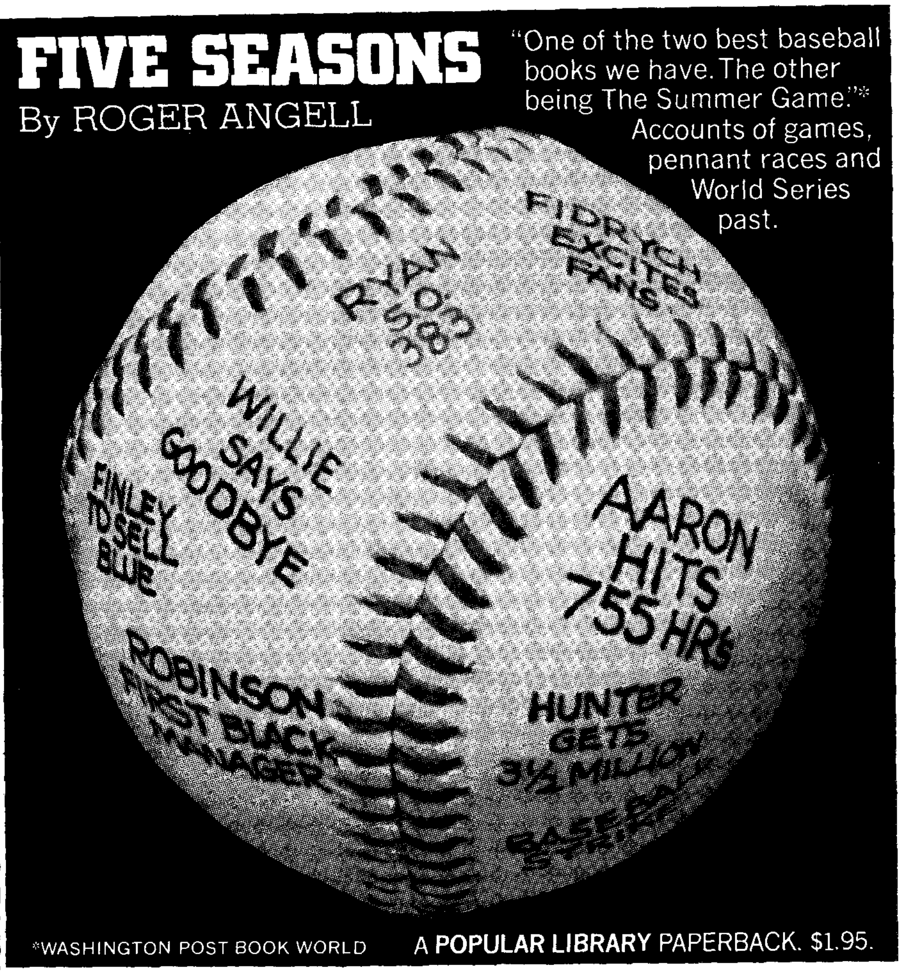
the right ingredients into his latest work—sex, violence, drugs, short visits to foreign cities—but he dilutes their effectiveness by embellishing his (appropriately) thin characters with, of all things, quotes from Pascal, hearty political satire, and halfhearted literary criticism. The bored, worldly tone of the narrator (a bisexual aviatrix) is so at odds with the trendy story—an unconvincing concoction about a young American Vietnam veteran who suddenly proclaims that he is the Hindu god Kalki, with the mission of destroying the world—that the effect is almost surreal. One senses that the author has as little interest in the matter at hand as the reader has, even when he is exploring the possibilities of Armageddon. A Literary Guild selection.

HASEN, by Reuben Bercovitch (Knopf; $6.95). A disquieting first novel about two young boys who live in a forest on the edge of a German concentration camp. One of the boys is officially dead. The other is allowed to remain in the woods as a kind of unofficial gamekeeper for the camp's commandant, a gourmandizing homosexual. Both boys have become adept at closing their eyes to the horrors of the camp, at surviving in the woods, and at not thinking about the future, until the sickly, fragile young brother of one of them arrives in the camp. When the little boy is killed and thrown into a mass grave, his brother's nerves shatter, and the highly ritualized, fanatically well-ordered world of the two friends is destroyed. In short, telling scenes of camp life that are chillingly believable, Mr. Bercovitch evokes the horrors that crouch footsteps away from that world, but there are a few too many false, almost Hollywoodish touches (the author is in fact a movie screenwriter and producer), which clash harshly with the book's general tone of bleak despair.

GENERAL

THE LION'S MOUTH, by Kathleen Raine (Braziller; $7.95). Miss Raine was already a noted English poet and critic when, in the early fifties, a friend called, bringing along a young writer and artist named Gavin Maxwell, who had few successes to his credit but with whom she almost immediately felt profound kinship, in part because they shared an affection for their ancestral landscapes—North of England and Scotland. Their social backgrounds differed—her father was a schoolmaster, and his grandfather was a



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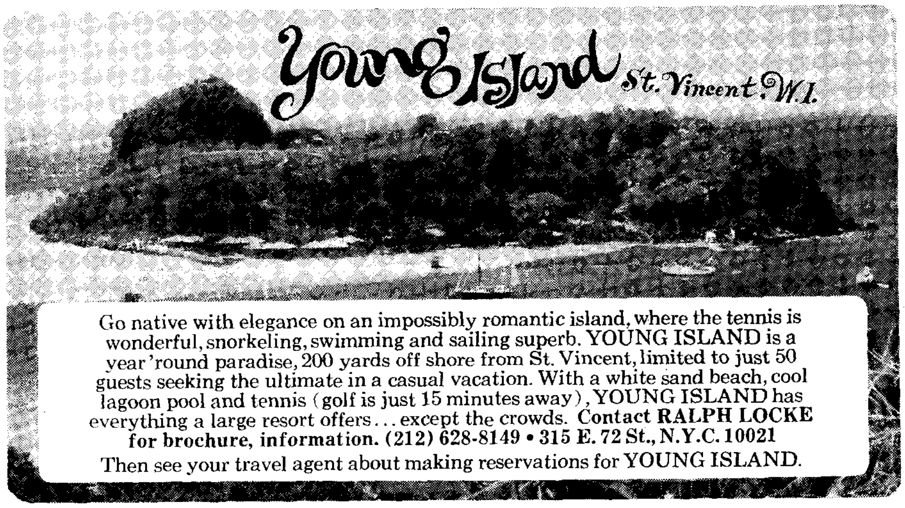

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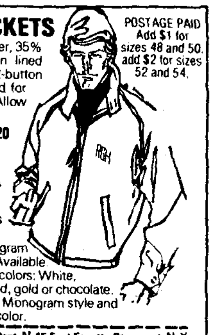

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duke—and their intimacy was limited, because, as he soon explained, he was a homosexual. It is the purpose of this work to explore what Miss Raine thought was love and what she now understands was a love-hate that was enormously destructive to both of them. She tells us, for example, that she was responsible for the death of the otter that is the tragedy of his book "Ring of Bright Water," and belatedly recognizes that "I forfeited my relationship with Gavin . . . when I refused . . . his forgiveness." Yet even that event, which occurred after he had made her so unhappy that she cursed him (and Miss Raine takes curses seriously indeed), did not end their intense connection. Whether they saw one another or not, wherever they went (she lectured and taught), whatever they did (he married briefly and disastrously), they could not break off, and they remained the most important, terrifying, and beloved figures in each other's lives until his death, in 1971. Miss Raine's willingness to examine this torment demonstrates courage, and her fusion of narrative with ideas, visions, and poetic sources demonstrates artistry.

THE GREAT FEAR: THE ANTI-COMMUNIST PURGE UNDER TRUMAN AND EISENHOWER, by David Caute (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). This account of America's last big Red scare is disappointing, because the author, an Englishman, does not make much sense out of his material. He warns his readers that American witch-hunts are tame pursuits compared to Communist purges, and here and there he recognizes the stresses peculiar to postwar United States. For the most part, though, his attitude reflects his relief that he is English and his conviction that it is greatly to his credit that his nation has known no similar panic since the anti-Jacobin hysterics in the days of Pitt. He does not distinguish legitimate concerns—Stalin's foreign policy, Russian military espionage—from the unconstitutional nosiness, the sourness, and the nuttiness that we always have with us. Thus, most of his book becomes a dismal catalogue of American misdeeds on every level (federal, state, municipal) of every branch of government.

HIMSELF! THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MAYOR RICHARD J. DALEY, by Eugene Kennedy (Viking; $10.95). This affectionate biography of the late Mayor of Chicago takes account

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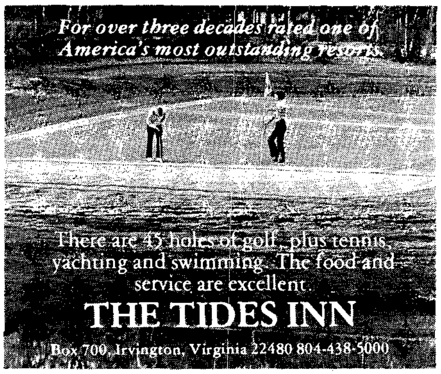

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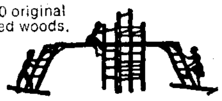

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of what he meant to do, what he did, and how his actions appeared to others. Daley entered politics as a precinct worker in 1919, soon after his graduation from high school; became a clerk to the City Council in 1923; studied the mechanism of government and the machinery of party as he rose in both; became chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party in 1953 and mayor in 1955; and held both jobs until he died, in 1976. Mr. Kennedy believes that Daley sought total control in order to clean up Chicago, having observed with dismay the conspiracy of politicians and gangsters that governed the city in his youth. While Daley's reign had no discernible ties to the mobs, several of his associates went to jail for what might be called white-collar graft. Daley believed both in progress (new building) and in conservation (he wanted to duplicate for all Chicagoans the modest, stable, churchgoing, home-owning childhood he knew). The author suggests that the Mayor's deepest drive was to prove that Catholics of Irish descent were just as good as Protestants of English ancestry; by the time he made that point, it no longer mattered very much.

LIVING WITH ENERGY, by Ronald Alves and Charles Milligan (Viking; $14.95/Penguin; $7.95). A sort of coffee-table book, complete with fetching color photographs, that describes how various individual citizens have improved their energy lot with ingenious home designs involving solar panels, windmills, and the like. The trouble with the book—and with most others of the genre—is: What have these solutions got to do with the rest of us? It is, perhaps, nice to know that the Thomas Lindseys, of eastern Virginia, have covered their suburban house with urethane foam to "maintain a high relative humidity," but the real energy problem is elsewhere. To make a dent in it while preserving our standard of living requires millions of kilowatts, and all these ingenious house designs put together, on this scale, amount to next to nothing.

FANNY KEMBLE, by Dorothy Marshall (St. Martin's; $8.95). The author of this excellent biography explains that she felt there was room for yet another life of the nineteenth-century actress and writer, in which to explore the Anglo-American cultural stresses upon this leading lady, who was born in London in 1809 and came over to tour the

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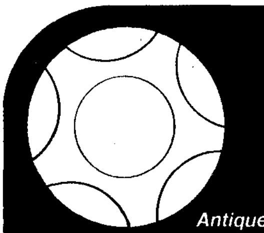

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THE BUILDERS: HOUSES, PEOPLE, NEIGHBORHOODS, GOVERNMENTS, MONEY, by Martin Mayer (Norton; $15). This remarkable assemblage and explanation of facts about American housing offers absolutely everything—from details of construction (the actual size of two-by-fours) to comparative methods of financing the purchase of houses in Great Britain, Denmark, France, and the United States. The book discusses the past, present, and conceivable future. It explains why union construction workers, though dear, may be more economical in some areas of the United States than nonunion labor, and demonstrates convincingly that the American home-building industry is more efficient than the public knows. Mayer is incisive about the peculiar problems of cities—and housing in cities—and equally useful in advising individuals about buying houses and in discussing public policy.

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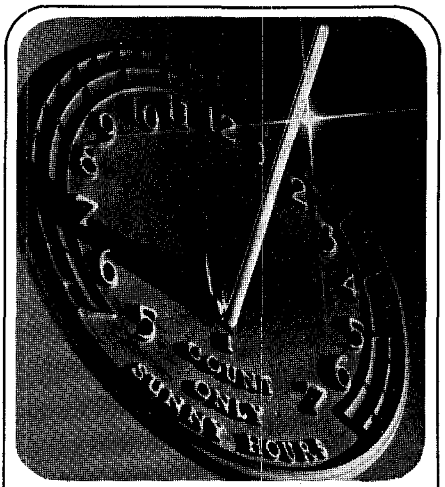

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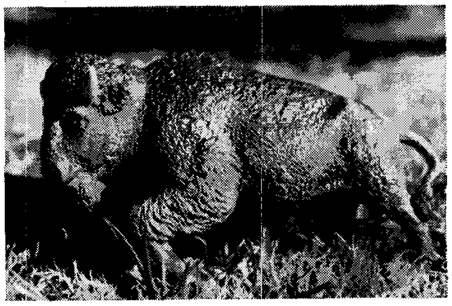

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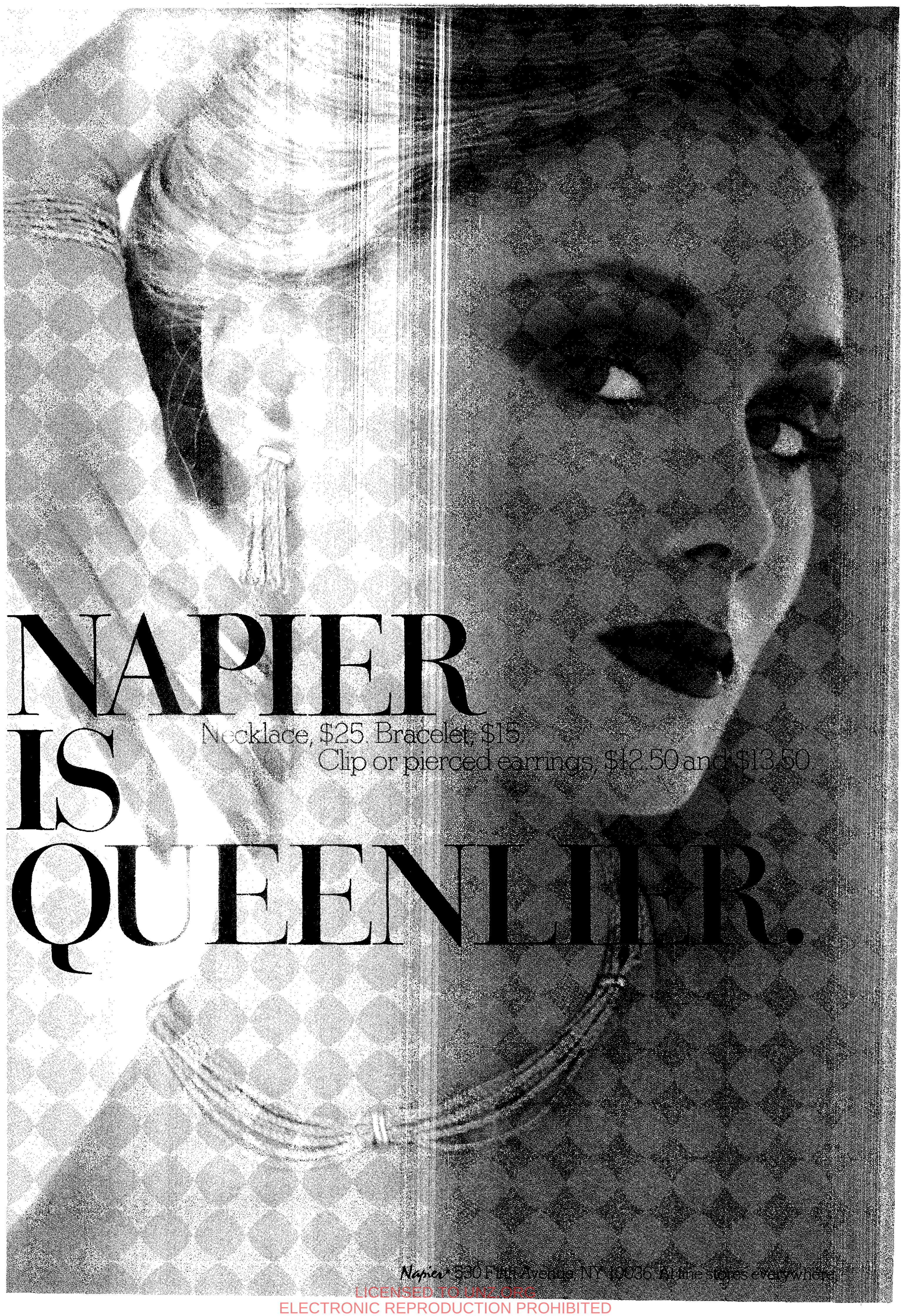
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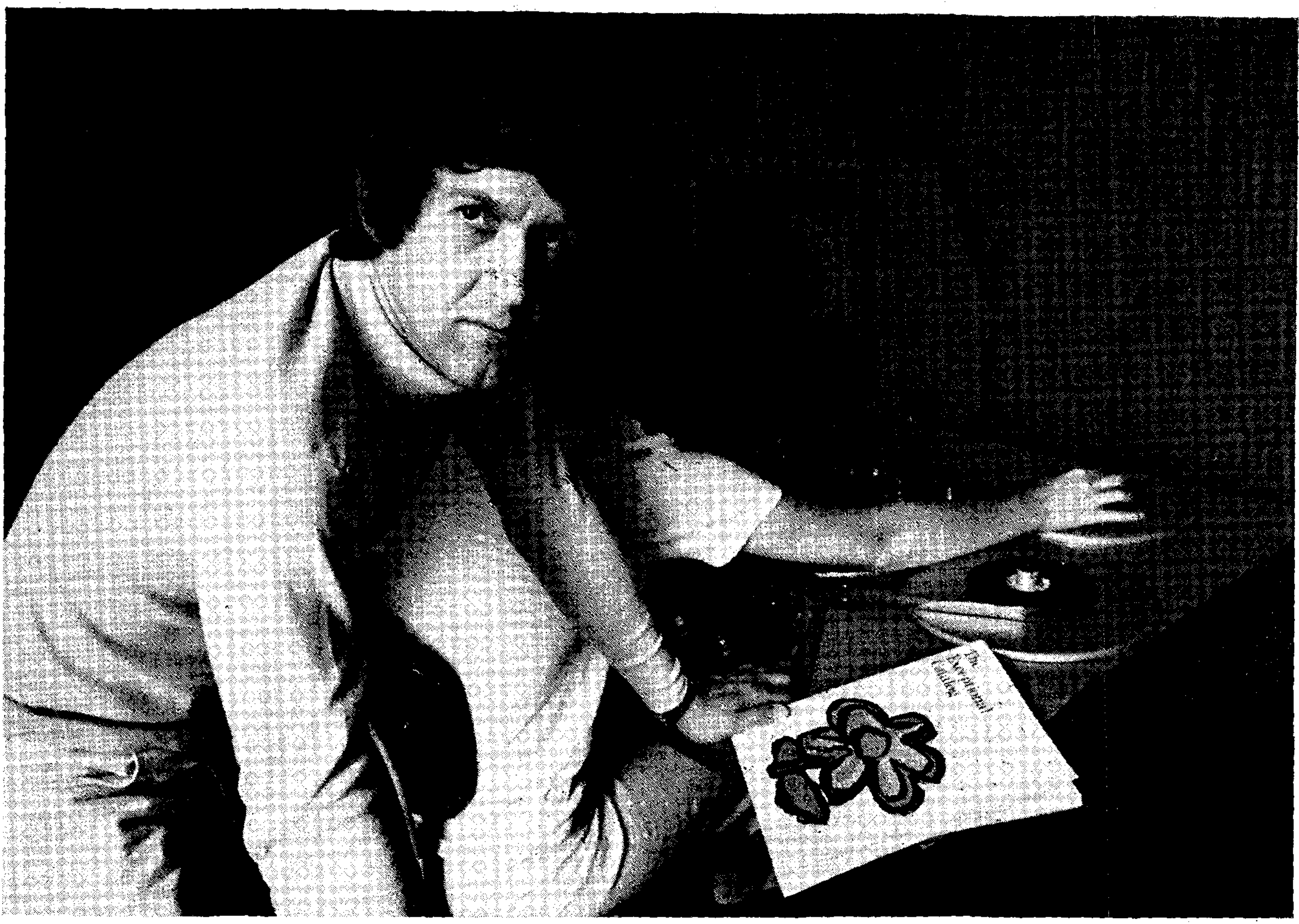

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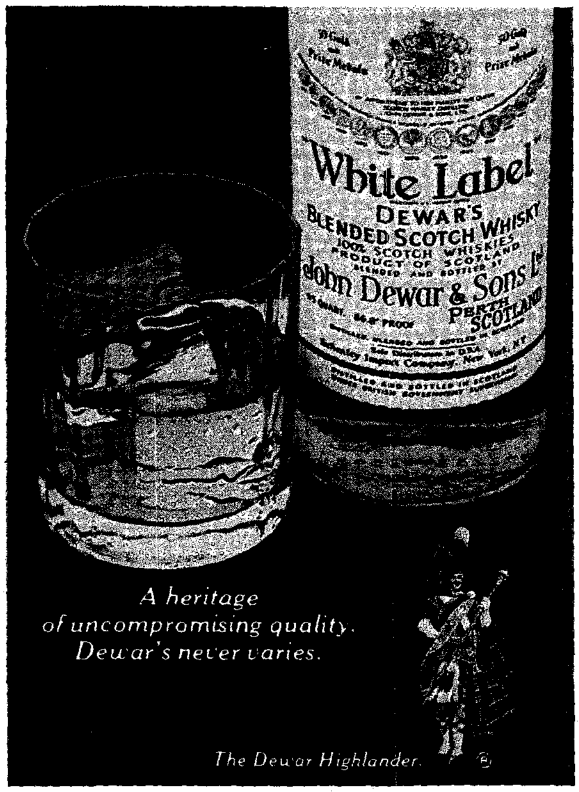

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